

Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2019 with funding from  
Wellcome Library

<https://archive.org/details/s3id13414830>













85597

THE  
NEW MONTHLY  
MAGAZINE

AND  
*LITERARY JOURNAL.*

---

1836.

PART THE FIRST.

---

LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN, 13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

CONTENTS OF THE FIRST PART

OF 1840

CONTENTS

LONDON:  
PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS,  
Stamford-street.



# CONTENTS OF THE FIRST PART

OF 1836.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

	PAGE
Letters from the South. Nos. IX., X., XI., XII., XIII., XIV., XV., XVI., XVII., and XVIII. By Thomas Campbell, Esq., Author of "The Pleasures of Hope," &c. &c.	1, 137, 273, 409
The Sabbath Morn; and Taste. By the Author of "Corn Law Rhymes"	16
The Elements of Conversation; or, Talking made Easy	17, 185
The Dream in the Temple of Serapis. By L. E. L.	30
The Old Eagle. By Mrs. S. C. Hall	32
The Revenge of the Signor Basil. By N. P. Willis, Esq.	40, 204
The Novels of the Month	51
Precepts and Practice, No. IV., The Widow's Dog; V., The Man and his Master. By the Author of "Sayings and Doings"	60, 153
Anagram of Mathews	77
A New Year's Carol	78
Sir Walter Scott reviewed by Himself!	79
Colonel Dominant and Mr. Truckle; a Sketch from the Life. By the Author of "Paul Pry"	86
Ebenezer Elliott's Poetry	90
Monthly Commentary	93
A Thought Suggested by the New Year. By T. Campbell, Esq.	150
Songs. By the Author of "Corn-Law Rhymes"	151
The Burial of the Heir. By Mrs. Abdy	163
Last Words touching the Barbarians of the North. By Leitch Ritchie, Esq.	164
The Alibi; an Assize Story. By the Author of "Highways and Byways"	174
Martial in London	184, 334, 493
Some Particulars relative to the Ettrick Shepherd	194, 335, 443
The Hours	203
Mr. Henry Bulwer's "France and the French"	213
Extracts from a Journal kept during a Residence in Little Pedlington (concluded). By the Author of "Paul Pry"	217
To the Memory of James White, Esq. By Mrs. Hofland	232
Evidences of a New Genius for Dramatic Poetry, No. I.	289
Mildred Pemberton. By L. E. L.	309
The Captive; a Tragic Scene. By the late M. G. Lewis, Esq.	317
Liberty and Slavery in America. By a Returned Emigrant	321, 456
The Dream of the Poetess. By Mrs. Abdy	343

	PAGE
Sir Hurry Skurry; a Character. By the Author of "Paul Pry"	344
Marie Marnet . . . . .	348
The Victor's Bridal. By Charles Swain . . . . .	350
Illustrations of Irish Pride, No. I. No. II., Harry O'Reardon.	
By Mrs. S. C. Hall . . . . .	352, 480
The Grave of the Patriot Warrior . . . . .	362
Records of a Stage Veteran . . . . .	363
An Old Lady of the Last Century. By L. E. L. . . . .	421
A Pattern for a Silk Gown, intended for the Album of a Serjeant's Wife . . . . .	423
The Romance of Law . . . . .	425
Ariosto to his Mistress. By L. E. L. . . . .	441
A Letter from the Chimpanzee . . . . .	447
The Venus of Canova . . . . .	445
Experience. By L. E. L. . . . .	467
Larks in Vacation; Saratoga Springs. By Slingsby . . . . .	468
The Poet and his Patron. By Mrs. Abdy . . . . .	486
Taxes on Necessaries <i>v.</i> Taxes on Knowledge . . . . .	487
Squire Dribble. By the Author of "Paul Pry" . . . . .	494
The Prayer . . . . .	500
Mariamne; a Fragment of a Story . . . . .	501
Monthly Commentary . . . . .	93

---

Critical Notices of the most important and valuable Works

	97, 233, 369, 505
Musical Notices . . . . .	104, 242, 513
New Publications and Literary Report . . . . .	108, 243, 377, 514
Fine Arts . . . . .	109, 244, 378, 515
The Drama . . . . .	110, 245, 379, 519
Proceedings of Societies . . . . .	112, 246, 380, 520
Varieties (British) . . . . .	114, 247, 381, 522
——— (Foreign) . . . . .	116, 249, 382, 524
Agricultural Report . . . . .	119, 251, 386, 525
Rural Economy . . . . .	122, 255, 391, 528
Useful Arts . . . . .	124, 256, 392, 529
Bankrupts . . . . .	126, 258, 393, 531
Commercial and Money Market Report . . . . .	127, 259, 394, 532
Monthly Political Digest—Great Britain . . . . .	128, 263, 395, 533
The Colonies . . . . .	128, 261, 402, 539
Foreign States . . . . .	128, 262, 403, 540
Biographical Sketches of Celebrated Persons, lately Deceased	
	130, 265, 404, 504
Marriages and Deaths . . . . .	131, 269, 405, 543
Provincial Occurrences . . . . .	133, 270, 406, 543
New Patents . . . . .	256, 530
List of Sheriffs . . . . .	408

---



# THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

---

## LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH.

### LETTER IX.

A PROMINENT trait in the French mismanagement of this colony is their so often changing the Governor-general. The successor to Voirol, who has just arrived, will make the sixth that they have had in five years—Bourmont, Clausel, Berthezène, Duc de Rovigo, Voirol, and D'Erlon. General Voirol, however, is not to leave Algiers immediately: this is to me an agreeable circumstance, as he is a frank, kind-hearted Helvetian, who has shown me much hospitality. It was singular that I should meet under his roof with a translator of my own poems. Calling one day at the General's, I was shown into a room where his secretary, Capt. Saphor, was sitting at his papers. He rose to receive me with uncommon cordiality, and expressed a wish to make my acquaintance, saying "I have read your poetry," &c. &c. &c. "Pshaw," I said, "you Frenchmen are always paying compliments; I'll be sworn, now, you never read two lines I ever indited." "But I beg your pardon," he replied, pulling out a drawer and handing me several clean-written sheets. "That is a specimen of what I have already done in the translation of your poems, and I mean to translate them all, if my military life will allow me leisure." I read the version, though I cannot say coolly or candidly; my heart, suborned by vanity and gratitude, knocked up my head from being an impartial critic, and my nerves were flustered (to use the title of a comedy ascribed to the late Lord L——) by the "*Unexpected Surprise*." Besides it is only a Frenchman who can judge competently of the French style; but everybody gives Saphor the character of a highly-accomplished man.

A day or two after the new governor's arrival our consul waited upon him, and took me with him for presentation. Count D'Erlon received us very civilly. Though he has not the hearty manners of his predecessor, he is a gentleman-like old man. His age is said to be sixty-nine; but he looks much older, owing no doubt to his hard military life. He has an excellent reputation as a soldier; but a more unworn man methinks would better suit the critical state of the colony. The Count is splendidly lodged in a house that belonged to the son of that Dey of Algiers whose death made way for the last one, Hussein Pasha: the chambers present alcoves and recesses, gilt on the ceilings with Barbaric gold. His Excellency seated the British consul, the vice-consul, and myself on a sofa, drew in his chair beside us, and talked in the warmest manner of his partiality for the English. The source of his affection for our countrymen was his having fought so many bloody battles with them in the



Spanish Peninsula. We have a proverb in the North, "that scratching and biting is Scotch folk's wooing;" in like manner it would seem that Count D'Erlon's love for us had been won by being so often brought up to the scratch. "Ah! what brave men," he exclaimed, "are the British soldiers; and how loyal their officers, and what courtesy, nay, brotherly love, subsisted between the combatants!" In short, he could not express the tenderness with which the French and English cut each other's throats during the Peninsular campaigns. "What has become," he said, "of your famous General *Eel*? I have had many parleys with that gallant man." "Eel," I thought to myself, "that is a military fish I never heard of;" but Mr. St. John at once enlightened my mind by saying to the Count, "*General Lord Hill is now Commander-in-chief of the British forces.*"

The new Governor has made his *debüt* to-day by a proclamation to the natives which is worthy of Mawworm, and begins thus:—"In the name of God, clement and merciful! Praise be to God, the Lord of the Universe, who will judge us all at the day of judgment! We hope in his goodness and we repose upon his strength. It is he who rewards the good, and who punishes the wicked; for he knows our *most* secret thoughts, and nothing is hid from him. At the end of ages he will raise up the dead; for he is all-powerful and alone powerful." After this Count D'Erlon styles himself Khalif of the King of the French, and he endites his proclamation "*To all Arabs, great and small.*" The Moors of Algiers have been forced to get up a voluntary fête in honour of the new governor; I was present at it when it was celebrated in one of the largest houses of Algiers. The entertainment consisted of coffee and sweetmeats, and dancing in the French style. Of course, the Moors never dance; but they had a concert of their own music, and miserable it was. I was touched with compassion when I heard the discord of their barbarous instruments, that outraged harmony and melody, and seemed to mock even their own humiliation. They seemed to me more pitiable than the Hebrews by the waters of Babylon.

You advise me not to speak my mind too freely among the French. It is good counsel. Decorum enjoins that a stranger, plumped so freshly among them as myself, should be reserved in passing judgments on their colonial policy in a settlement so full of difficulties. I keep this maxim in view; and except by some random words about the Pépinière, I have never found that I have given them offence. I must say also that the leading officers, both civil and military, whose acquaintance I have made, treat me in the most amicable spirit, and there is no courtesy lost between us. On certain sore points respecting their maltreatment of the natives I purposely abstain from all declamation, because I see, by the French press, that the nation at large is sensitive on the subject; and I have the fullest hopes that ameliorated conduct will result from the reflections of the French themselves. At the same time, on any point where I find their minds obtuse I will frankly own to you that I abandon reserve, and speak out to them like a true citizen of the world. Whilst a chance remains that this colony may introduce civilization into Africa, I cannot look down the vista of futurity with indifference, or converse perpetually on so interesting a subject with locked-up thoughts. I admire several traits in their penal code; but I cannot forbear telling



them that it is still, if possible, more merciless and unmeasured than our own. I have studied in detail, from the most authentic documents, their whole system of galley-slavery, and it is enough to make the flesh creep on your bones. Further, they have not abolished the practice of exposition on the pillory—a mode of punishment which would puzzle the author of evil himself to surpass, in devising means for hardening the shamelessness of guilt, for excluding the possibility of reformation, for torturing penitence to despair, and for degrading at once the sufferer and the spectator. And yet it was but the other day that I heard of a French officer, nominally and in rank a gentleman, having been condemned to be put into the pillory and exhibited in the public square. Do you blame me that, in every company I went into, I spoke freely against the pillorying of an European amidst a rabble of Moors, Kabyles, and Jewish shoe-blacks? The wretched object of this sentence is, I grant you, an adventurer. He obtained, I know not how, in Spain or Portugal, the rank of a lieutenant-colonel; but he is evidently a bad subject, from his having been convicted of scraping silver off five-franc pieces. Very well, and let him be punished condignly; still, however, let justice be tempered with mercy. After standing in the pillory for an hour, he is to be kept a year in solitary confinement, and then sent for ten years to the galleys. The galleys alone, one would think, was punishment enough for any crime short of murder. When the poor devil heard of his presentation to the mob of Algiers being about to be an overture to his other sufferings, he exclaimed, “I might survive all the rest of my punishment, but the pillory will kill me.” Unfortunately, he was the husband of an amiable woman, whose family is highly respectable. When the officers of justice led him away to prison, his wife was left alternately swooning and convulsed in her lone lodgings, with scarcely a franc to purchase medicines for restoring her. They conveyed her to the hospital, where she lay for three days moaning and complaining that her heart was bursting and would break: on the third day she died literally of grief\*.

The day that I heard of this sentence, I dined by invitation tête-à-tête with M. Lawrence, the Procureur du Roi, and I did not lose that opportunity of arguing against the superfluous, not to say impolitic barbarity, of superadding the pillory to so severe a sentence. I combated his doctrine, that law has a right to inflict the moral torture of disgrace on any peccant individual, to a degree that utterly shuts out the possibility of his future reconciliation to society. I said, “If you choose to hang a man for scraping silver coins, you give him a brief punishment, the public ignominy of which, whilst it is unavoidable, is perhaps assuaged by its awfulness. Even by going to the galleys, no doubt this miserable man will lose character, and small may be the chance of his ever redeeming it. But why wantonly annihilate the last vestige of such a

---

\* The letter in which I wrote an account of this case to a friend in England is now before me; but it is torn, by the opening of the seal, exactly at the place where I mentioned the particulars of the sentence. I believe I understate it, from fear of going beyond the mark. If I could confide in my memory, I should say that the culprit was condemned to three years' solitary confinement, and twenty years at the galleys. That he was sentenced to at least ten years of galley slavery I could depone to having heard.



chance, by driving his soul to despair even before he goes to the galleys? Oh! Sir," I said, "in the name of civilization, I appeal to you to apply to the high authorities at home, and to spare us the sight of an European in a pillory of Algiers. Is it thus that you are introducing civilization into Africa?" The Procureur at first looked gravely; but when my remonstrance grew warm, he burst into a loud laugh. "C'est bien drole," he said, "that a poet should be lecturing the first law-officer of Algiers!" I implored him to consider my very freedom of speech as a mark of my confidence in his humanity, and to forgive my zeal, if it had unintentionally any appearance of officiousness. He replied, "I give you credit for good motives, and *I will think over this matter* \*."

Among the French from whom I have experienced civilities here, I have particularly to thank Colonel Maret for his efforts to procure me the best specimens of Algerine poetry. Indifferent, I must own, are the best; but that is not the fault of the gallant Colonel. He mentioned my name to Ben Omar, the ex-Bey of Titeri, who, though no longer a prince, is one of the richest and most influential Moors at Algiers, and counts a Dey amongst his nearest ancestors. Colonel Maret brought me next day an invitation to dine with him, which was doubly gratifying to me as a mark of hospitality from a total stranger, and as a means of seeing, at least, as much of the domestic manners of the Moors as can be exhibited in a dinner from which the charm of woman's society is shut out. At six o'clock I repaired in company with the Colonel to the town-house of Ben Omar. It is situated in one of the gloomiest alleys of Algiers; but it is nobly furnished within. At the servants' lodge, or floor that enters from the ground, a nephew of our host, a sprightly lad about thirteen, dressed so becomingly that he might have trod the stage, welcomed us both, and shook us by the hand. The negroes in the hall told us that their master was not yet arrived from the country, but might be expected every moment; and in the mean time they requested us to walk upstairs. Colonel Maret, however, who perfectly understands both the Arabic language and Moorish etiquette, told me that it would be thought more polite if we were to wait for his ex-highness's arrival. The tread of his horse very soon announced his coming, and the quadruped preceded Ben Omar in entering the ground-floor, through which he passed into his stable. Our host apologized in French, which he speaks very fairly, for having detained us; he then took a candle and gave another to his chief negro, and by the light of these we marched upstairs to the *Salle à manger*. It is a room after the Moorish fashion which I have already described, with the difference of having only one upper side room divided from the one below by a curtain of silk richly embroidered. The walls are hung with an infinity of pistols, guns, scimitars and yataghans, ornamented with gold, silver, mother-of-pearl, and ivory. The ottomans, too low to be called sofas, are of rich crimson silk, well besmeared with gold. My attention, however, was diverted from contemplating inanimate objects, by a living bit of furniture in the room, namely, the younger nephew of our host, a boy about four and a half years old. I

---

\* That my advice had any influence I scarcely flatter myself. I rather believe that the alteration of this poor man's destiny arose from fortuitous circumstances; but so it was, that his exposition in Algiers never took place.



never saw puerile beauty to match this indescribable cherub, with his large blue eyes and auburn hair. What is painting, what is statuary, to the living workmanship of nature? The beauty of the little infidel made me faithless to the curiosity which I owed to the scene before me, and I could rivet my eyes only on him, whilst the *ex-Bey* was courteously describing his curious armoury, and showing us his Damascus blades, with minute histories of many persons of distinction whom they had had the honour of decapitating.

The guests were Colonel Maret, two other Frenchmen, and myself. Our host placed me on an ottoman, and after taking a few whiffs of a long pipe, handed it to me moist from his own lips, as the greatest respect that can be shown to a stranger. At last the dinner-table was brought in, or rather a large round tin tray, which was placed on a slight elevation from the floor. In the midst of it was a bowl of exquisite rice-soup, and each of us having squatted himself cross-legged on a low cushion like so many tailors, we were helped to a plateful of soup a-piece, and we fed ourselves with wooden spoons. The plates were fine English porcelain. Before each of us was placed a long napkin, which our host told me was of Smyrna cloth. Next came a large broiled fish, deliciously flavoured and stuffed with pudding: it was sent round, and every one clutched a portion of it with his fingers and thumb. By my faith, I thought, on tasting this regale, for aught that the French can do in civilizing African cookery, they may as well stay at home. I was so pleased with the fish, that I desired to be helped a second time from it; whereupon the *ex-Bey*, with *exemplary* politeness, grasped a handful of it and laid it on my plate.

Behold, my friend, what it is to move in high life, and to see the world! Presently we had roasted fowls, flanked by some savoury dishes of vegetables, well soused with oil, and by and by followed couscousou. The pullets we tore asunder by strength of hand, but with ineffable delicacy. Meanwhile my heart was yearning after the rich legumes that were floating in gravy, as golden bright as the clouds of a summer sunset. There was no spoon, and so I poured a part of the vegetables on my plate, and by the aid of a piece of bread, and my spoonless fingers, whipped considerable portions into my mouth. "For shame!" methinks you are already exclaiming: "is this your high life, to sit pawing your food like a squirrel? Could you not have asked for a spoon?" Well, I did so when the couscousou came in; but in the mean time I was desperately hungry. For the glorious couscousou we of Christendom were allowed spoons, and though our words could not describe its relish, our mouths did it ample justice without uttering a word. Since the days of my boyhood I never ate a heartier dinner:

But pleasures are like poppies spread,  
We seize the flower—its bloom is fled;  
Or like the snow-falls on the river,  
A moment white, then gone for ever.

How limited is all human felicity! In twenty minutes I found that my appetite was playing me false, and that I was tasting the subsequent dishes of the feast rather out of courtesy than inclination. Ben Omar, who was attentive to us all, but particularly to his English guest, pressed me frequently. I asked him if it was a custom in the better



society of this country to press the stranger to his food. "Not at all," he said, "but I only recommend our ragouts to you as the pride of our cuisine. You are rather a poor eater," he added, "or you don't like my dinner?" "A poor eater!" I replied, "My excellent host, I have that within me which assures my conscience of having done ample justice to your hospitality." All this time, nevertheless, I was conscious of making but a miserable figure as an eater by the side of the other Christian convives. There was Colonel Maret, a bold dragoon, six feet some inches high, who might stand for the picture of Sir William Wallace. But there were two skinny Frenchmen who beat even him all to nothing at the board of nourishment. The stomachs of Pharaoh's lean kine seemed to have transmigrated into their bodies, and to have pressed them to the twentieth dish that went round would have been a work of supererogation. The dessert was of a piece with the dinner, presenting a vast variety of fruits both fresh and confectioned. We had now spoons of tortoise-shell, with handles made either entirely of sea-horse tooth, or of ivory with amber tops. The porcelain was very rich, and Ben Omar told me to my surprise that it came, like the dinner plates, all from England. After washing our hands, we had pipes and coffee, with silver-wire wine-cups supporting the English ones.

We sat conversing till ten o'clock. I need not tell you that we had no wine, either at or after dinner; and the want of that comfort, you know, is apt to dispose an English mind to pensiveness after a hearty meal. I thought of Philoctetes in the desert island, when the Chorus laments that the genial wine-cup is never raised to his lips. I regretted in my heart that so perfect a gentleman as Ben Omar should live in a state of *Mahometan delusion*; and recalling to mind the pious clergymen of Scotland, I acknowledged how justly they had denounced that *Arch-impostor, Mahomet*. Colonel Maret and our host maintained an animated conversation; but I found the same fault with it that the Athenians alleged against one of their dramas, that it was *οὐδέν πρὸς Διονυσιον*—*i. e.* had nothing to do with Bacchus. By and by a thought touched and tickled my fancy. Were I to give a hint for a drop of "*the liquid ruby*," and were our host to grant it, what a triumph over the infidels would it be—far beyond that of the Crusaders, who only poured out their blood—if I could make them shed their wine! But by this time I fear your delicacy may again be taking alarm, and soliloquizing thus:—"What, ask for wine under the roof of a hospitable Mussulman!"—oh no; I did not ask, I only hinted, and so distantly, that the hint would not reach. My motive, I also assure you, was not so much the love of wine, as the indulgence of a jocular thought. I turned the conversation to the subject of Arabic literature, not that I cared half a straw at that moment about Arabic literature, but because it gave me an opportunity of asking about some songs in the poetry of the Mussulmans which extol the joys of wine. I also quoted a verse of the Koran, promising wine in golden cups to the blest in Paradise. "I never heard of such a text," said Ben Omar; and I rather believe he never had, for I had taken the liberty of coining it on the spot. Mine host I scarcely believe suspected my drift.

Ben Omar had been a wealthy merchant before his appointment by General Clausel to be Bey of Titeri, one of the four grand divisions



of the Regency. He has travelled through Italy and France; and at Paris he received the cross of the Legion of Honour, in reward of his services to the French. He is about forty-seven. His conversation, without being brilliant, is sensible; and his manners are so like those of the general gentleman of the world, that you speedily forget his wearing a turban. He told me that in his town and country house he has an establishment of eighty-four servants, and that he is besides obliged to give hospitable meals of bread and chopped mutton preserved in grease to about five hundred Moorish rustics, whenever any of them choose to come to town. He spoke to me feelingly of the miseries which Algiers had suffered under the government of the Turks; and the greatest sufferer, he said, of the Mussulman population was the Dey himself. Even the last and most fortunate of all the Deys, Hussein Pasha, lived but as a prisoner in his own palace at the Kassaba for some twelve years. He durst not sleep nor stir out of it, and he never left it till the French dethroned him.

On the roadside, as you go out by Bab-el-Oued, there are the tombs of six Deys who were all successively elected and beheaded on the same day. "Why did they compete," I said, "for a throne which was so precarious?" He answered me—"They did not compete. When the janissaries elected a Turk to wear the caftan, he durst not refuse it. I would rather have been the lowest shopkeeper in Paris than the Dey of Algiers."

In talking about the Turks, I told him an anecdote of one of the most distinguished Algerine Turks who came over to London and waited on the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Lord Bathurst, who received him, of course, with due respect. But his Algerine Excellency thought that etiquette required him also to pay his respects the next day to Lord Bathurst's cook. He was shown into a lower saloon, and cookey was brought thither with his apron before him, and his shirt sleeves tucked up. Panic-struck was the lord of the frying-pan, as he gaped at the salaam of his Oriental visitor; and he ran back to his kitchen in a *stew* of astonishment. "Aye," said Ben Omar, "the simple Turk thought that your manners were like those of Algiers. *Here* it was necessary for the Dey's cook to be his confidential friend, for a little mistake in his cookery might have affected his Highness's stomach to a degree that might have created the necessity for a new election. Thus the cook was a high dignitary at the Court of Algiers; and for that matter, so was the hangman—a very great officer indeed, scarcely inferior to the Hasnagee, or Prime Minister." At parting the Moor shook me cordially by the hand, and requested me to come to see him at his country-house. "Have you any beech-trees on your estate?" I asked him. "Oh, yes, plenty." "Then you will receive me under one of them." As we were going home, one of the lean Frenchmen enquired what possible curiosity I could have about the beech-trees on the ex-Bey's estate? "My motive," I replied, "was simply to ascertain whether I could, with a safe conscience, address him in the words,—

"Tityre, tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi."



## LETTER X.

I went yesterday with Mr. St. John to witness the ceremony of opening the Tribunal of Commerce, of which Mons. La Croutz, I understand, is to be President; but at this initiatory meeting the Procureur du Roi took the chair. The object of this institution is to relieve the high Judiciary Court of Algiers of cases which are purely commercial; and it is thought that the decisions of the new Board will be disembarrassed of many legal delays that are inseparable from other jurisdictions. The ceremony on this occasion was imposing. The principal staff-officers of the army were seated on one side of the hall, and the foreign consuls, the Jewish Rabbins, and the chiefs of the Moors and Arabs, on the other. I sat beside the British consul.

This subject reminds me that I have yet to answer some of your questions respecting the laws and government of this country, since it came under French domination. I need not tell you that the settlers are too small and heterogeneous a body to claim a self-elected legislative representation; and it will probably be a long time before the colony will be strong enough to demand a constitution. But I do think that it would be politic in France to grant them that boon as soon as the number of settlers amounts to a few thousands. At present I believe their families can only be counted by hundreds. My zeal I avow to you is enlisted in the cause of French colonization; and I wish the French to colonize, as the English were wont to do *of old*; I say *of old*, because our colonial policy has evidently taken a less liberal turn since the war of American Independence. Moreover, I must speak on this subject *in general terms*, without digressing into special exceptions. Generally speaking, our colonies have possessed constitutions; and to that circumstance, still more than to our naval power, I attribute our colonial superiority. Compare the history of British and French foreign settlements, and you will find that the former, upon the whole, have been more or less *successful*, and the latter always more or less *unsuccessful*. What has given us the advantage?—In my opinion it has been our having granted to our settlers, for the most part, free institutions and elective representation. Then it was that the States of North America acquired their energy. On the character of those puissant daughters, England had stamped an image of herself—a sovereign of the world. They threw off, you will tell me, the parent yoke; aye—but what right had the parent to impose a yoke? The very resistance of those children proved that they were our legitimate children—and not our bastards. Besides, consider—before we drove them into self-emancipation, what gallant and loyal, because free, colonists we had in these North Americans! Remember the figure they made when brought into direct hostility with the colonists of France. In 1745, the British colonial militia stormed the French fortress of Louisbourg, which had cost France 30,000,000 livres; and thus struck the first decisive blow at her North American possessions. Had the French colonists in Canada been equal in condition, and therefore in character, to those of England, Wolfe would have attacked Quebec in vain. Few things have been more remarkable than the superiority of the British *provincials* over the Canadian *Milice*. Each body was composed of colonists; but the English were *freeholders*, and therefore acted with a self-dependance and vigour which the French



retainers of a degenerate noblesse were incapable of emulating. In the meantime, the European settlers here continue to be governed by French law modified by military government: for the decrees of the Governor-general have the force of laws. This military government, however, has two important checks: one of them is an express understanding that the Governor's decrees shall make no departure from the French code, except in cases of palpable and peculiar necessity. The other is, his responsibility to higher authorities at Paris, whose letters can reach him in a week.

From the date of the conquest of Algiers, in June, 1830, to that of the recall of General Bourmont, in the September following, there could hardly be said to be an organized government in the country. At the latter period General Clausel arrived, and his administration had at least the merit of being energetic and systematic. He formed the different functionaries into a council of government, which he subdivided into three departments of finance, justice, and the management of the interior. To be sure, there is no defending some of Clausel's proceedings at Algiers, such as his treatment of the Turks, and his confiscations of both religious and civil property; but still his government was firm and without conflict. Not so was that of his successor, Berthezène. They say he was well-intentioned, but he was either very unfortunate, or wanted force of character. The expeditions into the interior which he got up always ended in the French retreating faster from the interior than they had marched into it. Next, at the end of 1831, came out as governor the Duke of Rovigo; and, in a month after him, the Baron de Pichon, as *Intendant Civile*. By a decree which the French government issued out that year, it was clearly their intention to have divided the civil and military management of the colony; but Pichon found his authority nullified by the imperious Rovigo, and he was not supported by the authorities at home. Rovigo's government was always active, and in some points commendable. In 1832 he had to combat the most critical circumstances of the colony. There were actually five thousand French soldiers sick in the hospitals. He had to defend the cantonments, to protect the settlers, and at the same time to sally forth against the insurgent natives, who were looking in almost at the gates of Algiers, and whitening its precincts with their bernouses. In this emergency he appealed to the French inhabitants of the capital, and in three days a national guard was organized and armed. During a month it garrisoned the city, maintained public order, and allowed the regular troops to go out and fight the enemy.

But in Rovigo's administration there are circumstances of much less agreeable recollection. The massacre of the Arab tribe of El Offias was a hideous business, which, if he did not authorize, he at least never either investigated or punished; and the subsequent execution of two Arab chiefs, who came, relying on the faith of nations, to negotiate a peace between their own people and the French, was a foul act of murder. Their heads were struck off and publicly exhibited in Algiers. These are ugly affairs; but let Englishmen look to the south as well as to the north of Africa.

I come now to the dispensation of justice among the natives. Before the conquest it was dispensed by the Cadi, a religious man, educated in the mosque, and belonging to the class of the doctors of law. To these



doctors of law, with the Mufti at their head, there was sometimes an appeal from the Cadi's jurisdiction ; and there was also a right of referring any sentence to the Dey—but the latter kind of appeal had become almost obsolete. Every city and large village had its Cadi recognized by the Dey, as far as the sabre of his military power extended. The more remote Arabs had their Sheiks, who, in lieu of the Cadis, exercised a fatherly power, which enabled them in their kindness even to take off people's heads. Besides the Cadis, there were Amins, or Deacons of Corporations, who could flog, amputate, and inflict punishments short of death ; and several of these Deacons of Corporations, I am told, are still authorized by the French, in order to console the natives with shows of the bastinado.

The ordinary forms of administering justice among the Moors were very simple. In civil matters the complainant, whether resident or a stranger, challenged his adversary to follow him instantly before the Cadi, whose tribunal was open from morning till night. If the defendant refused to appear, the Cadi, on application, sent his Tchaouz to seize him. The Tchaouzes were the ushers of his court, and the executors of his orders. When the defendant was brought before the judge, if it was found that he had wilfully attempted to escape from justice, he had a good chance of receiving the bastinado by way of an overture to his trial. He was called in the presence of his prosecutor to confess or deny the charge against him. If he was cast, and if it was a matter of debt, respecting the payment of which the culprit pleaded his incapacity, a cudgel was applied to the soles of his feet, and the strokes of it had a wonderful efficacy, not only in restoring to the creditor recollections of his own solvency, but in producing a frank avowal of his sentiments before the court. In cases of theft, the Algerines, like all other Mahometans, used to cut off the hands of the light-fingered gentry. I was besought for charity the other day by a thief, who had his hand cut off by the executioner thirteen years ago. It was evident, in the operation, that the sawed bone had never been covered by the skin, and, horrible to relate, I thought I could discern even the dried-up marrow. The beggar, by way of exciting my tenderness, thrust the stump almost under my nose.

About political and military crimes, alleged or real, the Cadi had no occasion to exert himself. Culprits of this sort were brought before the Dey and his officers, who simply troubled them with a few questions, the answers to which were elicited by physical torture, after which they dispatched him.

The husband who could prove his wife's infidelity had a right, by the law of the Koran, to starve her to death : in point of fact, however, she was oftener sewed up in a sack and drowned. Yet, even in cases of adultery, pecuniary compromises were not unknown.

When any of the Jews had a dispute with a Mussulman, the case was submitted to a Mussulman Cadi ; but for misdemeanours among themselves they were amenable to their own Rabbins and to an officer denominated their King. This office was always purchased from the Dey by some rich member of the Jewish community. It gave the right of levying certain taxes, out of which his Judaic Majesty was supposed to reserve a profit. The French have allowed it still to subsist. The Rabbinic Judges had the same powers with those of the Cadi in matters both civil and criminal, and they had at their disposition a special



executive force. The contempt of the Turks for the Jews drew forth a sort of toleration from their carelessness; at the same time this contempt was not the only guarantee which the Hebrews had for their independent judicature. The Prophet had, in some sort, prescribed respect for the Law of Moses. The Koran further says, respecting Christians, "Let them be judged according to the Evangelists." By appealing to this text a Christian, with no great difficulty, obtained on the Mussulman soil the delegated protection of his own sovereign in the person of the resident consul, except in alleged offences against the religion or government of the country, nor even in those cases was a consul's interference always prohibited.

Respecting the French tribunals, I could easily copy an account of them from the documents of the last year, 1833; but this year Mons. Lawrence has arrived, commissioned in conjunction with other authorities to make very material alterations in the whole justiciary system. Matters are thus in a state of transition, the details of which are complicated, and, from all that I can learn, not yet finally arranged; so I will keep aloof from a subject which I could attempt but imperfectly to explain. As far as I can form any judgment of the change which is at present in operation, it will tend to establish harmony between the French and Mahometan law; but it will continue, I should think, to maintain that ascendancy which the French code and courts of justice have assumed over those of the natives. With no great right to hazard an opinion, I should imagine this to be desirable. Mussulman justice is simple in its forms; but it is also slovenly, and its judgments are rarely if ever written. Algerines have complained to me of the French having broken faith in at all interfering with their right to be governed by their own laws; but there was no article to this effect in the capitulation of Algiers, and it was better that there should not. Generally speaking, there is little interference on the part of the French with the decisions of Mussulman or Rabbinic judges in cases between natives; only that no capital punishment can be inflicted without the authority of the colonial government. Some of the Moors, they say, are sorry for this, and would still prefer drowning faithless wives: indeed, if French scandal can be believed, domestic executions of that sort have actually taken place, though I doubt the fact. Apropos, a case occurred lately which produced a great sensation. A Moorish woman eloped with a French officer; her husband reclaimed her, and the Cadi would have restored her to him, but she complained to the French authorities that her husband intended to kill her, and she was allowed to remain under Christian protection. Her husband protested that he had not the slightest wish to put her to death, but only desired to have her back under his own roof, that she might be delivered of a child which he believed to be his own. When the injured Moor spoke with a French lawyer on the subject, and was asked if he meant to take back the frail one to his arms, he answered indignantly, "No! When the lion approaches to an accustomed fountain and finds that the dogs have slaked their thirst at it, he turns away from it in disdain." The decision for protecting this woman excited such a ferment among the Moors, that one of their chief Cadis resigned his office.

Inclined as I am to believe that the growing connexion between the French and the natives, and the increase of complicated social rela-



tions arising from thence between them, will require a more artificial system of jurisprudence, I cannot say that what I have seen of a Moorish court of justice failed to impress me with respect. In that which I visited, the Cadi was seated on a dais, with an assessor on each side of him ; texts of the Koran were written on the wall behind him, and before him was a MS. copy of the holy book. He was a mild-looking elderly man, perhaps sixty or less. I admired the patience and pains which he evidently took to investigate the case, the anxiety with which he seemed to consult his assessors, and the amicable tone in which he spoke to the parties and witnesses. There was nothing of the Justice Shallow about him. The parties pleaded for themselves ; indeed the woman needed no advocate : they were furiously hostile ; and yet, strange to say, they were not man and wife. It was a case of alleged cheaterly to the amount of eighty francs. The male, the defendant, deposited his shoes at the door before entering the court ; he was a great lout, and I believe a rogue, for, without understanding Arabic, I could perceive that he stammered and was confounded on being questioned. His female accuser, according to the ungallant custom of the country, was not admitted into the court, but delivered her pleading from behind a window that was grated with iron bars : she unveiled herself, and with a slender shrivelled neck, fiery black eyes, and a shrill voice, presented the resemblance of an unfledged sparrow-hawk. She had a tongue, as the Irishman said of his wife, that would bother a rookery, and so by her glibness, and a good cause, she overcame her antagonist.

#### LETTER XI.

All the Algerines, Jews included, speak a Patois dialect of Arabic, though they affect to write the language purely in studied compositions. Before the conquest, a printing press was unknown in Algiers : about two years ago the French established the “*Moniteur Algerien*,” which they promised should be written both in their own language and in that of the natives ; but this paper is a mere government gazette, with only a few Arabic words for a motto, and is no way calculated to enlighten Africa.

Leweson, who wrote about Africa some sixty years ago, says that it was then rare to meet with a *reading* Moor ; if you did, his library consisted at most of the Koran, and some commentaries upon it, with a couple of prayer-books and some old Moorish chronicles : the last of these lucubrations, the chronicles, he describes in the most contemptuous terms. They are prolix, he says, and stuffed with the marvellous—more stupid even than the works of our monkish chroniclers. Notwithstanding all this, I wish I understood Arabic, and were young enough to sit down to study those Moorish chronicles. None of them, I understand, go farther back than the times of Barbarossa and his brother : those adventurers are the pet heroes of Algerine romance.

Hearing, however, that there was such a thing as modern Algerine literature, I applied for information to the Professor who is appointed by the French government to teach Arabic here. He is an Egyptian, and his name, by a singular conjunction of the familiar and scriptural, is Johnny Pharaoh ; but he is a worthy Johnny, and not in the least like his namesake of Red Sea memory. When I asked him if he could help me to any modern Arabic poetry that had been written in or about



Algiers—"Modern Arabic poetry!" he exclaimed; "why there is no more a poet on the face of the earth." Hem, I thought, Johnny, your truth is more plain than pleasant. "But, let me see," he continued, "perhaps there may be some slight exception to the general barrenness of modern poetry in a few of the popular songs, which are clever, but licentious." "That will not do for me," I replied; "you must help me to something *warranted moral*." "Oh, then, you must have something *warranted dull*." Well, home his translations came to me, and sure enough, no fault of his, for I know he translated them faithfully, they were somniferously dull. Canning was once asked by an English clergyman how he had liked the sermon he had preached before him. "Why, it was a short sermon," quoth Canning. "Oh! yes," said the preacher, "you know I avoid being tedious." "Ah! but," replied Canning, "you *were* tedious." In like manner, though those translated sonnets were but six in number, I thought them as wearisome as if I had clambered through a hundred. The poetaster concludes by saying, "Write on my tomb that I have been murdered by my black-eyed Gazelle." "And she served you right, you caterwauler," I responded.

The popular songs of Algiers are by all accounts very gross. Those sonnets which my friend Pharaoh translated for me in one respect are tolerable, that they are modest, and express, however monotonously, the feeling of sentimental love. How such a feeling can exist among the Moors is to me surprising. From all that I can learn of their domestic manners, that pure but free intercourse between the sexes, which is the prelude to our courtships, which ripens acquaintance into friendship, and refines sensation into sentiment, cannot be known among this people. When a man wishes to have a handsome wife and the daughter of a respectable family, he either bribes one of her negresses, or hires some female merchant of trinkets and millinery, not to carry her a love-letter, but to give him a true and faithful description of her person, eyes, stature, complexion, features, &c. Now, in the true and faithful report which he receives there is always some chance of the portraiture being flattered, for his informants will very naturally convey a hint of their commission to the marriageable lady, and, like the Judges of Russia, be apt to take a bribe on both sides. The zealous match-makers will, therefore, act up to Lord Bacon's definition of poetry, and *accommodate the shows of things to the wishes of the mind*. Thus, the lover, with dreams of beauty in his heart, may find himself betrothed one fine morning to a hag or a dowdy; and when her veil is lifted, the Lord have mercy upon him! How blessedly different is the matter with us: we deny our devotion even to personal beauty, when the soul's free and good will is not fascinated. Nevertheless, I cannot help suspecting that there are stolen means of courtship between the young Moors and Mooresses more than are commonly avowed in the description of their manners. By the way, it was no bad trait in the character of the last Dey of Algiers, Hussein Pasha, that he had affection enough for his daughter to wish her to marry a husband of her own choice. To be sure the proceeding was not quite in our style of romance. He took her to a window under which he had brought together some of the best-looking men of Algiers, and he bade her make her election. She chose—ah! sinking of poetry!—a handsome youth, whose vocation was that of a wrestler. And yet, after all, has not Shakspeare made Rosalind fall in love with Orlando from seeing him wrestle? The



anecdote at least proves that a woman's free will in matrimony was even respected by a Dey of Algiers.

Leweson, though he was scarcely more fortunate than myself in getting translations of any interesting Algerine poetry, mentions one exception. It is a poem by a Moorish Cadi of Algiers, interspersed with prose, and is entitled "A Dialogue between the Wine and the Wax-candle." It is remarkable that the jolly Cadi should have made wine the subject of eulogy. The scene is a nuptial chamber, where the bride and bridegroom heightened the joys of their first evening by a cup of the forbidden vintage. The poet not unnaturally figures their imaginations so exalted, that they heard the wine and the wax-light speak out, and maintain a controversy about their comparative claims to the gratitude of the happy pair:—"I am a sun in their chamber," quoth the wax-light; "when heaven is dark, I bring beams to their eyes by which they can see each other's beauty."—"And I put a new life into their life, and a new soul into their soul," responds the wine. The lovers are flattered by the controversy, and encourage it; but I suppose get at last overdazzled with the eloquence of the one candidate, and overcome by the influence of the other. There exists, I believe, a translation of this poem in German. Leweson's account of it makes me think it has a spice of originality, though, I fear, a little prurient.

On a general view of the Algerines, I should not despair of their becoming one day a literary, scientific, and highly-refined people. Our common idea of the Moors is, that they are savage and unsocial, but that is as vulgar an error as blackening the visage of Othello. They are generally courteous and intelligent. Captain Rozet affirms\* that the majority of them are better educated than the majority of Frenchmen, *i. e.* that fewer of them are ignorant of reading and writing. It is true that their schools are not conducted on the Lancasterian system, as we were told by a would-be discoverer of mare's-nests; but they diffuse a pretty general education, and every Moorish boy learns to read the Koran, to write, and to cast accounts by the four first rules of arithmetic. I have already alluded to an historical work by a living Moorish Algerine, entitled "The Mirror of Algiers," which, with all its faults, is not destitute of interest.

I have obtained a French, and, I believe, a literal translation of one effusion of the modern Algerine muse, which, if not intrinsically worth much, is at least curiously interesting from the subject. It was written, I imagine, by some one of the Turks or Colouglis, whose beautiful country-seats were ravaged and confiscated by the French. If my version of it should seem to you like the unfortunate sermon, to be "*both brief and tedious*," I pray you not to mistake it for sheer prose, as you will discover rhymes if you will look out for them.

LAMENTATION FOR THE FALL OF ALGIERS.—BY A NATIVE POET.

ALGIERS, once a victress and queen,  
Who will bind now the wounds she deplores?  
Her heart is a fountain of tears.  
Oh! I'd lay down my life for the bold Algerine  
Who could banish the cross from our shores,  
And restore thee, my country, Algiers!

---

\* In his "Voyage dans l<sup>a</sup> Regence d'Algers."



But our battle by traitors was lost,  
And our bravest were blind with despair;  
Like drunkards they fell heap on heap:  
Hence, my reason with frenzy is cross'd,  
My lips breathe but accents of care,  
And my eyelids are strangers to sleep.

Destruction hangs over our town,  
The Jew triumphs over our tears,  
His hyena-like laugh is now free.  
In the dust of defeat and disgrace trodden down,  
Can I live to behold thee, Algiers!  
I must leave thee, my country, and flee.

All night sorrow scorches my brow,  
And the day brings no longer its sweets;  
I am sentenced in exile to roam,  
For the Nazarine tramples us now;  
The Infidels swarm in our streets,  
And our home is no longer our home.

Weep, weep, for our glory is quench'd,  
Our arms and our ensigns are gone;  
And the foe has his banner unroll'd  
In the forts where the locks of our treasures were wrench'd.  
Our eyes swam in tears to look on,  
*Theirs* sparkled in counting our gold.

From our gardens and bowers we're thrust,  
Asking, friendless, a morsel of bread;  
And our bravest and best are undone;  
Oh! would, where my forefathers sleep in the dust,  
I could lay down my desolate head,  
I would fly from the light of the sun!

They have hew'd down our booths and chiosques;  
Nay, our women have sold them their charms!  
They have fled to the spoilers' embrace:  
To the pourers of wine, that demolish'd our mosques,  
They have gone, to the Infidels' arms,  
Oh! live I to tell the disgrace?

No children shall spring from our beds,  
Our fruits are the spoil of the foe;  
Our Patriots by lands and by seas  
Are scatter'd,—Heaven's anger is over our heads!  
But Alla will pity our woe;  
There is mercy in all his decrees.

---

## SABBATH MORNING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF " CORN-LAW RHYMES."

Rise, young mechanic ! Idle darkness leaves  
 The dingy town, and cloudless morning glows :  
 Oh, rise, and worship Him who spins and weaves  
 Into the petals of the hedge-side rose  
 Day's golden beams and all-embracing air !  
 Rise, for the morn of Sabbath riseth fair !  
 The clouds expect thee—rise ! the stonechat hops  
 Among the mosses of thy granite chair :  
 Go, tell the plover on the mountain tops,  
 That we have cherish'd nests, and hidden wings,—  
 Wings ? Aye, like those on which the Seraph flings  
 His sun-bright speed from star to star abroad :  
 And we have music, like the whisperings  
 Of streams in heaven : our *labour* is an ode  
 Of sweet, sad praise to Him who loves the right.  
 And cannot He, who spins the beauteous light,  
 And weaves the air into the wild flower's hues,  
 Give to thy soul the mountain torrent's might,  
 Or fill thy veins with sunbeams, and diffuse  
 Over thy thoughts the green wood's melody ?  
 Yea, this and more He can and will for thee,  
 If thou wilt read, engraven on the skies  
 And restless waves, " That Sloth is misery ;  
 And that our worth from our necessities  
 Flows, as the rivers from his clouds descend ! "

## TASTE.

BY THE SAME.

When o'er her dying child we hear  
 The hopeless mother sigh,  
 " There is a better world," we sob,  
 " Can such affection die ? "  
 Perhaps, it can ;—for wolves and worms  
 Have their affections, too ;  
 And passion sometimes loves the false  
 Even better than the true.  
 But Taste—in its infinity,  
 Its beauty, and its might—  
 Walks through the beams of common day,  
 In robes of heav'nly light ;  
 A spirit—aye, a deathless Eve,  
 To man's pure bosom given :  
 They meet—earth's Eden is not lost !  
 They part—to meet in heav'n !  
 What power, like that which turns to bliss  
 The mournful and the dull,  
 And from the dust beneath our feet  
 Calls up the beautiful,  
 Can bid the hopes of frailty soar,  
 Undying Life, to thee ?  
 Pride dies with man ; but Taste predicts  
 His immortality.



## THE ELEMENTS OF CONVERSATION ;

OR, TALKING MADE EASY.

CONVERSATIONAL talent is assuredly one of the most enviable qualifications for society. To be agreeable to those with whom we associate seems to be—with a very few exceptions—the principal object of every man or woman who mixes in the world, let their sphere of action be what it may ; and if one may judge by the great number of persons who try to achieve that end, and the very small number who succeed, the science, or tact, or art, or whatever it may be called, is by no means of easy acquisition.

That the power of talking is to a certain extent a gift, nobody can deny : there are numbers of men of first-rate talent, of deep erudition, and general accomplishment, who are unable, for want of this peculiar faculty, to express themselves agreeably to their companions, and so do justice to their own undoubted talents. There are others who can talk fluently and even wisely, where their eloquence is useless, who are perfectly unable to stammer out a sentence in a place where their oratory might be efficient and serviceable. A member of Parliament who will harangue after dinner, usurp the whole talk of the day, and pour forth arguments, facts, reasonings, and deductions, just as if he were Chancellor of the Exchequer, or Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, goes to his seat in the House of Commons, where his voice is never heard, except in a cheer, a groan, the crow of a cock, or a *tête-à-tête* conversation with his neighbour.

Men addicted and habituated to any one pursuit are not good talkers. Upon their own particular science they are strong, and therefore bold ; but however gratifying their one science may be as a subject for a certain time, a change is sought ; and the geologist who has been in possession of the company for an hour gives place to the astronomer who leaves his predecessors silent for another hour, until he is relieved by the zoologist, who, in *his* turn, occupies a third similar period of time, and so ends the evening.

Artists are generally good talkers—at least those who, by foreign travel, and a course of study essential to their art, have stored their minds with a variety of knowledge, without the possession of which, no painter can attain eminence. These, if they will, while in society, stifle the little jealousies, and restrain the trifling vanities, which struggle hard to show themselves, are always pleasant people—Lawyers less so ; in general they are argumentative and dictatorial—the more eminent the lawyers, the less observable are their deteriorating qualities ; young barristers, who believe that talking is everything in their profession, and that it is necessary to be eloquent, as they call it, in private life, by way of hanging out a sign of what may be expected elsewhere, are occasionally too liberal in their contributions to the common stock. An Irish barrister, whose head is as full of figures as a plaster-shop, will inundate you with tropes and metaphors, and drive you half crazy with the incessant roulades of his honey-tipped tongue.

Medical men—especially those in great practice—are ordinarily agreeable companions—at least when one has no occasion for their professional services. They mix generally in society—they see much of human life and



human nature—they know, in many instances, much more than any other class of men in the world ; and although confidence reposed in them is never betrayed, the confidence which a knowledge of facts gives to a “talker” creates an attention and excites an interest which are in general amply satisfied by the results. Actors are bad talkers—they never talk of anything but themselves and their profession—they are always either on the stage or behind the scenes. There are exceptions to all rules, and it should moreover be observed that to congenial spirits, regular amateurs, and what are called lovers of the drama, these gentlemen afford a great deal of amusement by their animated descriptions of theatrical life.

The best of all conversation is to be found, as is natural, in the best society. Far be it from us to say that there are no such things as foolish lords or silly ladies ; for in each “after his kind,” there must be a variety ; but there can be no question that the most interesting conversation in which a man can participate is that, which is carried on by the principal actors in the national drama. To those accustomed to a constant intercourse with ministers and statesmen of the highest grade, with the leading members of either house of Parliament, in whose hands the destinies of the country are in fact placed, who know everything while all the rest of the world are guessing at it, and who discuss measures which are to be brought forward founded upon information already received and established, how worrying and tiresome must be that sort of monotonous twaddle which occupies two or three hours in every ordinary house after the ladies have retired, in which three or four gentlemen, some from the city and others from the minor clubs, begin to speculate upon what *will* be done, and upon what is *likely* to happen—the patient all the time knowing the exact state of the case on which they are arguing in the dark, scarce able to restrain himself from violating a confidence in order to set them right upon their surmises for the *future*, the event upon which they are arguing being, in point of fact, *past*.

Your professed wag is another nuisance—a sort of man who sits watching for an opportunity to twist even the most affecting piece of intelligence into a joke, and if he have not quickness enough of his own to perpetrate this piece of absurdity, prepared to relate an anecdote of a friend of his, to whom he gives a name, which occurred at a place which he also designates, and which long before he has proceeded half way through it, you recognize as something your grandfather told you when he was dancing you on his knee—the result is, the wag, having been the only talker for ten minutes, finds himself the only laughter at the end of that period.

Soldiers and sailors who have fought and bled for their country are interesting as well as pleasant in society. Some there are, who fight over the campaigns of the mess-room and the ward-room, and enter into the conflicts which have occurred between themselves and their superior officers—these are bores. Never invite a man who has a grievance, because he is sure, the moment the wine warms him, to pour out all his sorrows, and detail all his injuries ; and, ten to one, if he have been what he calls very ill-used indeed, but he brings out of his pocket a heap of dirty-looking, long-folded letters, tied with a piece of faded red tape, which he calls “documents,” and which, in spite of all your efforts, he *will* read through from No. 1 to No. 65.

But to hear the modest details drawn forth from men of eminent ser-



vices is delightful—to have amongst us, heroes who have contributed to preserve the empire, and raise her to the highest pitch of glory, excites at once a proud and grateful feeling. In the presence of the Duke of Wellington how impossible is it to take one's eyes from the hero of a hundred fights! who, crowned with glory and with honours, and in the possession of every distinction this world can afford, remains the natural, unaffected member of society he ever was; and who when speaking of those deeds which have immortalized him, speaks never of himself, but of all those, generally, who executed his designs, and realized the bright anticipations of his wisdom and his genius, by their co-operation and support.

Authors, generally speaking, are not good conversationists—in nine cases out of ten they disappoint the expectations raised of them—it is, they tell us, “one thing to say and another to do”—it is one thing to write and another to say; and certainly there is no judging from *viva voce* evidence of the wit and wisdom of many of our best writers. One sure way of settling the question is to collect a party of these scribes and wits—to have what is called “a glorious day” with half-a-dozen listeners. Each of these men is the centre of a circle of his own—in *that* circle his taste and humour are felt and appreciated, and he is *fêted* and loved even for his foibles; put a party of them together, with some listeners who know none of them, they all cower one before the other, or roll themselves up in their own independence, and just whisper dialogues in pairs round the table, until the listeners are tired with waiting, and the Amphitryon is wofully disappointed at the failure of his attempt—One lion at a time is your only chance, and that a bad one, if he has not good keepers.

The clergy are amongst the most agreeable of all companions. The best conversationist I ever knew was a clergyman. In these days, when education and refinement pervade all classes, the race of clergymen described by the novelists and playwrights of the last century have entirely passed away—The punch-making parson, with his wig awry, exists only on the canvass of Hogarth, or in the pages of Smollett. This country can now boast of a body of clergy unequalled by that of any other nation in the world, who bring to society a fund of information and knowledge, tempered by philanthropy and benevolence, and untinged by gloom or affectation.

But all these people whom I have described can talk more or less, better or worse; and ladies, who in these days do everything so well that it is difficult to say what they do best, are all *au fait* in conversation. A woman can write four sides of a most interesting letter about nothing, and give one all the pith of her communication in one line of postscript—she does much the same in talking,—and then she has so many accessories at command—her drawings, her books, her music—all these come to her aid in the morning, and in the evening, which, as Moore says,

“Brings their genial hour for burning,”

she has thousands of subjects at her will, and plays them as dexterously as she would her cards at *Ecarté*, if that were the game.

The people for whose use the *Elements of Conversation* are published, and will be continued, are those who do not come out as they ought to do, and as they wish to do in society; who, especially in the morning, find a difficulty in starting a subject, or in following it up if it happen



to be put up, and we have every reason to believe the work will be found of the greatest utility.

It originated in the remark of an extremely shrewd gentleman, who observed some short time ago, that, although the art of conversation was one so enviable and envied, nobody had ever proposed any method of teaching it. Anybody will admit that talking well is something better than dancing well, even in the outset of life, when the heels may best dispute the superiority of the head—and towards the autumn and winter of our existence, the merit of its permanency which makes it endure after the “joys of our dancing days” have been killed by age, by gout, or a just sense of the ridiculous, give it a pre-eminence indisputable—yet there are professors of dancing in every street in London, and not one professor of conversation. With music the same—but that as well as drawing, however varied the success of the pupil in a degree relative to his taste or genius for the particular art or science, is purely mechanical. A great many fools sing and play beautifully. Of dancing it has been said, the greater the fool the better the dancer. Of drawing and painting it is a notorious fact, that some of our most powerful artists have been little superior to inspired idiots ; and that there are now more than two or three in existence who are, except while employed in the studio, egregious asses and conceited coxcombs.

These are amongst the exceptions to the rule I have laid down, as to the agreeableness of artists, and prove the possibility of being mechanically clever without the possession of a mind ; yet all such accomplishments as these may be taught and acquired—why not the art of conversation ?

With the exception of the few well known rules for conversation, and Swift’s humorous exhibition of refined society in *his* day,—and what greater compliment can be paid to that of ours ?—nobody has taken any pains even to submit the first rudiments of the art.

The rules to which we refer are merely, not to interrupt others while they are speaking—to give everybody leave to speak in turn—hear with patience—answer with precision—never seem inattentive, which is ill-manners, and shows contempt, and contempt is never forgiven.

Do not trouble the company with your own business—documents to wit—theirs does not interest *you*, why should *yours* interest *them* ? Let every man speak in turn upon that of which he knows best how to speak—*they* will be pleased and the rest of the party instructed. Avoid long stories—if they are short, mind they are *apropos*. Swift says, “he who tells stories must either have a large stock and a good memory, or must change his company often.” Never laugh at your own humour, and never think you are doing something agreeable by attempting to relieve a serious conversation by throwing in a joke. Nine hundred and seventy-five out of a thousand are matter-of-fact men—a joke with those is a shot wasted. Make as few puns as possible, except with a view to ridicule the system. Never make a pun to a Scotsman—he calls it “letting a pun,” but he never understands it.

These are almost the only general principles laid down, and they are much after the fashion of Dilworth’s directions for good behaviour, to be found in his Spelling-book (Ed. 1781, p. 61,) in which he expounds sundry rules for the observance of youth of both sexes in the best society.

What is proposed in our Elements, is to show the young beginner



who feels a difficulty in starting as a talker the inexhaustible fund whence he may draw subjects for conversation. The face of the earth (to the unlearned at all events) presents no indications of the crystal spring or the teeming mine which lies beneath its surface; you must dig or bore (which in the present pursuit may perhaps be the more likely process) until you reach the hidden treasures. Our proposition is to show, that not a single phrase can be used in the English language, not an individual word composing that phrase uttered, which does not in itself afford materials for conversation.

We shall this month merely give a few specimens illustrative of the art of "Talking made Easy;" but we trust, during the course of the year, to exemplify our position by a series of words which may enable any young beginner, without reference to the book, to originate or take a distinguished part in any conversation upon any topic whatever.

We will suppose a pupil of our school staying in the country, and that he goes to call upon a neighbour of his father's, a Sir George Flapps,—that he or some such person is admitted and ushered into a boudoir, in which is seated Lady Flapps, to whom he has been merely presented, but of whom he knows nothing—the servant bows him in—shuts him in, and leaves him in.

This is awkward—the lady is not at a loss—Tyro is. He hits his boots with his whip—hems—pulls a poodle's ears, and endeavours to say something.

Lady Flapps *loquitur*. "Sir George will be here in a few minutes; he has just gone to receive a sort of petition. There are some strolling actors here, and they want permission to act, but the Saints are all in arms against the players; and so Sir George, in the Duke's absence, has been asked to support them."

Tyro merely hems again—again pulls the poodle's ears, and again hits his boots—and yet in this one little speech of my Lady's, what a fund of materials is there for talk!—Just take the words, "The Saints are all in arms against the players; so Sir George, in the Duke's absence, is called upon for his patronage."

Take one—take all of these words, or any of them, and work them. Saints, for instance, to begin with.

Just show your knowledge of the system of canonization—the expense of the process, 6000*l.*; denounce the worshipping of saints to show your orthodoxy—and then adopt the term as her Ladyship applied it—expatiate upon the double-faced hypocrisy of the Claphamites, and Balaamites, and Peckhamites, and the flagrant absurdity of maintaining a pestiferous colony like Sierra Leone, to the destruction of human life in the cause of humanity—laugh at Aldermanbury; and if the lady should tell you that she has not the pleasure of the alderman's acquaintance, simper to show your teeth, and let her comprehend that you have heard the joke before. Then come out with a bit of originality, and declare, that for a protestant metropolis, never was there a city so entirely under the domination of Saints as dear old smoky London. St. James at court, and St. Giles at the other end of the town, are universally recognised; contrast the splendour of the one with the squalid misery of the other. Talk of St. James's as having been a hospital for lepers, and not looking very unlike one now. Hope that modern improvements will sweep away the dominion of St. Giles; and then have a touch at



St. Stephen's, which will afford you an amazing number of opportunities—the lives, characters, and anecdotes of the 658 Members of the House of Commons—rake up the fire—talk of incendiarisms—Mr. O'Connell—any thing in short. There you have six hundred and fifty-eight subjects to work upon at a blow ; or if you prefer sticking to the Saints, glance off by a natural *ricochet* to St. Luke's. Moralize upon the madness of the times ; and having just touched St. Peter's, Walbrook, with an eulogium upon its highly gifted rector, and a lamentation at his estrangement from general literature, you will naturally hit St. Paul's. There opens a new field for your speculations—the Bishop—the Dean—all the Prebendaries and the canons—the heroes and authors who sleep beneath its floor, the sages and heroes whose monuments decorate its walls—satisfy my Lady upon these points : then have a touch at St. Dunstan—extol his feat of pulling the devil by the nose ; take the opportunity to praise Mr. Shaw's beautiful tower ; announce that the giants, which used to strike the chimes and delighted children and supplied pick-pockets for more than a century and a half, are now removed to the pure air of the Regent's Park, to adorn the garden of Lord Hertford's beautiful villa. Then tell her, that, however protestant our feelings may be, we have in London one Saint more than ever appeared in any Romish calendar in the world, whose name we have been pleased to give to a church opposite Newgate, by the name of Saint Sepulchre's ! Lead her gently from this to that popular fane, St. George's, Hanover-square, the very name of which will awaken a thousand delicate recollections ; then run through all other saintly qualifications for her amusement, from the fire of St. Anthony to the dance of St. Vitus, and you will find you will have worked your word well.

Then the next—"the Saints are up in arms"—why not take arms, as Shakspeare says—

"Take arms, and by opposing, end them !"

Rely upon it, Tyro, this is a word eminently fruitful in subjects for conversation. Begin with Virgil—"Arma virumque cano"—proceed to a discussion of all the fights of antiquity ; come to England, indulge in a dissertation upon the battles which have been fought in our own country, or for our own country, in other lands ; compare, if you please, much to the disadvantage of the hero in the well-laurelled wig and armour, the Dukes of Marlborough and Wellington : visit the Tower and see how the hero of Blenheim was attended by a pair of kettle-drums in a state phaeton. Imagine Wellington performing a similar pageant, and while you *are* at the Tower, speaking of arms, visit the great and small armoury, and especially the horse-armoury as arranged by Dr. Meyrick ; you will there see every sort of arms used at least in Europe for the last half dozen centuries, and find enough to talk about for a week.

Recollect that the word "arm" has been recently adopted by military writers as distinctive of any particular department of the service ; for instance, in describing a force, they speak of the artillery as an "arm," and of the country as an "arm ;" whether this is purely correct, or rather pedantic, is not now the question. Whichever way you individually look at it, you may treat it accordingly.

Fire-arms taken, separately from those used in war, never can fail to excite attention. Look round and see, and you will find that, since every possible precaution has been taken to render the sportsman secure by



the aid of safety guards, concave wadding, percussion locks, and copper caps, the number of accidents in each season has gradually increased. Take an opportunity too, for the sake not only of others but yourself, to recommend the never putting away a fowling-piece loaded, or the giving it to a footman or under-butler when you come into the house; the first thing he does being invariably to level it at two or three of the maid-servants in joke, one of whom he generally kills, and wounds the other two.

Arms—taken not maliciously at all, forms as a word, the thesis of interminable discussions. “She threw herself into his arms,” is the commonest possible expression, used relatively to some high-spirited damsel who did no such thing, but coolly and collectedly walked down the stairs of her father’s house with her maid and a bundle, and stepped into the post-chaise all ready prepared by an Irish gentleman on the look-out for a fortune.

Children in arms—this is a delicate subject, because what is so innocent as a dear little snub-nosed cherub with a cold in its head, wrapped up in a shawl and carried about the Park or the Gardens in order to get health and strength? Remember, however, that you have never seen a quaker’s child in arms, and ask the reason; because upon that point the author cannot at present inform you. If you are very inquisitive and not very diffident, inquire at the same time who has ever seen a quakeress in that state which “ladies wish to be who love” their friends.

When Lord Nelson, having returned from sea with the loss of his arm, visited Yarmouth in Norfolk, the landlord of the Wrestlers’ Inn there, begged permission to call his house “Nelson’s Hotel,” and put up his Lordship’s arms over the door: to which the gallant admiral replied in some words which were afterwards jingled into what was then called an epigram, the point of which was contained in the following concluding couplet:—

“To alter the sign of your house is but fair;  
But you must be convinced that I’ve *no arms* to spare.”

This will help you on—And then, talking of arms heraldically, never forget that the arms of Man are legs—that is, of the Isle of Man—this is a treasure for you; use it accordingly.

If you come to the third definition of arms, “The ensigns armorial of a family,” you will open an entire new field. The art and mystery of Heraldry will lead you into wide discussion. The word Herald is derived from the Saxon word Herehault, which means the champion of an army; this was his original duty; but in modern days, his occupations are infinitely more numerous; coronations, marriages, installations, creations, declarations, and proclamations, are all under their management. At the head is the Earl Marshal, Duke of Norfolk; The present Duke is a papist; this you need not allude to unless you are a party politician. There are three Kings-at-arms, and six heralds. They were in other days in higher estimation than at present. Richard the Third erected them into a corporation or college. The Romans had a College of Heralds before *him*, by whom the questions of war or peace were decided. Homer says Stentor was the herald of the Greeks, and Shakspeare calls the cock “the herald of the morn;” which you will do well to separate in your mind from any notion of the “Morning Herald” newspaper.



If you wish to go deep into this subject, consult Moule's "*Bibliotheca Heraldica Magnæ Britanniae*," where you will find a *catalogue raisonnée* of no less than eight hundred and ten works upon this subject, beginning with John Russell's "*Propositio*," A.D. 1469, consisting only of four leaves quarto, discovered accidentally by Mr. Brand, bound up with a collection of MSS.; subsequently bought at his sale by the Marquess of Blandford, and when the collection at White Knights was disposed of, bought by Dr. Dibdin for 126*l.*—this is the first; the eight hundred and tenth, and last, registered by Moule, is "*Regal Heraldry*, by J. Willemont, 1821, illustrated by thirty-seven etchings."

A very superficial smattering will enable you to flourish off, as to the distinction of arms of Dominion, Pretension, Concession, Community, Patronage, Family and Alliance. The Escutcheon, Tincture, Charges and Ornaments follow, and in less than a week you will be able to set out a shield in all parts and points, from the dexter chief to the sinister base. The pale—the bend—the fess—the bar—the chevron—the cross—the saltier—and all the rest of it will be soon at your fingers' ends, and never forget that Kings, Herald's, and Pursuivants are all inherently, collectively and individually, the most inveterate punsters in the world both in arms and mottos. Conceive a bee and three owls forming the armorial bearings of the family of Bowls; the crest of the Anguishes of Somerleyton being a snake, with the motto "*Latet Anguis*" (H being no better) *in herba*; and the supporters of Oliphant of Condie, being elephants. One punning motto, one of the five hundred, ought rather to be admired than ridiculed—That of the motto of the ancient House of Fortescue. It would be easy and almost absurd to make such a motto for it now, as "*Forte Scutum salus ducum*;" but the fact of which you may as well make yourself aware, if you do not know it already, is that the family is descended from Sir Richard le Forte, who bore a "strong shield" before William the Conqueror at the battle of Hastings, and had three horses killed under him, and who assumed the addition of the French word "*escue*" (*scutum*), so that in fact the motto and the name were simultaneously although punningly obtained.

The arms of Armstrong are three dexter arms vambraced fessways. Three sinister hands coupé at the wrist are borne by the Malmain's. "*Three legs coupé above the knee sable*," by the family of Hosey; "*Three cocks*," by Cockagne; "*Three Whales' heads*," by the Whalleys; and "*Three Ravens*," by the Crokers.

Leave we the Herald's, and come to human arms. You have then a negative reason for talking of Miss Biffin—that most accomplished person, who, having been born with neither arms nor legs, contrived to paint miniatures and cut watch-papers with her nose; the above feats I have seen her with mine own eyes perform at Croydon, where she was fairest of the fair. Illustrate this account by an anecdote equally true, which will be vouched for.

Miss Biffin, before her marriage—for married she is—if alive, and even if dead, was taken to Covent Garden Theatre early in the evening before the performance began, by the gentleman to whom she was afterwards united. He having some other engagement, deposited his fair charge in the corner of the back seat of one of the upper front boxes, whereupon, aided by long drapery, such as children in arms wear, and a large shawl, she sat as unmoved as immovable, enjoying the play and



the farce, not perhaps applauding in the ordinary style by clapping or expressing her impatience at any needless delays by stamping on the floor. The engagements, however, of her beau, proved longer than the performance of the theatre. The audience retired—the lights were extinguished—and still Miss Biffin remained—the box-keeper ventured to suggest that, as all the company were out, and most of the lights were out too, it was necessary she should retire. Unwilling to discover her misfortune, and not at all knowing how far she might trust the box-keeper, she expressed great uneasiness that her friend had not arrived as he had promised. “We can’t wait here for friend, Miss—you really must go”—was the only reply she obtained from the obdurate janitor.

At length Mr. Brandon, then box-book and housekeeper, hearing the discussion, came to the spot, and insinuated the absolute necessity of Miss Biffin’s departure, hinting something extremely ungallant about a constable.

“Sir,” said Miss Biffin, “I would give the world to go ; but I cannot go without my friend.”

“You can’t have any friend here to-night, Ma’am,” said Mr. Brandon ; “for the doors are shut.”

“What shall I do, Sir ?” said the lady.

“If you will give me your arm, Ma’am,” said Brandon, “I’ll see you safe down to the stage-door, when you can send for a coach.”

“Arm, Sir !” said the lady. “I wish I could, Sir : but I have got no arms.”

“Dear me, Ma’am,” said the box, book and housekeeper, “how very odd ! However, Ma’am, if you will get upon your legs, I will take every care of you.”

“I have not got any legs, Sir,” said Miss Biffin.

This entirely puzzled Mr. Brandon, who professed himself as much astounded at the intelligence as the waiter at the tavern with the three guests,—of which more under some other head,—and had not Miss B.’s faithful friend arrived just at the moment *via* the stage-door, it is impossible to imagine what would have happened. Her intended, who was perfectly alive to all the little peculiarities of his beloved, settled the affair in a moment, by bundling her up, lifting her from her seat, as Cæsar died, “with decency,” and carrying her off upon his shoulders as a butcher’s boy would transport a fillet of veal in his tray.

So much for arms, if you choose to stop there ; but you have still an infinity of matter in store if you prefer going on.

Change, however, is everything ; versatility delights, and, as we hope to show, instructs. So leave your arms and take up Absence,—the next substantive in my Lady’s speech.

You may begin this subject pathetically : a dash of sentiment is by no means disagreeable, and although with Lady Flapps it might neither be decent nor discreet to begin any of your nonsense, nothing is more likely to attract the attention of a gentle, soft-dispositioned, tender-hearted girl, than some reflection upon absence. Ten to one—since people cannot always have their own way in this world—that every girl you speak to, has some distant friend, or perhaps lover, whom she would be most happy to see. Touch her upon this point,—listen if she sighs,—see if she blushes,—or watch if a tear trembles in her eye. Then work the word well : you will please *her* without doing yourself



any harm ; on the contrary, the chances are, she will be so delighted with your sympathy, which she has close at hand, that she will begin to admire you more for your tenderness of feeling than she previously lamented the distant object of her contemplation.

If, however, you should not find "Absence," in its first sense, a sufficiently engaging topic for a society, do not prose any longer, but come to a recapitulation and all the genuine anecdotes upon record of absent men. Men absent, although present, coming under the second definition of the inattentive.

You may first relate some anecdotes well known and registered in the annals of Norwich of a most worthy clergyman, now no more, who removed from that city to a snug and delightful retirement in the vicinity of London, and in the county of Surrey, which really and truly seem incredible although perfectly true. The chief instance of his absence was that which occurred on his wedding-day,—or rather that which was to have been his wedding-day. He had parted with his Dulcinea at eleven o'clock at night, the marriage was to take place at eleven in the following morning. Our reverend friend rose ; forgetting this part of his daily engagements, and finding it a beautiful morning for fishing, in which sport he delighted and excelled, he betook himself to the neighbourhood of Thorp, and began his diversion, at which he remained occupied until it grew late and he grew hungry.

In the meantime, the *déjeuner à la fourchette* was prepared, the guests were assembled, the blushing bride covered with all the whiteness that satin, muslin, and orange-flowers could impart, was waiting. Messages were sent to his house : nobody knew anything of him. The canonical hours were past, and when, at half-past six, he returned with five brace and a half of roach and dace out of the Waveny, delighting in his success, and was met by the reproaches and fury of an angry father and revengeful brother, from whose resentment nothing but his cloth preserved him, with unfeigned sincerity he begged pardon for his forgetfulness, offered them three of the dace, and proposed to be married the next day. The dace were indignantly refused, and the lady declared no power on earth would induce her to marry him. He sat down to the rejected fish by himself, and said to his servant, "Dear me, what a pity it was you did not remind me about my marriage !" He died single.

He went to Walker's shop, the eminent optician at Charing-cross, to buy himself a pair of spectacles ; and, after having tried a great variety without suiting himself, he put on a pair without glasses—the mere tortoiseshell frame-work—for which he insisted upon paying, declaring that he never had such good glasses in his life.

He was in the habit, having a living in the neighbourhood of Norwich, of riding towards his church, but, at about a mile from the village, of dismounting, and reading over his sermon, while passing the bridle of his horse over his arm, the gentle animal followed till he came to the churchyard gate, where the sexton's boy was ready to take charge of his steed. One day he pursued his wonted plan, and stopped at the churchyard gate. The sexton's boy was there, bowed, and stood still.

"Take the horse," said the reverend pastor.

"What horse, your Reverence?" said the boy.

"Billy," said the clergyman.



"Where is he, Sir?" asked young sexton.

"Here," replied the clergyman: but "here" he was not, for he had, during the walk, slipped the bridle off his master's arm, and was absent without leave.

"What shall I do? go after him, Sir?" said the boy, when the rector had established the certainty of his departure.

"Oh, no, my boy, no!" said the rector. "I dare say I shall find him somewhere as I go back."

These are perfectly authentic facts. So are those much better known of a nobleman not long deceased, whose abilities and attainments were of the highest order, but which were certainly overlaid in a most extraordinary manner by this absence or abstraction. Upon one occasion, this Earl, being on a visit to a Baronet of his acquaintance, expressed his intention of riding over to see and, if asked, to dine with a friend who lived some ten or eleven miles off. He accordingly took his ride, discovered his friend, found him at home, and readily accepted his invitation to dinner *sans façon*, not having, indeed, "the appliances and means to boot" to dress,—nothing could be more agreeable than the visit; and the Earl, who drank little of any wine, mounted his horse to return to his original host. Away he rode; the night was dark,—the wind whistled,—and all at once his Lordship took it into his head he was to be stopped and robbed. In the midst of this reverie, he heard the clatter of horses' hoofs behind him. In an instant he felt convinced that a highwayman was in pursuit of him: from a trot he broke into a canter; so did the pursuer. This excited him the more, and he set off in a gallop; but the faster he galloped, the faster galloped his deadly foe. At length having, at the risk of his neck, reached the lodge of his friend's park, his servant rode forward to get the gate opened.

"Who's there?" said the Earl.

"Me, my Lord," replied the man.

"Who's me?"

"Richard, my Lord."

The mystery was solved: the dear absent Earl had taken fright at the sound of his own groom's horse, and had ridden away from the man at such a rate as to render it absolutely necessary for him to put on, at highwayman speed, to keep up with his noble master.

The same Earl had a habit of thinking aloud, and the story you may, under this head, give, has been often told, but of different people. It is as well not to mention the real name, because it might annoy a most amiable and agreeable gentleman, and the story tells just as well without it. It was at White's. His Lordship was standing before the fire, looking at himself in the glass, when that member of the club who shall be nameless came in. The Earl shook hands with him, and inquired after his health, talked of the weather and of the news; and then suddenly falling into a reverie, looked at him steadily in the face and holding him all the time by the button: said—to *himself*—"umph—shall I ask him to dinner?—I have got two places left—I have dined with him twice this season—must ask him—" then a pause—"No—some other time, he *is* such an infernal bore."

This the *patient* heard, but as it was only *thinking* on the part of the Earl, he could do nothing but abide his fate.

Dining not long after that with another Earl, who shall also be name-



less for the sake of his cook, he handed the Countess to table, of which he took the top ; and as he helped and tasted the different dishes, regularly apologized to her for the badness of the *cuisine*—"could not account for it—thought his cook must be drunk—never served him so before—not a thing fit to eat"—fancying himself in his own house, and criticizing his own dinner.

There are half a hundred anecdotes of a similar nature, which will serve your turn under this head : these, although apparently extravagant, are strictly true ; but as you advance in the science of conversation, you will discover that a little embellishment is allowable according to circumstances.

There is one place in Great Britain where absence is an anomaly, and that is at Eton ; they talk of calling absence in the different dames' and tutors' houses, when they call the names of the boys who ought to be present.

The pupil will now see how the earth teems with fruit, and if he will but take the last word of his lesson for to-day, it will be quite clear that he has but to dig a little way down to find his ore—My Lady talked of the players—

Start with Shakspeare—you never can do better—for nobody ever said anything half so well as he says everything—

" There be players," &c.

Then show your knowledge of histrionic history—begin with the Thespians, and the waggons, and the mimes—just touch upon Aristophanes, and if you don't happen to recollect a quotation, or what is more likely, know no Greek, make a quotation, as Sheridan did in the House of Commons, out of your own head, which will perfectly astonish Lady Flapps ; then lead her on, through the days of Burbage, Condell, the rare Ben, and the immortal Billy ; censure the indelicacies of the stage, even in its wittiest times ; shudder at Congreve, and affect a dread of Dryden ; take a look at the " Beggars' Opera," which by way of novelty to Lady Flapps ; say, made Rich Gay, and Gay Rich ; talk of Miss Fenton and the Duke of Bolton ; moralize about Pamela ; drop a tear to the memory of the amiable Richardson, post back to town, talk of Walker in the full bottom wig, and wonder how people could sit and listen to such low things. Then take a new flight—praise Cato—talk of Addison—quote one of the Spectators—doubt whether if so classical a paper were now written it would succeed—then, of course, after getting over Quin, Betterton, and Wilks, come to Garrick—his eye—compliment Lady Flapps somehow about *her* eyes—if she is a blonde, just insinuate—none of your point blank direct flattery—do not smear her with vulgar butter and treacle ; but just insinuate that bright and commanding as black eyes may be in a man and a player (never lose sight of the root of your essay)—there *is* a soft, love-like, dove-like sweetness in a blue eye, a thousand times more engaging ; if she be a brunette, of course, Garrick's eye, bright as it was thought fifty-eight years ago, was nothing to some eyes *you* have seen : manage this well, and as they say in another place, the Eyes will have it.

Let her Ladyship, however, see that you know something of the domestic affairs of the English Roscius—tell her that before he went to live on the Adelphi-terrace, where he died, his house was what is now Eastey's Hotel in Southampton-street, Covent-garden, opposite the end



of Tavistock-street,—that there he used, at three o'clock, to receive a select number of the wits and sages of the day to dinner. For Goldsmith they never waited, and Johnson, when he arrived, which he ordinarily did a quarter of an hour before dinner-time, used to proceed at once to the dining parlour, and seat himself in an arm-chair in the recess, which is still there, just as if Johnson were alive, and stay till the dishes were put down, not choosing to climb the staircase as a matter of form, merely for the sake of coming down again,—take this opportunity of advising her to read Murray's edition of Johnson and the appended Johnsoniana—she won't suspect you of puffing his book, even if you should happen to know him, which perhaps you may.

Then if Lady Flapps happen to be theatrical, which probably she may be by Sir George taking an interest in the mimes, moralise with her upon the fatal disadvantages of the histrionic art—use that phrase, because it is considered more genteel than “acting,”—that no trace, no record can be left of what existed in the mind and in the man, and that all we know of Garrick himself is to us traditionary, and perhaps founded upon no better grounds than *our* admiration of the actors who have gone during our time, and of whom we can convey no idea to the present race of youngsters but by denouncing as vastly inferior the existing players, who to them, are, no doubt, perfection.

Then bring to her Ladyship's notice the last survivor of the glorious stock of Kembles—the classical Macready—the retired, yet admirable Young.—Sigh deeply for Mrs. Siddons, —mourn a little for Miss O'Neil—wonder how Mrs. Butler could ever think of leaving the stage or of publishing her Journal,—praise Liston up to the skies, and suggest his never attempting the pathetic,—and so on—it is all plain sailing,—if Lady Flapps likes that sort of thing, there are theatres enough open now to lead her on for six hours, and it is easy work, and extremely good for a beginner, because, whatever disadvantages may arise to the players themselves from the impossibility of handing down anything like a decided state of their merits, it is extremely convenient to be able to gabble upon what after all is mere matter of taste, and *that* too a taste not so prevalent as it would be in society, if dramatic talent were concentrated. The subject is not to be ventured upon generally, but Lady Flapps seeming to be an exception, take advantage of a favourable opportunity of saying a great deal about nothing—you will find many young beginners quite ready to keep you in countenance.

We suppose this will be a sufficient specimen of our system of developing the *Elements of Conversation*. It has been partly thrown together for the purpose of commencing the year, with a system which we flatter ourselves promises to be amusing and instructive to all classes, as well as advantageous to the would-be conversationists. We shall resume it in our next Number at greater length, rather giving *this* as a prospectus than as the beginning of our work.

---

## THE DREAM IN THE TEMPLE OF SERAPIS.

“ During Alexander the Great’s illness, Peithou, Attalus, Demophon, Peucestas, Cleomenes, Minedas, and Seleucus, slept in the Temple of Serapis, and asked the god if it would be desirable and better for Alexander to be conveyed to the temple, and to supplicate the god, and be healed by him. The answer forbade his removal, declaring that it would be better for him to remain where he was. The companions reported this answer, and Alexander not long after expired, as if, under all circumstances, that were the better fate.”—ROYAL DIARY.

THE heavy night is falling,  
 A dark and silent night,  
 And aloud the storm is calling  
 From the mountains’ wooded height,  
 There is weeping in the pines.  
 But a voice of louder sorrow  
 Arises from the plain,  
 For the nations fear the morrow,  
 And ask for aid in vain,  
 From the old ancestral shrines  
 In the still and stately temple—  
 The temple of the god.

The kingly chiefs are seven  
 Who seek that ancient shrine,  
 To ask of night and heaven  
 An answer and a sign ;  
 Pale as shadows pass they by.  
 They are warriors, yet they falter,  
 As with feet unshod  
 They approach thy mighty altar,  
 O Assyrian god !  
 Will the secrets of the sky  
 Fill the stately temple—  
 The temple of the god ?

Conquerors they enter,  
 In the conqueror’s name ;  
 The altar in the centre,  
 Burnt with undying flame—  
 Day and night that flame is fed.  
 Lamps from many a marble column  
 In the distance burn,  
 And the light is sad and solemn  
 As a funeral urn.  
 For the presence of the dead  
 Haunts the mystic temple—  
 The temple of the god.

Seven warriors were their number,  
 Seven future kings ;  
 Down they laid them to their slumber  
 Mid the silvery rings  
 Of the fragrant smoke that swept  
 From the golden vases streaming,  
 With their spice and oil,  
 And the rich frankincense steaming,  
 Half a summer’s spoil.



Lull'd by such perfume they slept  
In the silent temple—  
The temple of the god.

Lay they in that sleep enchanted,  
On the marble floor,  
Many things their slumber haunted,  
Things that were no more.  
'Twas the phantasm of life :  
Fierce and rugged bands were crowding  
Round their youthful king ;  
Shaggy hides their wild forms shrouding,  
While the echoes ring  
With the shouts that herald strife ;  
Such now wake the quiet temple—  
The temple of the god.

Next a southern noon is sleeping  
On embattled lines,  
There the purple robe is sweeping,  
There the red gold shines.  
That young chief his own has won—  
He who when his warriors tasked him,  
With his heart's free scope,  
What was left himself, they ask'd him,  
And he answer'd, " Hope."  
What he said, that hath he done ;  
And his glory fills the temple—  
The temple of the god.

Victory is like sunshine o'er him,  
Wealth is at his side,  
Crowns are in the dust before him,  
Earth hath bow'd her pride  
At the whisper of his breath.  
But that laurell'd one is dying  
On a fever'd bed :  
" Leave him where he now is lying,  
There the king is best," it said ;  
Such the oracle of death,  
In that fated temple—  
The temple of the god.

Such the moral of his story,  
Such was heaven's reply ;  
Amid wealth, and power, and glory,  
It is best to die,  
Unto all that answer came.  
From the highest to the lowest  
Life draws deep a wasted breath :  
Fate ! thy best boon thou bestowest  
When thou givest death.  
Each that oracle may claim,  
The words of that dark temple—  
The temple of the god.

L. E. L.

## THE OLD EAGLE.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

THE sun was sinking behind a mimic forest of mingled oak and elm, whose foliage was beautifully varied, at intervals, by a beech or larch—still more rarely by a dark green holly-tree of magnificent growth. The wood upon which I looked had the advantage of being planted on the brow and declivity of an extent of rising ground which deepened into a verdant valley. The clustering plantations formed a perfect crescent, shading the beautiful vale completely from the northern and eastern winds, and leaving an opening for the soft southern breezes to breathe upon one of the most cultivated scenes it has ever been my lot to visit in Ireland,—where art and care have done so little, and Nature so much.

The principal object in the valley was a straggling picturesque building, which had been commenced in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and remained to be finished during the dynasty of William the Fourth. A Gothic tower—a Roman arch—a steeple—a cottage front—an Ionic column—and half-a-dozen other classes of architecture, that would both puzzle and horrify Sir Christopher Wren, if he could arise from his grave—were “combined without combination.” Some portions of the building were overgrown with ivy, and the most luxuriant creepers clung, and twisted, and formed a fantastic garnishing from wall to wall, as if in mockery of the old house of Ballydunlawn. A colony of rooks had taken absolute possession of the tower’s turrets; and very appropriate they looked, particularly in the evening, when, after their predatory excursions to the adjacent farms, they curved and whirled in the air over their ancient domicile for full twenty minutes before returning to their nests.

To the left of this multitudinous mass was a broad clear lake, studded with what might pass, amongst those who knew no better, for volcanic islands, composed as they were of stones of various hues, piled without regard to any species of arrangement, and too closely united to serve as habitations for the water-fowl. Luckily for the picturesque effect of the lake, wild flowers, and lichens of various hues, were creeping over the stones; and one island appeared a perfect pile of many-tinted gold, for it was completely covered by wall-flowers. There they had increased and multiplied (to use the extensive phraseology of the gardener) “since the world was a world;” and certainly I never saw any sight so gorgeously beautiful. All the perfumes of Araby seemed to breathe over the placid surface of that gentle lake as the breeze came—now richly freighted—and now not so heavily borne down by the delicious odours of the golden island. I have sate on the bank, and could positively count the passing across my cheek of each gentle gale, from the fading—then renewing—then fading—then renewing perfume. It was all too exquisite to sit beneath the shade of a delicate Persian lilac that grew thereon—delicate even in its widely-extending and towering height—and see the sun sinking gradually behind that forest hill, bidding a glorious good-night to the world in which we dwell, and leaving the sweet assurance with every tree and flower, and bird and bee, that after the dewy



night he would again bless and invigorate them by his presence—then to gaze upon the lake looking so bright and natural in its grotesque green girdle. Do what we will with the “watery world” we can neither change its aspect nor its quality; it will not be moulded or adorned like the earth; nor will it assume the fantasies of fire at our pleasure—it is ever, from the lake to the ocean, “great, glorious, and free,” paying its only tribute to the Almighty for the mysterious power He bestowed upon it, by reflecting his everlasting skies on its surface!—Directly above the bank, the branches of my favourite lilac cross each other; and in doing so, form a sort of vista, which is terminated by the turrets of the castle; most probably the oldest portion of the incongruous building. Over those turrets the rooks are sporting with rather more gaiety than befits the character of such “ancient gentlemen.” Would that I could understand their language!—“caw! caw!” though it be, it has its varieties of sound, its different intonations, from the deep-toned “caw” of some grey-headed senator, to the flippant observation of the yearling bird, anxious to be heard and known amongst his fellows. It is curious to note the order with which, after their day’s rambling, they arrive at their residence, preceded by the advanced guard, followed closely on the wing by the centre, and brought up in a style that would not discredit the generalship of his Grace of Wellington. I believe rooks, from time immemorial, have been considered a republic; if so, it is a republic admitting of no radicalism. Depend upon it, rooks are all high Conservatives; their laws are too wise to admit of alteration; they labour unceasingly to keep up the dignity of Church and State, and uniformly patronize old castles, and the trees and turrets of every Bishop’s residence in the three kingdoms;—their nests descend from father to son; and if by chance a spirit of appropriation enter into the noddle of some cunning yet half-witted bird, and he steal a single stick from his grand uncle, or grand aunt rook, observe his punishment—why all the senators draw bills upon him immediately, and he dare not so much as defend the fabric he and his wife intended to call their own, from spoliation; every stick is torn from his nest, and he is done unto as he wanted to do to others.

The rooks had all arrived, and were whirling in the air, some few only having alighted on the castle walls, to relieve the sentries, or inquire after the health of such as were either too old or too young to accompany them in their day’s search after health and independence. The water-fowl were dimpling the lake in a thousand places,—now diving after a silly fish, then darting at some of those animated gems whose birth is ushered by the rising sun, and who die with the setting of the same.

Suddenly I heard the huntsman’s horn—“Tira la! tira la!” Nothing could have exceeded the tranquillity of the last hour. The “caw” of the rooks, at its proper time, tells of the quiet of earth; for only at such hours do they congregate in the air. But the hunting music burst upon my ear just as—(such is human nature!)—I had almost wearied of the surrounding stillness. Right merrily it came;—at first from beyond the tallest trees,—then as if the woods had wild voices of their own, and every trunk were animate with life,—then nearer,—and then, without heeding the regular boundaries of the avenue, men, horses, and dogs came sweeping down the glen, to the wide space fronting the entrance



of Ballydunlawn. It was a wild and spirit-stirring sight. One of the gentlemen had fastened the fox's brush—(or, as a Cockney friend of mine irreverently called it, the fox's *tail*. Heard ye ever the like, O sons of Nimrod!—a fox's *tail*!)—in his hat, which waved, not ungracefully, over his shoulder. The old huntsman and the whippers-in appeared in high spirits; and the party, to judge from the alacrity with which they sprang off their high-mettled horses, and then bounded into the great entrance-hall, were not at all fatigued by the day's sport. Every Irish hunt, be it known to you, gentle English reader, has its attendant fool. I mean no disrespect to my giddy-pated countrymen; but really I never could discover much wisdom in a hunting party, and cannot but admit that it would be sadly at a loss to find a resting-place amongst them. For all that, I do not exactly mean to place the cap and bells on *all* the heads of the hunters; only to repeat that every Irish hunt has its attendant fool—a sort of privileged jester—a “Wamba,” favoured by all the “Cedrics” as well as the “Gurths” of the family. I looked amongst the crowd in vain for Dominick. The horses and dogs were diverging towards their stables and kennels, leaving only a few stragglers on the lawn—beggars chiefly, who “follow the hunt” from the well-founded expectation of feasting off the scraps of the concluding feast. I could not see Dominick anywhere, and I began to fear that some harm had happened to the poor creature, when I heard the shrill braying of his donkey in the wood. The bray was answered by a shout of laughter from the grooms. At last I perceived him diverging from a thicket, in anything but a straight line. However Dominick might feel disposed, it was evident that old Fanny, notwithstanding her amiable name, would only go her own way,—it was, I confess the truth, her usual habit. Her ears, as Dominick said afterwards, “had been *stivered* for wickedness all day;” and instead of going, as the fool appeared to wish, towards the servants' offices, Dominick and his donkey, or, to write correctly, the donkey and Dominick, made towards the bank where I had been sitting.

Nothing could be more grotesque than their appearance. Fanny's long flexible ears were adorned by bunches of many-coloured feathers, and the saddle was hung round with bits of tin, broken scollop shells, long tufts composed of scarlet and green worsted, and a few old hawk's bells, which jingled and tinkled as they drew near the lake. My hero rode without stirrups, and hinted his wishes to his Dapple by poking his heels (round which were wound a wreath of hawthorn) into her sides. His jacket was faded scarlet, and his ill-fitting trowsers were braced over it with pieces of green and blue ribbon; from the top of a conical cap, formed of gray rabbit-skin, flowed a purple and yellow pennon; and his long arms embraced what appeared to me a hen-coop.

“She takes advantage of me, so she does, me lady,” he exclaimed, while letting the coop fall on the sward, and flinging himself off his donkey the next moment—“She takes advantage of me, so she does, as the Kilkenny cat said when she was eat to the tail. She knew I couldn't show my skill on her, with that devil of a coop;—the curse of Crom'ell on it!”

“Dominick! Dominick! did not I promise you a shilling if you would not swear for a week?”

“And didn't I tell you, me lady, I couldn't promise you not to swear? What other comfort have I in the wide world, since the



masther cut me off to one glass of whisky a day? I wouldn't mislead your honour for Fann's ears full of diamonds; and so I can't promise not to swear."

"Were you in at the death, Dominick?"

"The death!—is it the death? No; nor the life either. Sure Masther Alfred nabbed me, as if I wasn't prime to follow the hunt. Hurroo! hurroo! Tally-ho, ye devils!"

"Hush, Dominick, you must not swear."

"Blessed Almighty!—can't you do as the ould masther above used to do, long ago?—can't ye *let on* niver to hear what doesn't plase you? He always *sid* it hindered him of a dale of trouble."

I knew that Dominick alluded to an old gentleman who had died a few weeks previously in the neighbourhood, worn down by habitual drunkenness,—one "too proud to beg, too proud to work," whose life had been a chronicle of Irish failings, and whose death, awful as it was, was likely to be soon forgotten.

"Hindered him of trouble at the time; but what did it bring him at the end?" I inquired, forgetting the creature I addressed was supposed to be devoid of reason.

"The pit-hole, and the could clay, and the dirty worms for the body;—and, for what the priest be always talking about—the sowl, you know," he said, lowering his voice, and gathering his brows over his eyes, "the *sowl*, you know;—you, that has the skill and the larning, *tell me, what for that?*"

There was an awfulness in the question that fairly startled me, and glad I was to perceive the fine animated youth, "Masther Alfred," coming to my assistance.

"Well, Nick—have you got him safe?" he breathlessly inquired.

"Ay, Masther;—safe enough in the coop."

"Nick, what shall we do with him?"

"Eh—eh?" laughed Dominick, with his growling grin. "A fool 'ud ha' thought a' that afore he brought him—but a wise man!—you'll be a counshilor, Masther Alfred."

"*Cousin*, can you tell me?"—the term cousin was never applied to me but when Alfred got into a scrape, and wanted me to get him out of it.

"Cousin mine,"—I replied, laughing; "how can I tell, without knowing what you have in that dirty-looking prison?"

"Oh! you don't know—guess!"

"A fox!"

"No,—thank you—we killed that."

"You need not thank me, Alfred; I would not have killed it."

"What would you have done with it, then?"

"Let it go."

"That is so foolish—so like a woman."

"Thank *you*, now, young gentleman. Boys are certainly a horrid invention, particularly between the ages of fourteen and twenty."

"Boys!" repeated Alfred contemptuously (he was just seventeen); "boys, indeed! I'd have you to know——"

"What's in the coop?"

"Why, your friends the rooks have been telling you this half-hour."

I looked up, and certainly a dense mass of those dark birds had

congregated about twenty feet above the coop, and were cawing in a shrill, bitter tone.

"And Fanny told you by the way she walked," chimed in Dominick. "She didn't go as she does when she has only such a beautiful boy as meself to carry."

Alfred opened the fastening, and there I saw a noble old eagle—a fishing eagle—osprey, I believe, is its proper name. A leather thong had been passed across his breast under his wings; and his thick, bare, yellow legs were tied with a strong cord. He lay, thus shackled, on his back; and though I confess my lamentations were loud at thus fettering the lord of the air, when I observed his flashing eye, and the determination with which he clenched his talons whenever a hand approached him, I felt that our safety lay in his chains.

"What a glorious bird, Alfred!" I exclaimed; "did you catch him?"

"Catch him!" repeated the boy, surveying his prize; "no, cousin, I never to say *caught* an eagle yet. I have tried, though; and I helped to tie up that old fellow before I gave him in charge to Dominick to bring here."

"Where did you get him, then?"

"Why, I'll tell you, if you'll have patience to listen, and don't laugh; but I know there is one part of it you will not laugh at. I was fully mounted; but, I say, if you had only seen the bay mare—'pon my honour, she'd go over anything—anything in Ireland—and the Colonel said so."

"Over the Tower of Hook, or the Rock of Cashel, Alfred?"

"Ah, be quiet, now;—anything in reason. I hate to talk to you, you are so precise and English, to the very letter, in everything."

"Not exactly," I replied, half blushing at a compliment I did not deserve.

"But the eagle, Alfred?"

"Well, I was on the bay mare, and had got on my new cap. Did you see my hunting cap?"

"If you have again mounted the mare in all your finery, I shall never hear about the eagle, Alfred."

"Ah, bother! you put me out so. Well then, you know there was an auction at the castle this morning. All the poor old gentleman's furniture, and guns, and horses; ay, and even the pictures—the pictures he valued so highly, and used to tell me such beautiful stories about when I was a *very* little boy—all to be sold; and the horrid sheriff's officers! Oh, how I longed to unmuzzle Banquo at them, and hunt them up the mountains! Do you know, Frank Ryley said it was better fun hunting a gauger, long ago, than a fox."

"For shame, Alfred; Frank Ryley does you no good."

"Oh, there can be no harm in his saying that now, because the spirit's all out of the country—quite gone. Ever since new laws and regulations have been made, there is no fun in anything. Well, I stopped the bay mare; she did not like it though, she is so fond of the hounds. Tally-ho! after them! Would it do to call a mare Lightning, cousin? I thought I would ask you—Lightning sounds so well, don't it? Frank, bring out Lightning!"

"Go on with your story, Alfred; if you mount the mare again and flourish your whip so, you will never have done."



“ I beg your pardon ; I *dismounted*, and went into the old gallery ; there they were selling the pictures, and a whole parcel of country rascals and blackguard shopkeepers lying across the embroidered sofas that the old gentleman told me many a time were worked by his great aunt the duchess he was so fond of talking about. The picture selling was one by Sir Peter Lely—the very same duchess. A little hole had been poked in her side, at the time of the rebellion ; but never mind that, it’s a beautiful picture.”

“ ‘ I’ll have that picture,’ said the wife of a whisky-seller at Coolduff ; ‘ it’s the very moral of our Peg. I’ll have that picture any way, if I *do* pay for it, though its masther never paid me for the hundred gallons and more of the rale Cork, which he got out of my bran-new cask.’ ”

“ ‘ Mrs. Casey, Ma’am, you forget though, so you do, that it was his honour’s father’s custom and his own that was the making of you all ; and if you hadn’t the dirty drop in you, it’s not forgetting it you’d be, though he might owe you of money a trifle when he died,’ said a stranger, a very old man, who was wrapped in a blue frieze coat, and kept his hat slouched over his face.

“ ‘ Yourself’s packing your pickings neatly for all that,’ continued the woman between the biddings, which were interrupted every moment by the rude wit of strangers, or the less frequent, but heart-rending lamentations of some few who remembered their old friend and protector in the days of his prosperity. ‘ I’m thinking you got them chape,’ she added.

“ ‘ If I paid a hundred guineas in heavy goold, I should think anything *he* regarded cheap,’ replied the honest-hearted fellow, who was about quitting the room, when my naming a larger sum for the beautiful Duchess than had as yet been offered arrested his attention. I loved the picture for the sake of the dead, and was resolved to outbid Mrs. Casey. The greasy fat woman looked at me for a moment ; then dipping her hand into the depths of her pocket, pulled up a blue worsted sock, or half stocking, whose ancle was secured by a dirty leather thong. She undid the string, and showering on the table a curious mixture of copper, silver, and golden coins, she again looked in my face. ‘ See there, young Squire, I’ve all that to spend as I plaze, and bate it if you can.’ I laughed, and bid again. We had attracted the attention of the whole room—‘ Hurroo ! for Mrs. Casey and Coolduff,’ shouted the raggamuffins. ‘ Hurra for the ould stock ! ’ replied my aged friend, whirling his staff over his head—‘ the gentry, the heart’s blood of the gentry for ever ! ’—‘ Hurroo for Coolduff ! —we’re indipident mimbers of the counthry we live in, and I’ll prove it ! ’ said a little rascal, a shoemaker, who reads the newspapers to Ballybriggan. As he spoke, he sprang upon a table that had once been handsome, but in a moment my old friend with the staff pulled him down, and shoved him out of the window ; don’t look frightened, the window was not very far from the garden : there would have been a grand row but for the officers, and the poor auctioneer bawled for silence until convinced that he himself was the noisiest in the room ; the auction proceeded, and the feelings of the *company* remained with the ‘ young gentleman ! ’

“ Mrs. Casey burst out crying, declared she was unfairly bet, and



that she would not spend another halfpenny in the cant—and so the beautiful Duchess is mine!”

“Bravo, Alfred!—but did you *pay* for it?”

“Ah, be quiet will you. No, but my father will; and the auctioneer ascertained that. I told my father I would give him Ponto instead, and he said he would take me at my word.”

“But the Eagle, Alfred?”

“Patience, lady mine: never knew a woman have patience yet. I looked about for the old man in the blue coat—he was gone. I got out of the gallery as quick as I could. ‘Ah, Sir,’ says Michael Murphy, (you remember how faithful Michael was to his poor master,) ‘the quality have not the heart to come near the house since the old gentleman’s gone.’ I passed by his study, Michael following at my heels.

“‘Don’t go in there, Master Alfred,’ said the poor fellow—‘he died there with his head on my arm, and the door *boulting* to keep out the bailiffs.’ ‘Mick,’ says he, reaching his hand (and it trembling like an aspen) to the table—‘Mick,’ says he, ‘give me a drop to wet my lips, and let it be stronger than the last.’

“Here’s a drop, ye’r honour,” says I, “but I can’t make it no stronger, Sir, for it’s ten times above proof!”

“It’s the could that has entered my heart, then,” says he, “and yet Mick it is not as could to the world, as the world is to me; and without a sigh or a moan he died up that minute.”

“It was a true word for him,” added Mick Murphy, “*but sure even the rats had left the house the week afore*. Do you know,” continued the generous hearted boy, “that I gave all my money to Mick,—and I felt so odd, that I rushed down the back stairs instead of the front,—and there, directly opposite the coach-house door, was Brilliant, the Eagle, chained, in his usual place; and a whole tribe of brats, young and old, with that spla-footed Casey, the whisky-seller’s son, at their head, shying stones at the noble bird.—I wish you could have seen how the bird looked at them, and how I exercised my whip on their backs. The glorious fellow! I knew there was no one there to feed him; so I brought him here. I will rivet a silver chain to his leg;—and suppose we were to build him an eyrie on the lake? It may be a beautiful eyrie—all of rocks and shells and wild flowers of the mountains and the rivers—and we may crown it with a branch of the glorious cedar,—so dark, so grand, and so enduring. Ay, cousin, let us build him an eyrie on the lake!”

“Better let him go,” said a deep calm voice from behind Dominick.

I turned to seek the speaker, and saw a venerable-looking man enfolded in a blue frieze coat, one hand resting on a staff, while the other was occupied in removing his hat. I never saw age in such green yet reverend beauty; his eye was blue and clear; there was a tint of health upon his cheek; and yet the perfectly *white* hair fell in thick curls over his shoulders.

“Better let him go, master! he will find himself a better eyrie than you could build.”

“Oh, is it you? Why where did you go to this morning when I wanted you?” observed the boy, evidently recognizing an acquaintance.



"Where I saw you save poor Brilliant from insult," he said, in a better accent than I expected from his appearance. "Do, master, let him go. I have a right to ask the favour; for this very time fifty years I took him from the nest."

"You!"

"Ay, me! The ould gentleman's gone, and I am forgotten; for I've been long in foreign parts; longer than I would have been had I known of his troubles; but I left him wealthy; and when we leave people wealthy, we never think they can be unfortunate."

"We two were boys together; and he had a fancy for an eaglet; and though his body's with corruption, and his house desolate this blessed evening, who ever then gainsaid his wish! Whew! whew! Brilliant! Whew—w—w!" he continued, addressing the captive bird, who showed no symptoms of ferocity towards its ancient acquaintance. He stooped and undid its fastenings. The eagle grasped with its talons the wrist he presented to it, and in a moment was sitting proudly and erect upon the stranger's arm. The rooks, who had flapped their wings over the royal bird in his captivity, now ascended in a body in the air; still, however, hovering over him; he flapped his brown wings, stretched his neck, and screamed. Away wheeled his insulters to their domicile. Not a rook was to be seen in the air. And I doubt if the boldest of the band poked their beaks beyond the turrets. I was ashamed of my favourites. The old man pointed to them and laughed a scornful laugh. "Like the world! like the world!" was all he muttered, while stroking the eagle's head. But I felt—that old man could have taught me much wisdom.

"Let him go," he persisted, "for nearly half a century he was fed by *his* hand. He knew the place, and loved his master. His master is dead; the place desolate! Let the bird return to his nature; he will remember his hatching nest; with you he will be fierce and furious. You cannot tame him now."

"He has forgotten his home amid the crags," said Alfred.

Again that old man laughed. "No, no! 't isn't nature; try him; he'll wing over the tallest trees yonder for the desolate Saltees. Let me throw him up!"

"Ay, do!" said Alfred.

"The stranger cast him in the air. Once, twice, the bird wheeled round his head, and then, as if perfectly conscious that his liberty had been restored to him by the hand which once deprived him of that blessing—he rose majestically upwards and upwards, and then, when looking to our unassisted eyes hardly bigger than a wren, he darted off in the direction of the wild and desolate islands which skirt the western coast of Ireland. I looked, when my gaze was withdrawn from the sky, for the blue-coated stranger; but he had disappeared with 'The Old Eagle.'

## THE REVENGE OF THE SIGNOR BASIL.

---

“ Un homme capable de faire des dominos avec les os de son père.”

*Père Goriot.*

---

It was in the golden month of August, not very long ago, that the steamer which plies between St. Mark's Stairs, at Venice, and the river into which Phaeton turned a somerset with the horses of the Sun, started on its course over the lagoon with an unusual God-send of passengers. The moon was rising from the unchaste bed of the Adriatic (wedded every year to Venice, yet every day and night sending the sun and moon from her lovely bosom to the sky), and while the gold of the west was still glowing on the landward side of the Campanile, a silver gleam was brightening momentarily on the other, and the Arabic domes of St. Marc and the flying Mercury on the Dogana paled to the setting orb and kindled to the rising with the same Talleyrand-esque facility.

For the first hour the Mangia-foco sputtered on her way with a silent company; the poetry of the scene, or the regrets at leaving the delicious city lessening in the distance, affecting all alike with a thoughtful incommunicativeness. Gradually, however, the dolphin hues over the Brenta faded away—the marble city sank into the sea, with its turrets and bright spires—the still lagoon became a sheet of polished glass—and the silent groups leaning over the rails found tongues and feet, and began to stir and murmur.

With the usual unconscious crystallization of society, the passengers of the Mangia-foco had yielded one side of the deck to a party of some rank, who had left their carriages at Ferrara in coming from Florence to Venice, and were now upon their return to the city of Tasso, stomach-aching, with what grace they might, the contact of a vulgar conveyance, which saved them the hundred miles of posting between Ferrara and the Brenta. In the centre of the aristocratic circle stood a lady enveloped in a cashmere, but with her bonnet hung by the string over her arm—one of those women of Italy upon whom the divinest gifts of loveliness are showered with a profusion which apparently impoverishes the sex of the whole nation. A beautiful woman in that land is rarely met; but when she does appear, she is what Venus would have been after the contest for beauty on Ida, had the weapons of her antagonists, as in the tournaments of chivalry, been added to the palm of victory. The Marquesa del Marmore was apparently twenty-three, and she might have been an incarnation of the morning-star for pride and brightness.

On the other side of the deck stood a group of young men, who, by their careless and rather shabby dress, but pale and intellectual faces, were of that class met in every public conveyance of Italy.—The portfolios under their arms, ready for a sketch, would have removed a doubt of their profession, had one existed; and with that proud independence for which the class is remarkable, they had separated themselves equally from the noble and ignoble—disqualified by inward superiority from association with the one, and by accidental poverty from the claims cultivation might give them upon the other.



Their glances at the divine face turned toward them from the party I have alluded to, were less constant than those of the vulgar, who could not offend ; but they were evidently occupied more with it than with the fishing-boats lying asleep on the lagoon ; and one of them, half-buried in a coil of rope, and looking under the arm of another, had already made a sketch of her, that might some day make the world wonder from what Seventh Heaven of fancy such an angelic vision of a head had descended upon the painter's dream.

In the rear of this group, with the air of one who would conceal himself from view, stood a young man who belonged to the party, but who, with less of the pallor of intellectual habits in his face, was much better dressed than his companions, and had, in spite of the portfolio under his arm, and a hat of a Salvator breadth of rim, the undisguisable air of a person accustomed to the best society. While maintaining a straggling conversation with his friends, with whom he seemed a favourite, Signor Basil employed himself in looking over the sketch of the lovely Marquessa going on at his elbow, occasionally, as if to compare it with the original, stealing a long look from between his hand and his slouched hat at the radiant creature sitting so unconsciously for her picture, and in a low voice correcting, as by the result of his gaze, the rapid touches of the artist.

"Take a finer pencil for the nostril, caro mio !" said he ; "it is as thin as the edge of a violet, and its transparent curve——"

"Cospetto !" said the youth ; "but you see by this faint light better than I ; if she would but turn to the moon——"

The Signor Basil suddenly flung his handkerchief into the lagoon, bringing its shadow between the queen of night and the Marquessa del Marmore ; and, attracted from her reverie by the passing object, the lady moved her head quickly to the light, and in that moment the spirited lip and nostril were transferred to the painter's sketch.

"Thanks, mio bravo !" enthusiastically exclaimed the looker-on ; "Giorgione would not have beaten thee with the crayon !" and with a rudeness which surprised the artist, he seized the paper from beneath his hand, walked away with it to the stern, and leaning far over the rails, perused it fixedly by the mellow lustre of the moon. The youth presently followed him, and after a few words exchanged in an undertone, Signor Basil slipped a piece of gold into his hand, and carefully placed the sketch in his own portfolio.

## II.

It was toward midnight when the Mangia-foco entered the Adige, and keeping its steady way between the low banks of the river, made for the grass-grown and flowery canal which connects its waters with the Po. Most of the passengers had yielded to the drowsy influence of the night-air, and, of the aristocratic party on the larboard side, the young Marquessa alone was waking ; her friends had made couches of their cloaks and baggage, and were reclining at her feet, while the artists, all except the Signor Basil, were stretched fairly on the deck, their portfolios beneath their heads, and their large hats covering their faces from the powerful rays of the moon.

"Miladi does justice to the beauty of the night," said the waking artist, in a low and respectful tone, as he rose from her feet with a cluster of tuberoses she had let fall from her hand.



"It is indeed lovely, Signor pittore," responded the Marquesa, glancing at his portfolio, and receiving the flowers with a gracious inclination; "have you touched Venice from the lagoon to-night?"

The Signor Basil opened his portfolio, and replied to the indirect request of the lady by showing her a very indifferent sketch of Venice from the island of St. Lazzaro. As if to escape from the necessity of praising what had evidently disappointed her, she turned the cartoon hastily, and exposed, on the sheet beneath, the spirited and admirable outline of her own matchless features.

A slight start alone betrayed the surprise of the high-born lady, and raising the cartoon to examine it more closely, she said with a smile, "You may easier tread on Titian's heels than Canaletti's. Bezzuoli has painted me, and not half so well. I will awake the Marquis, and he shall purchase it of you."

"Not for the wealth of the Medici, Madam!" said the young man, clasping his portfolio hastily; "pray do not disturb Monsignore! The picture is dear to me!"

The Marquesa looked into his face, and with a glance around, which the accomplished courtier before her read better than she dreamed, she drew her shawl over her blanched shoulders, and settled herself to listen to the conversation of her new acquaintance.

"You would be less gracious if you were observed, proud beauty," thought Basil; "but while you think the poor painter may while away the tediousness of a vigil, he may feed his eye on your beauty as well."

The Mangia-foco turned into the canal, threaded its lily-paved waters for a mile or two, and then, putting forth upon the broad bosom of the Po, went on her course against the stream, and, with retarded pace, penetrated toward the sun-beloved heart of Italy. And while the later hours performed their procession with the stars, the Marquesa del Marmore leaned sleepless and unfatigued against the railing, listening with mingled curiosity and scorn to the passionate love-murmur of the enamoured painter. His hat was thrown aside, his fair and curling locks were flowing in the night air, his form was bent earnestly but respectfully towards her, and on his lip, with all its submissive tenderness, there sat a shadow of something she could not define, but which rebuked ever and anon, as with the fierce regard of a noble, the condescension she felt towards him as an artist.

### III.

Upon the lofty dome of the altar in the cathedral of Bologna stands poised an angel in marble, not spoken of in the books of travellers, but perhaps the loveliest incarnation of a blessed cherub that ever lay in the veined bosom of Pentelicus. Lost and unobserved on the vast floor of the nave, the group of artists, who had made a day's journey from Ferrara, sat in the wicker chairs hired for a baioch the vesper, and drew silently from this angel, while the devout people of Bologna murmured their Ave Marias around. Signor Basil alone was content to look over the work of his companions, and the twilight had already begun to brighten the undying lamps at the shrine, when he started from the pillar against which he leaned, and crossed hastily toward a group issuing from a private chapel in the western aisle. A lady walked between two gentlemen of noble mien, and behind her, attended by an equally distin-



guished company, followed that lady's husband, the Marchesa del Marmore. They were strangers passing through Bologna, and had been attended to vespers by some noble friends.

The companions of the Signor Basil looked on with some surprise as their enamoured friend stepped confidently before the two nobles in attendance upon the lady, and arrested her steps with a salutation which, though respectful as became a gentleman, was marked with the easy politeness of one accustomed to a favourable reception.

"May I congratulate Miladi," he said, rising slowly from his bow, and fixing his eyes with unembarrassed admiration on her own liquid but now frowning orbs, "upon her safe journey over the Marches. Bologna," he continued, glancing at the nobles with a courteous smile, "welcomes her fittingly."

The lady listened with a look of surprise, and the Bolognese glanced from the dusty boots of the artist to his portfolio.

"Has the painter the honour to know La Signora?" asked the cavalier on her right.

"Signor, si!" said the painter, fiercely, as a curl arched the lady's lip, and she prepared to answer.

The colour mounted to the temples of the Marchesa, and her husband, who had loitered beneath the Madonna of Domenichino, coming up at the instant, she bowed coldly to the Signor Basil, and continued down the aisle. The artist followed to her carriage, and lifted his hat respectfully as the lumbering equipage took its way by the famous statue of Neptune, and then with a confident smile, which seemed to his companions somewhat mistimed, he muttered between his teeth "*ciascuno son bel' giorno*," and strolled loiteringly on with them to the trattoria.

#### IV.

The court of the Grand Duke of Florence is perhaps the most cosmopolitan and the most easy of access in all Europe. The Austrian-born monarch himself, adopting in some degree the frank and joyous character of the people over whom he reigns, throws open his parks and palaces, his gardens and galleries, to the strangers passing through, and, in the season of gaiety, almost any presentable person, resident at Florence, may procure the *entrée* to the court balls, and start fair with noble dames and gentlemen for grace in courtly favour. The *fêtes* at the Palazzo Pitti, albeit not always exempt from a leaven of vulgarity, are always brilliant and amusing, and the exclusives of the court, though they draw the line distinctly enough to their own eye, mix with apparent abandonment in the motley waltz and mazurka, and either from good-nature or a haughty conviction of their superiority, never suffer the offensive *cordon* to be felt, scarce to be suspected, by the multitude who divert them. The Grand Duke, to common eyes, is a grave and rather timid person, with more of the appearance of the scholar than of the sovereign, courteous in public, and benevolent and earnest in his personal attentions to his guests at the palace. The royal quadrille may be shared without permission of the grand chamberlain, and the royal eye, after the first one or two dances of ceremony, searches for partners by the lamp of beauty, heedless of the diamonds on the brow, or the star of nobility on the shoulder. The grand supper is scarce more exclusive, and on the disappearance of the royal cortège the delighted



crowd take their departure, having seen no class more favoured than themselves, and enchanted with the gracious absence of pretension in the *nobiltà* of Tuscany.

Built against the side of a steep hill, the Palazzo Pitti encloses its rooms of state within massive and sombre walls in front, while in the rear the higher stories of the palace open forth on a level with the delicious gardens of the Boboli, and contain suites of smaller apartments, fitted up with a cost and luxury which would beggar the dream of a Sybarite. Here lives the monarch, in a seclusion rendered deeper and more sacred by the propinquity of the admitted world in the apartments below; and in this sanctuary of royalty is enclosed a tide of life, as silent and unsuspected by the common inhabitant of Florence, as the flow of the ocean-veiled Arethusa by the mariner of the Ionian main. Here the invention of the fiery genius of Italy is exhausted in poetical luxury,—here the reserved and silent sovereign throws off his *maintien* of royal condescension, and enters with equal arms into the lists of love and wit,—here burn (as if upon an altar fed with spice-woods and precious gums) the fervent and uncalculating passions of this glowing clime, in senses refined by noble nurture, and hearts prompted by the haughty pulses of noble blood,—and here—to the threshold of this sanctuary of royal pleasure—press all who know its secrets, and who imagine a claim to it in their birth and attractions, while the *lascia-passare* is accorded with a difficulty which alone preserves its splendour.

Some two or three days after the repulse of the Signor Basil in the cathedral of Bologna, the group of travelling artists were on their way from the grand gallery at Florence to their noon-day meal. Loitering with slow feet through the crowded and narrow Via Calzaiole, they emerged into the sunny Piazza, and looking up with understanding eyes at the slender shaft of the Campanile, (than which a fairer finger of religious architecture points not to Heaven,) they took their way toward the church of Santa Trinità, proposing to eat their early dinner at a house named, from its excellence in a certain temperate beverage, *La Birra*. The traveller should be advised also, that by paying an extra paul in the bottle, he may have at this renowned eating-house, an old wine sunned on the southern shoulder of Fiesole, that hath in its flavour a certain redolence of Boccaccio, scarce remarkable since it grew in the scene of the Decameron, but of a virtue which, to the Hundred Tales of Love, (read drinking,) is what the Gradus ad Parnassum should be to the building of a dithyrambic. The oil of two crazie upon the palm of the fat waiter Giuseppe will assist in calling the vintage to his memory.

A thundering rap upon the gate of the adjoining Palazzo arrested the attention of the artists as they were about to enter the Birra, and in the occupant of a dark green cabriolet, drawn by a pampered horse of the Duke's breed, they recognised, elegantly dressed and *posed* on his seat *à la D'orsay*, the Signor Basil. His coat was of an undecided cut and colour, and his gloves were of primrose purity.

The recognition was immediate, and the cordiality of the greeting mutual. They had parted from their companion at the gate of Florence, as travellers part, without question, and they met without reserve to part as questionless again. The artists were surprised at the Signor Basil's transformation, but no follower of their refined art would have been so ill-bred as to express it. He wished them the *bon appetito*, as a tall



chasseur came out to say that her ladyship was at home; and with a slacked rein the fiery horse sprang through the gateway, and the marble court of the palace rang with his prancing hoofs.

He who has idled and bought flowers at the café of the Colonna at Florence will have remarked, as he sat in his chair upon the street in the sultry evening, the richly ornamented terrace and balustrade of the Palazzo Corsi giving upon the Piazza Trinità. The dark old Ghibelline palace of the Strozzi lets the eye down upon it, as it might pass from a helmeted knight with closed visor to his unbonneted and laughing page. The crimson curtains of the window opening upon the terrace, at the time of our story, reminded every passing Florentine of the lady who dwelt within—a descendant of one of the haughtiest lines of English chivalry—resident in Italy since many years for health, but bearing in her delicate frame and exquisitely transparent features, the loftiest type of patrician beauty that had ever filled the eye that looked upon her. In the inner heaven of royal exclusiveness at the Pitti—in its constellation of rank and wit—the Lady Geraldine had long been the worshipped and ascendant cynosure. Happy in a husband without rank and but of a moderate fortune, she maintained the spotless character of an English wife in this sphere of conventional corruption; and though the idol of the Duke and his nobles, it would have been like a whisper against the purity of the brightest Pleiad, to have linked her name with love.

With her feet upon a sofa covered with a gossamer cashmere, her lovely head pillowed on a cushion of silk, and a slight stand within arm's length holding a vase of flowers and the volume from which she had been reading, the Lady Geraldine received the Count Basil Spirifort, some time attaché to the Russian embassy at Paris, (where he had first sunned his eyes in her beauty,) and at present the newly appointed secretary to the minister of the same monarch near the court of Tuscany.

Without a bow, but with the hasty step and gesture of a long absent and favoured friend, the Count Basil ran to the proffered hand, and pressed its alabaster fingers to his lips. Had the more common acquaintances of the diplomate seen him at this moment, they would have marvelled how the mask of manhood may drop, and disclose the ingenuous features of the boy. The secretary knew his species, and the Lady Geraldine was one of those women for whom the soul is unwilling to possess a secret.

After the first inquiries were over, the lady questioned her recovered favourite of his history since they had parted. "I left you," she said, "swimming the dangerous tide of life at Paris. How have you come to shore?"

"Thanks, perhaps, to your friendship, which made life worth the struggle! For the two extremes, however, you know what I was at Paris—and yesterday I was a wandering artist in velveteen and a sombrero!"

Lady Geraldine laughed.

"Ah! you look at my curls—but Macassar is at a discount! It is the only grace I cherished in my incognito. *A résumer*—I got terribly out of love by the end of the year after we parted, and as terribly in debt. My promotion in diplomacy did not arrive, and the extreme hour for my credit did. Pozzo de Borgo kindly procured me *congé* for a couple of years, and I dived presently under a broad-rimmed hat, got into a vetturino with portfolio and pencils, joined a troop of wandering artists,



and with my patrimony at nurse, have been two years looking at life without spectacles at Venice."

"And painting?"

"Painting!"

"Might one see a specimen?" asked the Lady Geraldine, with an incredulous smile.

"I regret that my immortal efforts in oils are in the possession of a certain Venetian, who lets the fifth floor of a tenement washed by the narrowest canal in that fair city. But if your ladyship cares to see a drawing or two—"

He rang the bell, and his *jocki Anglais* presently brought from the pocket of his cabriolet a way-worn and thinly furnished portfolio. The Lady Geraldine turned over a half-dozen indifferent views of Venice, but the last cartoon in the portfolio made her start.

"La Marquesa del Marmore!" she exclaimed, looking at Count Basil with an inquiring and half uneasy eye.

"Is it well drawn?" he asked quietly.

"Well drawn? It is a sketch worthy of Raphael. Do you really draw so well as this, or"—she added after a slight hesitation—"is it a miracle of love?"

"It is a divine head," soliloquised the Russian, half closing his eyes, and looking at the drawing from a distance, as if to fill up the imperfect outline from his memory.

The Lady Geraldine laid her hand on his arm. "My dear Basil," she said seriously, "I should be wretched if I thought your happiness was in the power of this woman. Do you love her?"

"The portrait was not drawn by me," he answered, "though I have a reason for wishing her to think so. It was done by a fellow traveller of mine, whom I wish to make a sketch of yourself, and I have brought it here to interest you in him as an artist. *Mais revenons à nos moutons*—La Marquesa was also a fellow traveller of mine, and without loving her too violently, I owe her a certain debt of courtesy contracted on the way. Will you assist me to pay it?"

Relieved of her fears, and not at all suspecting the good faith of the diplomatist in his acknowledgments of gratitude, the Lady Geraldine inquired simply how she could serve him.

"In the twenty-four hours since my arrival at Florence," he said, "I have put myself, as you will see, *au courant* of the minor politics of the Pitti. Thanks to my Parisian renown, the Duke has enrolled me already under the back-stairs oligarchy, and to-morrow night I shall sup with you in the Saloon of Hercules after the ball is over. La Marquesa, as you well know, has, with all her rank and beauty, never been able to set foot within those guarded penetralia—*soit* her malicious tongue, *soit* the interest against her of the men she has played upon her hook too freely. The road to her heart, if there be one, lies over that threshold, and I would take the toll. Do you understand me, most beautiful lady Geraldine?"

The Count Basil imprinted another kiss upon the fingers of the fair Englishwoman, as she promised to put into his hand the following night the illuminated ticket which was to repay, as she thought, too generously, a debt of gratitude; and plucking a flower from her vase for his bosom, he took his leave to return at twilight to dinner. Dismissing



his cabriolet at the gate, he turned on foot toward the church of San Gaetano, and with an expression of unusual elation in his step and countenance, entered the *trattoria*, where dined at that moment his companions of the pencil.

## V.

The green lamps glittering by thousands amid the foliage of the Boboli had attained their full brightness, and the long-lived Italian day had died over the distant mountains of Carrara, leaving its inheritance of light apparently to the stars, who, on their fields of deepening blue, sparkled, each one like the leader of an unseen host in the depths of heaven, himself the foremost and the most radiant. The night was balmy and voluptuous. The music of the Ducal band swelled forth from the perfumed apartments on the air. A single nightingale, far back in the wilderness of the garden, poured from his melodious heart a chant of the most passionate melancholy. The sentinel of the body guard stationed at the limit of the spray of the fountain leaned on his halberd and felt his rude senses melt in the united spells of luxury and nature. The ministers of a monarch's pleasure had done their utmost to prepare a scene of royal delight, and night and summer had flung in their enchantments when ingenuity was exhausted.

The dark architectural mass of the Pitti, pouring a blaze of light scarce endurable from its deeply sunk windows, looked like the side of an enchanted mountain laid open for the revels of sorcery. The aigrette and plume passed by; the tiara and the jewel upon the breast; the gaily dressed courtiers and glittering dames, and to that soldier at his dewy post, it seemed like the realized raving of the improvisatore when he is lost in some fable of Araby. Yet within walked Malice and Hate, and the light and perfume that might have fed an angel's heart with love, but deepened in many a beating bosom the consuming fires of Envy.

With the gold key of office on his cape, the Grand Chamberlain stood at the feet of the Dowager Grand Duchess, and by a sign to the musicians, hidden in a latticed gallery behind the Corinthian capitals of the hall, retarded or accelerated the soft measure of the waltz. On a raised seat in the rear of the chairs of state, sat the ladies of honour and the noble dames nearest allied to royal blood; one solitary and privileged intruder alone sharing the elevated place—the Lady Geraldine. Dressed in white, her hair wound about her head in the simplest form, yet developing its divine shape with the clear outline of statuary, her eyes lambent with purity and sweetness, heavily fringed with lashes a shade darker than the light auburn braided on her temples, and the tint of the summer's most glowing rose turned out from the thread-like parting of her lips; she was a vision of loveliness to take into the memory, as the poet enshrines in his soul the impossible shape of his ideal, and consumes youth and age searching in vain for its like. Fair Lady Geraldine! thou wilt read these passionate words from one whose worship of thy intoxicating loveliness has never before found utterance, but if this truly told tale should betray the hand that has dared to describe thy beauty, in thy next orisons to St. Mary of Pity, breathe from those bright lips a prayer that he may forget thee!

By the side of the Lady Geraldine, but behind the chair of the Grand



Duchess, who listened to his conversation with singular delight, stood a slight young man of uncommon personal beauty, a stranger apparently to every other person present. His brilliant uniform alone betrayed him to be in the Russian diplomacy, and the marked distinction shown him both by the reigning queen of the court, and the more powerful and inaccessible queen of beauty, marked him as an object of keen and universal curiosity. By the time the fifth mazurka had concluded its pendulous refrain, the Grand Chamberlain had tolerably well circulated the name and rank of Count Basil Spirifort, the renowned wit and *élégant* of Paris, newly appointed to the Court of His Royal Highness of Tuscany. Fair eyes wandered amid his sunny curls, and beating bosoms hushed their pulses as he passed.

Count Basil knew the weight of a first impression. Count Basil knew also the uses of contempt. Upon the first principle he kept his place between the Grand Duchess and Lady Geraldine, exerting his deeply studied art of pleasing to draw upon himself their exclusive attention. Upon the second principle, he was perfectly unconscious of the presence of another human being, and neither the gliding step of the small-eared Princess S—— in the waltz, nor the stately advance of the last female of the Medici in the mazurka, distracted his large blue eyes a moment from their idleness. With one hand on the eagle-hilt of his sword, and his side leaned against the high cushion of red velvet honoured by the pressure of the Lady Geraldine, he gazed up into that beaming face, when not bending respectfully to the Duchess, and drank stedfastly from her beauty, as the lotus cup drinks light from the sun.

The new Secretary had calculated well. In the deep recess of the window looking toward San Miniato, stood a lady nearly hidden from view by the muslin curtains just stirring with the vibration of the music, who gazed on the immediate circle of the Grand Duchess with an interest that was not attempted to be disguised. On her first entrance into the hall, the Marquesa del Marmore had recognized in the new minion of favour her impassioned lover of the lagoon, her slighted acquaintance of the cathedral. When the first shock of surprise was over, she looked on the form which she had found beautiful even in the disguise of poverty, and, forgetting her insulting repulse when he would have claimed in public the smile she had given him when unobserved, she recalled with delight every syllable he had murmured in her ear, and every look she had called forth in the light of a Venetian moon. The man who had burned upon the altar of her vanity the most intoxicating incense—who had broken through the iron rules of convention and ceremony, to throw his homage at her feet—who had portrayed so incomparably (she believed) with his love-inspired pencil the features imprinted on his heart—this chance-won worshipper, this daring but gifted plebeian, as she had thought him, had suddenly shot into her sphere and become a legitimate object of love; and, beautified by the splendour of dress, and distinguished by the preference and favour of those incomparably above her, he seemed tenfold, to her eyes, the perfection of adorable beauty. As she remembered his eloquent devotion to herself, and saw the interest taken in him by a woman whom she hated and had calumniated—a woman whom she believed stood between her and all the light of existence—she anticipated the triumph of taking him from her side—of



exhibiting him to the world as a falcon seduced from his first quarry—and never doubting that so brilliant a favourite would control the talisman of the paradise she had so long wished to enter, she panted for the moment when she should catch his eye and draw him from his lure, and already heard the Chamberlain's voice in her ear commanding her presence after the ball in the saloon of Hercules.

The Marquesa had been well observed from the first by the wily diplomat. A thorough adept in the art (so necessary to his profession) of seeing without appearing to see, he had scarce lost a shade of the varying expressions of her countenance; and while she fancied him perfectly unconscious of her presence, he read her tell-tale features as if they had given utterance to her thoughts. He saw, with secret triumph, the effect of his brilliant position upon her proud and vain heart; watched her while she made use of her throng of despised admirers to create a sensation near him and attract his notice; and when the ball wore on, and he was still in unwearied and exclusive attendance upon the Lady Geraldine, he gazed after her with a momentary curl of triumph on his lip, as she took up her concealed position in the embayed window, and abandoned herself to the bitter occupation of watching the happiness of her rival. The Lady Geraldine had never been so animated since her first appearance at the Court of Tuscany.

It was past midnight when the Grand Duke, flushed and tired with dancing, came to the side of the Lady Geraldine. Count Basil gave place, and, remaining a moment in nominal obedience to the Sovereign's polite request which he was too politic to construe literally, he looked down the dance with the air of one who has turned his back on all that could interest him, and, passing close to the concealed position of the Marquesa, stepped out upon the balcony.

The air was cool, and the fountains played refreshingly below. The Count Basil was one of those minds which never have so much leisure for digression as when they are most occupied. A love, as deep and profound as the abysses of his soul, was weaving thread for thread with a revenge worthy of a Mohican; yet, after trying in vain to count eight in the Pleiades, he raised himself upon the marble balustrade, and perfectly anticipating the interruption to his solitude which presently occurred, began to speculate aloud on the dead and living at that hour beneath the roof of the Pitti.

"A painter's mistress," he said, "immortal in the touch of her paramour's pencil, is worshipped for centuries on these walls by the pilgrims of art; while the warm perfection of all loveliness—the purest and divinest of high-born women—will perish utterly with the eyes that have seen her! The Bella of Titian, the Fornarina of Raffaele—peasant-girls of Italy—have, at this moment, more value in this royal palace than the breathing forms that inhabit it! The Lady Geraldine herself, to whom the Sovereign offers at this moment his most flattering homage, would be less a loss to him than either! Yet they despise the gods of the pencil who may thus make them immortal! The dull blood in their noble veins, that never bred a thought beyond the instincts of their kind, would look down, forsooth, on the inventive and celestial ichor that inflames the brain, and prompts the fiery hand of the painter! How long will this very sovereign live in the memoirs of men? The murderous Medici, the ambitious cardinals, the abandoned women of an

age gone by, hang in imperishable colours on his walls; while of him, the lord of this land of genius, there is not a bust or a picture that would bring a sequin in the market-place! They would buy genius in these days like wine, and throw aside the flask in which it ripened. Raffaele and Buonarotti were companions for a pope and his cardinals;—Titian was an honoured guest for the Doge. The stimulus to immortalize these noble friends was in the love they bore them; and the secret of their power to do it lay half in the knowledge of their characters, gained by daily intimacy. Painters were princes then, as they are beggars now; and the princely art is beggared as well!”

The Marquesa del Marmore stepped out upon the balcony, leaning on the arm of the Grand Chamberlain. The soliloquizing Secretary had foretold to himself both her coming and her companion.

“Monsieur le Comte,” said the Chamberlain, “La Marquesa del Marmore wishes for the pleasure of your acquaintance.”

Count Basil bowed low, and in that low and musical tone of respectful devotion which, real or counterfeit, made him irresistible to a woman who had a soul to be thrilled, he repeated the usual nothings upon the beauty of the night; and when the Chamberlain returned to his duties, the Marquesa walked forth with her companion to the cool and fragrant alleys of the garden, and, under the silent and listening stars, implored forgiveness for her pride; and, with the sudden abandonment peculiar to the clime, poured into his ear the passionate and weeping avowal of her sorrow and love.

“Those hours of penitence in the embayed window,” thought Count Basil, “were healthy for your soul.” And as she walked by his side, leaning heavily on his arm, and half-dissolved in a confiding tenderness, his thoughts reverted to another and a far sweeter voice; and while the caressing words of the Marquesa fell on an unlistening ear, his footsteps insensibly turned back to the lighted hall.

## VI.

As the daylight stole softly over Vallombrosa, the luxurious chariot of the Marquesa del Marmore stopped at the door of Count Basil. The Lady Geraldine’s suit had been successful; and the hitherto excluded Florentine had received, from the hand of the man she had once so ignorantly scorned, a privilege for which she would have bartered her salvation;—she had supped at his side in the saloon of Hercules. With many faults of character, she was an Italian in feeling, and had a capacity, like all her countrywomen, for a consuming and headlong passion. She had better have been born of marble.

“I have lifted you to Heaven,” said Count Basil, as her chariot wheels rolled from his door; “but it is as the eagle soars into the clouds with the serpent. We will see how you will relish the fall!”

SLINGSBY.

*(To be concluded in the next Number.)*

---



## THE NOVELS OF THE MONTH \*.

WE are in duty bound to devote a few pages this month to the subject which heads our article; first, because five of our most popular writers of works of fiction have selected this gloomy December as "a fit and proper time" to gladden and enlighten the public; and next, because all the said FIVE happen to have been amongst the most regular and "best approved" contributors to the "New Monthly Magazine:"—Mr. Bulwer, Mr. Hook, Mrs. Hall, Mr. James, and Mr. Grattan. Without further preface, we shall begin with the volumes of Mr. Bulwer.

THE thirteenth century was the first great stepping-stone of European civilization. Till that period, history is little more than a record of battles, from the gigantic warfare of the crusades to the petty but fierce feuds of every neighbouring baron. But in the thirteenth century, though in itself almost as barbarous, and quite as unsettled as its predecessors, yet the foundations of future tranquillity were being laid. Small states were gradually consolidating, and such union, whether by conquest or other means, is the first step towards social order. Commerce too was making rapid progress, and the influence of commerce has always been most beneficial on the destinies of the human race. Its first efforts are always attended with some degree of danger, and the merchant accustomed to perpetual risk gradually acquires that sort of passive courage far better qualified for resistance than the more martial kind. It also brings enlightenment; for nothing contributes so much to wear away the prejudices of one nation as bringing them into contact with those of another. Moreover, it produces wealth, and with wealth comes the desire of enjoyment and security. Property originates security; for even life is held scarcely worth defending till it has something besides itself to defend. But a civilization originating out of commerce would be too narrow and too harsh. Arising from calculation, it would be utterly selfish. Humanity requires a higher impulse; hence, as social life progresses, the intellect becomes, as it were, that moral sunshine which lights and vivifies the whole. Its civilization redeems, and ennobles—it looks beyond the useful to the noble. This power was beginning to emerge from the torpor in which it had lain during what are so truly called the dark ages. The intercourse with the East had quickened the imaginative faculty, which, once awakened, demands perpetual food; and the study of the classics was spreading more and more every day the knowledge of a past whose influence remains even to this day.

Such is the age which Mr. Bulwer has again called into existence, while embodying the history of one of its most extraordinary men. In *Cola di Rienzi* he has animated a principle, and in clothing it with the strength and weakness of humanity, makes the reality at once a vivid presence and a terrible lesson. He has chosen no common hero, but one of those high and gifted minds which give their tone to their time, and leave a lasting memory, to some an incentive, to others a warning. Mr. Bulwer

---

\* *Rienzi, the Last of the Tribunes.* By the Author of *Pelham*. 3 vols. Saunders and Otley.

*Gilbert Gurney.* By the Author of *Sayings and Doings*, &c. 3 vols. Whittaker and Co.

*The Outlaw.* By the Author of *the Buccaneer*, &c. 3 vols. Bentley.

*One in a Thousand.* By the Author of *Darnley*, &c. 3 vols. Longman and Co.

*Agnes de Mansfeldt.* By the Author of *Highways and Byways*, &c. 3 vols. Saunders and Otley.



has produced a master-piece. He has taken Cola di Rienzi at the commencement of his career, when a lordly and solitary student—

“ His melancholy spirit fed  
Upon the glories of the dead.”

His enthusiasm is excited by the old Roman annals which contain so many “ marvels wrought by single hand.” His thoughts are hardened into resolves by that fiercest of human passions, revenge—revenge dignified by the justice of its cause. There is something exquisitely touching in the affection borne by Rienzi to his young brother, who is slain by one of the Colonna in all the ferocious carelessness of unquestioned power. The individual injury quickens, as it ever does, the sense of general wrong. We next see Rienzi the conspirator if he fail, the patriot if he succeed. The greatest skill is here shown in filling the reader’s imagination with the conviction of Rienzi’s genius. We feel that he is eloquent, subtle, determined, and devoted; a few stirring scenes place him on the pinnacle of power; we are convinced such must be his fitting place. We enter into his noble aspirations, and are carried away by his generous enthusiasm. The one influencing the many—and of such record, history is made,—was never more fully shown than in Rienzi’s brief and brilliant course. He found Rome a stronghold of robbers, its streets the daily scene of deadly brawls, the common business of life interrupted by rapine, violence, and murder. He restored order and justice; he gave that first blessing, security, and curbed the most iron and ruthless aristocracy that ever united the vices of the ancient patricians, and the cruelty of the feudal baron. But, as Mr. Bulwer truly observes, he gave liberty to a people unfit for it, equally by their habits of violence and of submission; degradation had become a custom, but resistance had not, and resistance is the cornerstone of freedom. Rienzi becomes a fugitive from Rome, and at last a prisoner at Avignon, a fugitive and a prisoner, while that country, for which he had dared and done so much, makes not an effort in his cause which was their own. With what profound knowledge of cause and effect does Mr. Bulwer draw the lesson from the fact!

At length Rienzi is liberated, and returns to Rome. With what consummate power is the change in the Tribune’s character portrayed! Enthusiasm has darkened into fanaticism, the patriot is also the visionary. Years of solitude, unsupported but by their own aspirations, have done their work: Rienzi’s mind has been cast by adversity in a harsher mould, and the body too predominates more than of old; the support he once found in his own glorious communings, he now asks from the wine cup; exhausted and depressed, its stimulus becomes a necessity. Again Rome becomes free and secure; but the Tribune’s second triumph is one fierce struggle; we foresee his approaching fall, and yet he never seemed greater. The fickle populace rise against him, he is murdered, and a scene, as historically true as it is vividly dramatic, closes these splendid volumes.

We have dwelt rather on the heroic of these pages, than the beautiful; but not in the first flush of his youthful imagination was the “purple light” of poetry more richly flung over the gifted page, than it is over the present work. The summer of the lovely land which it depicts breathes through its scenes; the passionate romance of Italy colours all the softer creations. Nina, the bride of the Tribune, is a poem in herself. She is drawn with a knowledge of the strength and weakness of woman, which possesses all the delicacy of feminine tact, but with a power which is essentially masculine. A woman’s nature is formed, and her lot in life cast, by her love. Nina, haughty, gifted and vain, is subdued into softness by affection; her mental powers make her capable of appreciating the man she loves, and in so doing she puts them to their noblest use: her vanity becomes pride in him.

Truly, in these volumes Mr. Bulwer has “run through each mood of the heart,” to prove “himself master of all.” How much we must leave un-



said,—how many fine touches of character,—how many noble sentiments,—how many profound truths are unnoticed! We conclude with the most cordial congratulations. Mr. Bulwer has in *Rienzi* produced his as yet greatest work; its present popularity is the prophecy of its future fame.

What can *we* be expected to say of the matchless Gilbert? Had we not considered him a gentleman of infinite variety and “great promise,” we should never, month after month, have presented him to our readers.

Many a time have we detected an old lady, for whose opinion we entertain respect, insinuating her ivory paper cutter into page after page of our Magazine, and then when she *had* hit upon the favourite story, we have noted how firmly she set her spectacles upon her nose, determined not to leave off until Gilbert had concluded his adventures for that month. Then came her usual exclamation, “Well, to be sure! certainly Mr. Hook makes his papers shorter and shorter every Number—it is too bad!” But why do we talk of old ladies? Bright eyes have grown still brighter; those who rarely laugh, shook their sides with boisterous merriment at his doings; and never was a first born son more fondly anticipated than the inimitable Gurney. Those who have not yet had the good fortune to read the several series that are known by the general title of “Sayings and Doings,” might imagine that the author of Mr. Gurney’s adventures knew nothing of life but its sunshine; that sorrow, and tears, and sympathy with the shadows of mortality were afar from him; that he was created in the mirthfulness of nature, and freed at his birth from all the troubles which it is considered “flesh is heir to.” But Mr. Hook’s empire is not limited to that of laughter; and whoever imagines it is, let him turn to “Sayings and Doings,” and renounce the heresy. It is true that a smile becomes him better than a tear; but he has nevertheless the *power* of exciting or dispelling both the one and the other. Gilbert Gurney’s adventures are a sort of random firing at the follies of the day; it is a living commentary, from beginning to end, upon the absurdities of life—upon its changes, its chances, its *harlequinade*. Gilbert’s pathos and Gilbert’s love, are the pathos and the love that Gilbert would naturally feel; so that Mr. Hook’s powers of delineating either the one or other are not to be judged of by “Gilbert Gurney.” It would be as ridiculous as for Charles Kemble to introduce the melancholy of Hamlet into the animated Mercutio.

The perfection of authorship is to lose *yourself* in the character you pourtray, and the judgment of the writer is especially shown in selecting only such personages as he can either *forget* himself, or amalgamate himself, entirely with.

Mr. Hook will not, we suspect, give himself the trouble to construct a regular story. His connected sketches—his keen satire, which, keen as it is, he manages most admirably, in nine cases out of ten, to blunt with his natural good-nature—his absurdity—his whim—his drollery—have always *told* so well, that he has been too indolent to call up the higher powers of his mind: he has not wanted them, and so suffers them, perhaps too quietly, to “sleep on and take their rest.” What he writes, even in the “mystic three,” never approaches romance, and is hardly a novel. “I don’t know how it is,” said a matter-of-fact John Bull the other day, alluding to the very work now upon our table, “many of Gilbert Gurney’s adventures have happened to myself, and *yet I could never make a book of them.*” This was an unintended compliment to the author. It is the very perfection of genius to render the every-day occurrences of life interesting to the actors therein.

The heartiness with which Mr. Hook bounds back from sorrow to joy leaves the pleasing impression on the reader’s mind that he is one who delights in the happiness of others. He always seems on the fidgets when *his* people are in trouble; and when he sets them all right again, he sympathizes with their prosperity in a manner not to be mistaken. We know



but little of Mr. Hook—yet would wager our heads that he is a man of most kindly feelings with a *sound heart*. It is not a little wonderful how he springs through three mortal volumes without wearying or being weary. Gilbert's adventures are all so ludicrous, so extraordinary, and yet withal so natural, that it might well be the labour of a life, even such a life as Mr. Hook's, to collect them.

Our thus introducing "Gilbert Gurney" to the readers of the "New Monthly Magazine" after the fashion of our ancestors—

"Mr. Reader—Mr. Gurney ;"

"Mr. Gurney—Mr. Reader ;"

may be considered an almost superfluous piece of politeness, considering the intimacy they have had "the honour" of contracting with each other during the past year,—an intimacy which we hope may long continue, to the satisfaction of all parties.

"The Outlaw" belongs to the class of historical novels, a species of composition of which the most perfect models have been furnished by Walter Scott. It does not, indeed, owe its origin to that unrivalled writer : but he discerned and exemplified its true principles. His predecessors took historical personages as their leading characters, and made their fortunes the chief subject of interest. But there has seldom, perhaps never, been any individual, the "unvarnished tale" of whose actual life is sufficiently rich in the materials of romance ; and in order to make a real personage the hero of a work of imagination, it is necessary to paint his character in colours which did not actually belong to it, and to involve him in adventures which never took place. We may explain our meaning at once, by referring to Miss Porter's celebrated "Scottish Chiefs"—a work, in many respects, of great beauty—but in which the hero, Sir William Wallace, is almost as ridiculously travestied as the heroes of antiquity in the romances of Mademoiselle de Scuderi. This eminent lady, whose voluminous works afforded inexhaustible merriment to Boileau, and the other wits of the age of Louis the Fourteenth, and were not, on that account, a whit the less eagerly devoured by the fair and the fashionable of that day, bestows not only upon Cyrus the Great, (who had some pretensions to refinement,) but upon the rugged old Romans, Horatius Cocles and Mutius Scævola, the airs and graces, the gallantry and *empressement* of a French *petit maître*, and makes Clælia, the vestal virgin, an *élégante* of the first water. Miss Porter has fallen little short of Mdlle. de Scuderi. The stalwart Scottish warrior of the thirteenth century has the courtliness of Sir Charles Grandison, with the ultra-sensibilities of Rousseau's St. Preux. In modern French literature there are similar things ; Florian's novels, for example. In "Numa Pompilius," "Bélisaire," and "Gonsalve de Cordoue," there is much beautiful writing ; but all sounds false and hollow to those who know anything of the personages who thus figure in masquerade.

In Scott's historical novels the interest of the tale hangs upon the fortunes of characters entirely fictitious, who, in the course of their adventures, come into contact with distinguished personages of the time ; and these personages are thus introduced without any necessary deviation from historical truth. Of the followers of Scott's school, some have perceived his principle, and acted upon it ; others have overlooked it. Some able novelists of the present day have made historical personages occupy by far too prominent a part in their narratives ; and, as the public is now too well read to bear any gross falsification of history, this mode of exciting interest is no longer ventured upon. Consequently, instead of romantic incident, we have involutions of political intrigue, and dry details of known public events. We need not go beyond the present season to perceive how much the effect of some works of talent has been impaired by their authors having fallen into this error.

Mrs. Hall has avoided it. "The Outlaw" is constructed upon the true



plan of the historical novel. It is enriched by admirable sketches of some of the most remarkable individuals of the age and country in which the scene is laid; but the persons of the drama, whose changeful fortunes powerfully engage the feelings and sympathies of the reader throughout the progress of a deeply interesting story, have been called into being by the author's creative imagination. The scene and time of the narrative are most happily chosen. The incidents take place in England during the period of the great Revolution which drove the last of the Stuarts from the throne; a period in which society was shaken to its very foundations, and the country was in a state of misrule and anarchy. The flames of civil and religious hatred burnt as fiercely in the bosoms of the humblest as of the highest; and not only neighbours and friends became involved in strife, but the very ties of kindred heightened the rancour of factious animosity. Such a state of society, in which the most violent passions rage without control, is most fruitful in materials of romance. The period chosen by Mrs. Hall, too, presented a field hitherto untrodden; and she has made excellent use of its abundant resources.

In saying that the characters who may be considered as the *dramatis personæ* of this novel are fictitious, we are aware that there is one slight exception to the remark. There were several persons of note, enthusiasts in politics and in religion, who, after having contributed to the fall of the first Charles and the elevation of Cromwell,—after having become outlaws and exiles on the restoration of monarchy,—and after having zealously assisted in bringing about the Revolution,—found that “all was vanity and vexation of spirit,”—that their visions of national regeneration were as far off as ever, and, in despondency and disgust, abandoned their country, and ended their days among the forests of America. The personage who gives the title to the book, and has a prominent part in the narrative, is one of these high-minded but mistaken enthusiasts; and may be supposed to be the same who appears so suddenly and strikingly in one of Cooper's novels as the almost supernatural defender of an American village against a ferocious band of Indians—a well-known incident in the early history of our colonies.

This character, though not entirely fictitious, has been made legitimately and most successfully available by Mrs. Hall for the purposes of fiction. It is full of moral grandeur and sublimity; and may be compared to Scott's Balfour of Burley, not so much from the similarity of features as from the power with which both are drawn. Both are enthusiasts; but Burley's nature is fierce and brutal, and his enthusiasm, strangely mingled with selfish and worldly motives, forms a compound of jarring elements which it would require the hand of a Shakspeare or a Scott to blend together in one individual mind. The portrait of the Outlaw is less difficult of execution, certainly; all its features are noble, beautiful, and consistent, and no great effort of skill is required to work them into harmony. His pure and holy enthusiasm, untainted by baser matter, glows in all his words and deeds, and is rendered still more beautiful by the mildness and benevolence of his nature.

This novel is full of the feminine tenderness, and sweet and pathetic simplicity, which distinguish Mrs. Hall's writings. The incidents are sufficiently numerous, without being crowded, and the train of events is easily followed and comprehended. The youthful pair, whose “course of true love” is the principal subject of the story, strongly engage the sympathies of the reader. Rosalind Sydney is a delightful creature; her character is one of the most attractive combinations of simplicity and intelligence, softness and spirit, we have ever met with. Her lover is amiable and interesting; but his features are not strongly marked, and are not so fine and striking as those of his noble and ill-fated friend, Cuthbert Raymond. The most powerful and original creation in the book, we think, is Margaret Raymond—a being of surpassing beauty



and intellectual strength, joined with ambition, unconquerable pride, and malignity. There is great poetical genius in the conception of this character. Though supremely wicked, there is a loftiness about Margaret Raymond which commands admiration; and when her abortive machinations terminated in her own destruction, our satisfaction is mixed with pity.

The character of Sir Everard Sydney is very beautiful. His sweet and cheerful temper, his equanimity in misfortune, his piety and overflowing benevolence, make him an object of reverence as well as love; while the extreme simplicity of his mind, and his absorbing passion for the pursuits of natural history, make him somewhat grotesque and comic without being at all ridiculous. His faithful attendant and fellow-sufferer, Ralph Bradwell, is worthy of him. The more serious scenes are most pleasantly relieved by the quaintness and humour of Master Brown, the worthy printer, "at the Black Swan and Bible without Temple Bar;" his daughter, Mrs. Rachel, the city belle of that day; and her sweetheart, Mr. Joseph, her father's apprentice. One of the most touching things in the book is the story of Cicely Maynard, a giddy village girl, who, seduced by a villain, forsakes a worthy man who loves her, and sinks into infamy and ruin. The subject is not a new one, but it has never been more beautifully treated; few readers will refuse their tears to the sad yet not uncommon fate of poor Cicely Maynard.

Among the historical personages, the unfortunate James the Second is the most prominent. Mrs. Hall has taken a candid and unprejudiced view of his character, and has introduced him as an actor in several highly impressive scenes. William the Third and his Queen; Lord Churchill, afterwards the great Duke of Marlborough, and his no less celebrated wife; Sir Patrick Hume (Home) of Polwarth, afterwards Earl of Marchmont, a man whose adventures of themselves would make a romance; and several others of the most distinguished men of the time appear on the scene, and are sketched with great truth and spirit. Our only subject of regret is that the fair authoress did not carry the subject into Ireland, which at that time teemed, even more than England, with the materials of romance. She herself is Irish in heart and soul; and her glowing nationality of spirit, and exquisite felicity in entering into the character and feelings of her country, give an irresistible charm to all her writings of which it is the subject.

Mr. James is learned in the lore of France. He has chosen one of the most glorious epochs of its history:—the early career of Henry the Fourth—the bravest and the best monarch that ever swayed the destinies of a kingdom. The novel is strictly historical; for although a variety of personages are introduced, they are all mixed up, more or less, with the events of the time, and him who was the hero of it. Mr. James has not only read much, but he has travelled much, to obtain the knowledge he displays in this work—displays, however, without being in any degree intrusive. Although the persons and places and events are, for the greater part, real, he has so worked up his materials as to give them as much interest as if his imagination had been free to do with them and say of them just what he considered would produce the most startling and striking effects. The character of Henri Quatre,—from the first moment of his introduction when he has assumed the habit of a simple huntsman, to the close of the book when the monarch has been the victor in many well fought fields, and at length sees the crown within his grasp—from beginning to end is well conceived and admirably sustained. But the skill with which Mr. James makes historic facts serve his purpose is only one of his means of insuring popularity for his labours. All readers of romance love mystery; nothing is at once so provoking and so delightful as the perpetual maze in which we are involved; wondering who this can be, and



how that will be explained ; and continually longing to clear up the whole by a sly glance at the concluding chapters, yet deterred by the very anxiety that pushes us on. No one knows better than Mr. James this great secret of success. He is always ready with some singular character whose motives we cannot fathom ; who is at one time the very antipodes of what he becomes at another. Here his most masqued assistant is a dwarf—of marvellous intellectual power ; keeping up a sort of finger conversation with a woman-wonder,—herself, too, as mysterious as any body could desire, until, when the work is somewhat advanced, *her* domino falls off. To produce the excitement attendant upon the plan we have alluded to, doubtless much of nature and something of probability must be sacrificed. Mr. James sacrifices both ;—but while we read, we do not discover that he does so. We are drawn onwards, as by an irresistible influence, and all appears to us as easy as if the occurrences had the evidence of our own eyes and ears. To these two advantages therefore,—the power of dealing skilfully with history, and of perpetually exciting curiosity—we mainly attribute the success of Mr. James. They are advantages which he possesses more largely than any other living author ; and they are, perhaps, the most essential to a writer of works of fiction. We do not find in him those qualities of mind by which the dramatic novelist searches into and scrutinizes the passions and feelings of the greatly good or greatly bad ; nor do we think his powers are those which enable him to comprehend and appreciate the more delicate and refined traits of humanity. In brief, he aims more at producing startling effects by a sudden dash of his vigorous pencil, than by working and working on until he has produced a finished picture. His novel, “One in a Thousand,”—which, by-the-bye, is an inapplicable title, for our minds are never made up as to which of his many heroes and heroines is really the *ONE*—is built upon those scenes of skirmish and battle familiar to all who read the French historian’s Records of the Wars of the League. As we have intimated, Henri Quatre is a leading character ; his rough opponent, the Duke of Mayence, is another. Others are—Henry the Third, the circumstances of whose assassination are ably given. Rosny, afterwards the Duke of Sully ; Count D’Aubin, and the true hero of the tale—the young Marquis St. Real. But our interest for the heroes is lost in our far greater zeal for and admiration of the heroines of the story. The gentle and lovely Eugenie, the plotting Madame de Montpensier, and above all, the wonderful and wonder-working Beatrice of Ferrara. She is, we believe, the “*one in a thousand*”—the one in a thousand millions she might have been as justly styled. An Italian maiden, pure, though of hot blood and strong passions, untainted amid a most vicious court,—assuming all manner of disguises, employing all sorts of spies—gifted with the thinking and contriving brain of the most wily statesman, yet with a perfectly woman’s heart ; controlling kings and grooms with equal ease and certainty, and working out all her wishes as they concern others, but failing most sadly (as it was evident she must do) in fulfilling her own. We have given some idea of this Beatrice of Ferrara, but it is a very vague one. We will not say that such a woman never lived ; but we must believe that Mr. James, who has, in dealing with other characters, illustrated or embellished facts, has in this drawn solely upon his imagination. We have thus, as far as our space permitted, hinted to the reader the rich treat in store for him. We abstain from more minutely explaining matters, driving Mr. James from the position in which he is strongest,—the mystery he has flung around his fine and exciting story.

It has been justly observed, that, amongst all the revolutions which have visited Europe within the last half century, few have been more complete than the revolution in novel-writing. Here the Schoolmaster has really



been abroad, and much indeed has he improved his disciples, who now are obliged to bring learning, care, accuracy, and a poetic spirit to a task which was formerly executed with ease, negligence, ignorance, and very little spirit of any kind. From amongst the trash, however, which in former times was poured forth upon the public, rose two or three works of a very superior description—inferior, indeed, to those inimitable productions, which, of no age or country, belong to the whole world; but still very far above the ordinary books of that day. These are works with which we have all been delighted in our youth—if our youth was of those times—in reading those pages we have revelled in descriptions which we fancied would never be excelled; we have been charmed with characters which we thought portrayed to the life; we have been carried away by scenes which we imagined the most spirit-stirring that could be drawn. Yet let any one take up now-a-days one of those old favourites and read it through, after reading a work of some one of our best modern novelists, what a difference—what an inferiority will he find! It would be tedious to investigate in what particulars the improvement between the *now* and the *then* is principally to be found. It is not alone that our greatest and our best of modern novelists restored propriety of costume to the pages of the romance, as Kemble did to the stage; but also that, by his bright example, writers have been taught in nothing to overstep the modesty of nature, to think first what would be natural and that to write, and nothing else. No puling sentiment, no extravagant excess, no bombast, will now find an admiring crowd. There may be poetry of feeling, thought, and language; there may be infinite decoration, there may be even scenic effect; but nature must be the foundation of all. It is in this very point that the work before us is excellent. Mr. Grattan was always famous for his pictures of nature; and though of course there have been things in his works which have not pleased us—as where is the work which could wholly escape our keen and critical acumen?—yet to his bold, clear drawing of character we have always returned with pleasure. His present work is very different from those which have gone before, but we think it superior in many respects. There is a greater degree of vigour in the depiction of his principal actors; there are more intense and powerful passions at work; there is more of the philosophy of the human heart. In none of these points were his preceding novels found deficient; but they have all here received a fuller development. The time and the scene are admirably well chosen, at just such a distance from our own period, and our own land, as to give the whole that blue and steady atmosphere in which imagination loves to spread her wings.

The characters are sufficiently numerous to embarrass each other as they pass along the stage, and Mr. Grattan has, therefore, most wisely kept those who are merely subservient at an unobtrusive distance. The character which has hitherto attracted the most notice, and has, we know not why, somewhat undeservedly been suffered by many of our reviewers to withdraw their attention from a much more powerful conception, is that of Scotus. We say undeservedly, not because the swindling impostor of the sixteenth century is either ill-imagined or ill-sustained—far from it—but because nobody surely would put him in comparison with Ghebbard Truchses, the Elector-Archbishop of Cologne. This character, as far as our remembrance serves, is perfectly original, and is throughout a fine and extraordinary piece of painting. The mingling of the animal and the mental in his nature, each powerful in its kind, and yet dwelling for a time harmoniously together, and mutually supplying each other's appetites; the murmur in which the first dawn of a purer and noble passion separates them from each other, and finally gives the mental the victory over the animal, ay, even to the trampling down of ambition itself, is done with a masterly hand, to which the brilliant but somewhat overdrawn sketch of



Scotus must have been but the relaxation of an unfilled half-hour. This character, the hero of the piece, is worth the deep study of every one who takes an interest in the workings of that dark subtle thing, the human heart. It is like one of the pictures of Salvator Rosa, or Sebastian del Piombo—however different those painters may appear—not the most pleasing that could be drawn perhaps, but powerful and natural—perfectly natural.

The traits of superstition and a propensity to fatalism displayed by Ghebhard remind us both of Wallenstein and Napoleon, though the Elector was of a more frank and open character than either; but the qualities with which Mr. Grattan has endued him are by no means incompatible with each other, and are always brought into play in the circumstances which would have naturally called them forth. We have not space to give any extracts, or to make any very enlarged comments, but we must, before we conclude, call the attention of the reader to an admirable picture of an abortive attempt to produce a riot, at page 56, vol. i., with the scene that follows between the Bishop and a lieutenant of his guards, and the powerful development of Ghebhard's character, pages 83 and 84. Also let him remark the description of a man going predetermined to fall in love, at page 254, together with the simile of the frozen wine, page 270, and some observations on woman at page 208. Each of these passages show that Mr. Grattan's reputation has been well earned and well supported. There is much poetry, much truth, much interest, and much excitement in these volumes; but it is only justice to ourselves to say that there is occasionally something that we regret, and something that we think unnecessary. Mr. Grattan is so anxious to avoid everything like deep trap or quackery, that he exposes his machinery too eagerly and too soon. Without attempting to deceive his readers, he might let them deceive themselves if they liked. It is this very wandering of imagination which is one of the greatest charms in works of fiction; let us take care how we chain her down too rigidly.

We think also that the frequent reference to modern politics in a work regarding a remote period is very ill-judged. The object of the writer of a romance should be to delude his readers as far as possible into the belief that what he tells them is all real. They should be taught to forget the world in which they actually live, and to live in the world he places before them: but the least word in regard to the author himself, or the slightest mention of his reader's every day thoughts and feelings, destroys the spell. There should not be one unharmonious image—one reference to any thing which is not perfectly harmonious with the characters of the book, and the thoughts, feelings, and knowledge of the times. To do Mr. Grattan more justice, he never falls into that worst of faults, the talking about himself; but he does occasionally wander out of the record where political feelings are brought into play.

But there are other points to which we still more strongly object; and we think, with the very best wishes towards Mr. Grattan, that the pages 225 and 226, vol. i., together with Karl Kreutzer's soliloquy; as well as page 268 in the same volume, and 17 and 18, 93, 94, and 95, of volume ii., would have been infinitely better left out, or very much altered. So much in the work is excellent, that we the more wish it was without these little blemishes. As it is, the characters of Ghebhard Truchses, Prince Henry of Leignitz, and Scotus, would be quite sufficient to make the reputation of any young writer, and will add greatly to that which Mr. Grattan has already justly obtained. We cannot say that we admire his heroine, but the conclusion which some have objected to, as unsatisfactory, could not have been rendered other than it is without a gross violation of history.

---



## PRECEPTS AND PRACTICE.

## THE WIDOW'S DOG.

THOSE who have read Mr. Jesse's delightful "Gleanings from Nature," and who have seen the exquisite pictures of Edwin Landseer, will require no apology for an avowed partiality to dogs—the most sociable, sensible, faithful, intelligent animals in the brute creation; but as there may be persons who have not had the advantage of viewing the admirable works of the artist, or reading the interesting book of the author, it seems necessary, and perhaps will not be found unenterprising, to give the reader one or two traits of instinct, (to call it by no stronger name,) which fully justify an affection for the animals in question, upon which a very important point of the following trifle from nature hinges.

Mr. Jesse, at page 16 of his last volume, says, "A friend of mine, while shooting wild fowl with his brother, was attended by a sagacious Newfoundland dog; and getting near some reeds by the side of a river, they threw down their hats, and crept to the side of the water, where they fired. They soon afterwards sent the dog for their hats, one of which was smaller than the other. After several attempts to bring them both together in his mouth, the dog at last placed the smaller hat in the larger one, pressed it down with his foot, and thus brought them both together. This fact," adds Mr. Jesse, "need not be doubted; these individuals have both, at different times, assured me of its truth. I knew an instance somewhat similar. A spaniel was endeavouring to bring a dead hare to his master. After several ineffectual efforts to carry it in his mouth, or to drag it along, he contrived to get all the feet of the hare into his mouth, and this way conveyed it to his master."

There certainly is something very like reason in this—we mean in the conduct of the dog—and sets the value of such an animal at an unlimited price. The proverb says, "everything is worth what it will fetch;"—a dog of this sort would no doubt fetch anything it was sent for.

Mr. Jesse also mentions the circumstance of a dog called Nelson, a great favourite on board the *Leander* frigate, who, on hearing the captain say to some one on deck that he "must have Nelson shot, for he was getting old and infirm," immediately jumped overboard, and swam away to another ship, and never could be persuaded to return to the *Leander*, or even be sociable with any of her crew if he accidentally met them on shore.

Upon the authority of the venerable Lord Stowell, Mr. Jesse tells us of a dog belonging to Mr. Edward Cook, of Togsten, in Northumberland, which dog accompanied his master to America, when he was lost, near Baltimore. The dog returned to England, and proceeded to Togsten, when the elder Mr. and Mrs. Cook recognised him as the dog which their brother had carried to America. He remained at Togsten till Mr. Cook returned; and Mr. Cook, up to this day, never was able to ascertain by what ship the dog took its passage, nor in what part of England it landed.



One more fact, which, as it relates to a lady's dog, as does our story, we must extract.

"Lord Combermere's mother (Lady Cotton) had a terrier named Viper, whose memory was so retentive, that it was only necessary to repeat to him once the name of any of the numerous visitors at Combermere, and he never afterwards forgot it. Mrs. H—— came there on a visit on Saturday. Lady Combermere took the dog up in her arms, and going up to Mrs. H——, said, "Viper, this is Mrs. H——:" she then took him up to another newly-arrived lady, and said, "Viper, this is Mrs. B——;" and no further notice was taken. Next morning, when they went to church, Viper was of the party. Lady Cotton put a prayer-book in Viper's mouth, and told him to take it to Mrs. H——; and he then carried one to Mrs. B——, at his mistress's order."

These are striking anecdotes of modern dogs; but as there is another very curious history upon record, which, as I suspect, is not particularly well known, I shall take leave to record as it is found in what is headed "A Letter from Sir John Harrington to Prince Henry, son to King James the First, concerning his Dogge."

"May it please your Highnesse to accept in as good sorte what I now offer as it hath done aforetyme; and I may say '*I, pede fausto.*' But having good reason to thinke your Highnesse had goode will and likinge to reade what others have tolde of my rare dogge, I will even give a brief historie of his goode deedes and straunge feats; and herein will I not plaie the curr myselfe, but in goode soothe relate what is no more nor lesse than bare verity. Although I mean not to desparage the deedes of Alexander's horse, I will match my dogge against him for good carriage; for if he did not bear a great Prince on his back, I am bolde to saie he did often bear the sweet wordes of a greater Princesse on his necke.

"I did once relate to your Highnesse after what sorte his tacklinge was, wherewithe he did sojourn from my howse at the Bathe to Greenwich Palace, and deliver up to the Courte there such matters as were entrusted to his care. This he hathe often done, and came safe to the Bathe, or my howse here at Kelstone, with goodlie returns from such nobilitie as were pleased to emploie him: nor was it ever tolde our Ladie Queene that the messenger did blab one thought concerninge his highe truste, as others have done in more special matters. Neither must it be forgotten as how he once was sente withe two charges of sack wine from the Bathe to my howse by my man Combe: and on his way the cordage did slacken; but my trustie bearer did now bear himselfe so wiselie as to covertly hide one flaske in the rushes, and take the other in his teethe to the howse; after which he went forthe, and returned with the other parte of his burden to dinner. Hereat y<sup>r</sup> Highnesse may perchance marvele and doubt; but we have livinge testimonie of those who wrought in the fieldes and espiede his worke, and now live to tell that they did much longe to plaie the dogge, and give stowage of the wine to themselves; but they didde refrain, and watchede the passinge of this whole businesse.

"I neede not saie how mucche I didde once grieve at missinge this dogge; for on my journie towards London, some idle pastimers did divert themselves with huntinge mallards in a ponde, and conveyed him



to the Spanish ambassadors, where he had a happie home. After six weeks I didde hear of him—but such was the cowrte he didde pay to the Don, that he was no lesse in good liking than when at home; nor did the howseholde listen to my claim or challenge till I rested my suite upon the dogge's own proofs, and I made him perform such feats before the nobles assembled, as put it past doubt that I was his master. I didde send hym into the hall in the time of dinner, and made him bryng thence a pheasant out the dishe, which created much merthe; but much more, when he returnede atte my commandement to the table again, and putte it in the same cover. Herewithe the companie was well contente to allowe my claime, and we were well content to accept it, and so homewards.

“ I could dwell more on this matter, but *jubes renovare dolorem*. I will now state in what manner he died. As we travelled towards the Bathe he leaped on my horse's necke, and was more earneste in fawninge and courtinge my notice thanne I had observed for tyme backe; and after my chiding his disturbing my passage forwardes, he gave me some glances of such affection as moved me to cajole him; but alas! he crept suddenlie into a thornie brake, and died in a shorte tyme.

“ Thus I have chose to rehearse such of his deeds as maie suggest much more to your Highnesse thought of this dogge. But havynge saide so much of him in prose, I will saie somewhat inne verse, as you maie finde hereafter inne the close of the historie.

“ Nowe let Ulysses praise his dogge Argus, or Tobit be led by that dogge whose name dothe notte appeare, yet could I say such thynges of my BUNGEY, for see he was styled, as might shame themme bothe, either for good faythe, clear wit, or wonderful deeds; to saie no more than I have said of his bearing letters to Greenwich and to London, more than a hundred miles. As I doubte notte but your Highnesse would love my dogge if not myselfe, I have beene thus tedious in his storie; and againe saie, that of all the dogges near your father's courte notte one hathe more love, more diligence to please, or less pay for pleasinge, than him I write of: for verelie a bone would content my servante, when some expect great matters, or will knavishly find out a bone of contention.

“ I now reste your Highnesse friend in all service that maye suite hym.

“ JOHN HARRINGTON.

“ P. S. The verses above spoken of, are in my book of Epigrammes in praise of my dogge Bungey, to Momus (Epigram 21, Book III.) and I have an excellent picture of him limned, to remain in my posterity.

“ *Kelstone, June 14, 1608.*”

In this letter we find certainly fresh justification for attachment to a dog, as well as ample proof of the sagacity of the animal, although it must be admitted, that the readiness with which Bungey continued to reside at the Spanish ambassador's, and the disposition he exhibited in his excellency's family to render himself particularly agreeable, savour somewhat of the courtier. Be it our pleasing task to show how entirely the merits of “ Dogges ” were appreciated in some parts of the world—the which we do, in order to strengthen the case of the Widow whose predilection for such creatures is the subject of our tale; and who, if she had not the power to treat “ Charley,” her favourite “ dogge,” with



equal splendour, most undoubtedly behaved to it with a kindness and affection commensurate with her means and position in life.

Mr. Southey, in his "*Omniana*," or "*Horæ Otiosiores*," quotes from Purchas an account of the Great Turk's dogs. "They have," says he, "their clothing of cloth-of-gold, velvet, scarlet, and other colours of cloth; their sundry couches and the places where they are kept more cleanly. My Lord Zouch when he was there, as Master Burton said, did like exceeding well of the place and attendance of dogs."

"Sir Thomas Roe took out some English mastiffs to India as a present for the Great Mogul; they were of marvellous courage. One of them leaped overboard to attack a shoal of porpoises, and was lost: only two of them lived to reach India. They travelled each in a little coach to Agra: one broke loose by the way, and fell upon a large elephant and fastened on his trunk, the elephant at last succeeding in hurling him off. This story delighted the Mogul, and the dogs in consequence came to as extraordinary a fortune as Whittington's cat; each had a palanquin to take the air in, with two attendants to bear him, and two more to walk on each side and fan off the flies;" in fact, having all the care and attention paid him so beautifully described in a song sung at one of the theatres some years since, which of itself is enough to immortalize its author, whoever he may be:

"He's a very great man,  
And sits with a fan,  
To knock off the flies  
And the gnats likewise,  
And the great Daddy Long-legs that bob in his eyes."

Mr. Southey relates another anecdote of a "dogge," which must conclude our series of palliations of the amiable weakness of Mrs. Nethersole, of whose penchant I write.

"There was a Newfoundland dog on board the *Bellona* last war, who kept the deck during the battle of Copenhagen, running backward and forward with so brave an anger that he became a greater favourite with the men than ever. When the ship was paid off after the peace of Amiens, the sailors had a parting-dinner on shore. Victor was placed in the chair, and fed with roast beef and plum pudding, and the bill was made out in Victor's name." Here we have another proof of a general feeling towards "dogges." All we hope is, that this triumphant Victor did not by some strange chance, and a very natural modification, subsequently take the name of "Nelson," and become the threatened "Hero" of the "*Leander*," of whom Mr. Jesse so satisfactorily writes.

The reader must by this time perceive an unusual anxiety, the real cause of which has been already admitted, to eulogize "dogges," a desire in which commanders and leaders of the British auxiliary forces in Spain seem to have fully participated when they made the Isle of "Dogges" their rendezvous, whence the steam-boats daily bear to the Iberian shores the well-paid, well-fed, and never-flogged sons of freedom.

Reader, all this has been written and collated to bespeak your affection and sympathy for Mrs. Nethersole, a beautiful young widow who was married at twenty, to a man—if so he might be called—who boasted publicly that he had purchased beauty at a high price, having con-

descended to marry the daughter of a person of no importance and of no wealth, who had died some years before their union, and left his daughter Emily with little other inheritance than the particularly unromantic name of Fitch.

Emily could not endure Mr. Charles Nethersole; he was a sort of dumpy stumpy man, with nothing intellectual to compensate for his personal disqualifications. He was wonderfully ugly, and, moreover, old—he was ill-tempered, yet vain and overbearing: in short, he was not very much unlike such a being as Butler, the prince of graphic poets, describes his hero to have been. But what was she to do—dependent on a crabbed aunt whose means were inadequate to secure her the comforts of life, and she her only surviving relative?

Nethersole had been rejected over and over again: one lady objected to his person—another to his age—a third to his features—a fourth to his addiction to smoking—a fifth could not endure garlic, in which he luxuriated—a sixth shuddered at the oaths which he fulminated upon everybody who offended him—a seventh did not think his ablutions were either copious or regular; and so they went on all refusing until the “noes” had a decided majority. Still, however, remained to be tried Emily Fitch: he had seen her at the house of an acquaintance, and with all his other faults he certainly did not possess that of insensibility to the charms of beauty; he was struck—not all of a heap—for so he was formed—but smitten to a degree incalculable and indescribable, and never after the first evening’s introduction did he quit his object until he had “popped.”

The confusion, astonishment, and one may be, perhaps, between friends, permitted to say, the repugnance Emily Fitch felt when he made the offer, were all in the highest degree; and it was with no little difficulty she restrained herself from giving him one of those pats upon the cheek which become somewhat equivocal in their character. She certainly did subdue her anger and vexation, more especially as her aunt had given her to understand that things were coming to a crisis; that she must forthwith give up her small establishment, and as that exquisite poem which we never can too often quote, says—

“Times is hard,” says the dog’s-meat man—

“Lights is riz,” says the dog’s-meat man;”

“she should not be able much longer to support her in idleness, and above all could not think of keeping her useless pet Charley. Her aunt, here unwittingly touched the chord of all Emily’s sympathies. She could have risked every thing for herself, but as Sir John Harrington says, her “dogge” was not to be jeopardized.

Perhaps now the reader fancies from hearing this “dogge” called “Charley,” that he was one of that numerous illegitimate progeny to be seen in various drawing-rooms and other gay places, called generally “King Charles’s breed”—not so. If he had been of such high extraction, whatever right he might have had to it, no doubt Miss Emily Fitch would have given him some sweet sounding euphonic name—No—truth to be told, Charley was a pug—a putty-coloured pug, with a black nose, and a stiff curly tail which looked like a handle to the end of his body opposite his mouth.



He was honoured with a collar of peculiar smartness, of which, with its little wagging padlock, he seemed consciously proud, and quite prepared to retort to any impertinent puppy who might make inquiries as to his character or pretensions, as did the Duke's dog of other days,—

“ I am His Highness's dog at Kew ;  
Pray, good Sir, whose dog are *you* ? ”

And Emily Fitch fondled him, and had him stuffed—before death—with the best of meat, and washed, and rubbed ; and he had a little basket all lined with flannel in which it used to lie, and which she had bought at a fancy fair held for the benefit of the suffering blacks ; and then it snored while asleep, and snarled while awake, and was the delight of Miss Fitch's young unsophisticated heart, which, to say truth, never had even been temporarily shared by any rival to Charley, except for about three days and two nights by an interesting “ crechur ” of a Lancer, with whom she had danced at an assembly in the county town, ladies' tickets, five shillings ; gentlemen's do., seven do.

Things, it must be confessed, did look desperate for Emily Fitch. And her aunt did all she could to put her situation in its most disagreeable light : made a sort of Fuseli sketch of the horrors that awaited her, and contrasted what must inevitably occur if she refused an offer such as she never ought to have expected to receive, with that which would as certainly result if she accepted it.

Poor Emily Fitch was a high-spirited girl, and proud, and perhaps vain, and when she was allowed two hours to think of it, she began to reflect that if she declined this match which put at her disposal a fine, staring house upon Clapham Common, a carriage, servants, occasional visits to operas and plays, besides the teas and turns-out of the neighbourhood, she never might have such an offer again. And as for Tom Smith, poor fellow, she *had* been very fond of *him* and *he* of her, but that was when she was seventeen, and that was three years ago ; and S. was gone to the West Indies, and she had never heard of him since, although he had promised, when he snatched the last kiss from her lips, to send her a cock parrot and a pot of guava jelly, and so it was no use thinking of *him* ; and so at last Emily began to think better of the affair, not, however, losing sight of the distant prospect of widowhood, which very strongly took possession of her mind. She was a good-hearted girl—a joyous thing—although so fond of Pug ; and when she indulged in her anticipation of the cap and weeds which were to announce her deliverance from thralldom, she said to herself, “ Well, if I do marry him and wish him dead, I'll try if I can't kill him with kindness ; for if I really become his wife, that is the only weapon I shall use.”

Truth to be told, Emily Fitch was, after all, but a weak person. Had she been able to continue in the sphere for which, in the happier days of her youth and her father's prosperity, she had been intended, all might have been well ; she had been highly educated, to a certain point, and then suddenly checked by the embarrassments of her family and consigned to the care and society of her maiden aunt, whose quietude and frugality she secretly despised, and who, knowing the absolute necessity of economizing, looked upon her flippant niece as an incumbrance of which she should be too happy to be rid, as soon as anything like a favourable opportunity occurred for shaking her off.



That opportunity appeared to offer itself in the present proposal, a proposal which the antiquated virgin, being no great judge of such matters, considered unexceptionable ; and upon its merits she so preached, and so expounded, and so described, and so anticipated, that after the before-mentioned consultation with herself in her own room, Emily Fitch decided upon becoming Mrs. Nethersole.

As far as her affections went on the eve of their union they remained undivided. Charley, the dear Pug, was the sole possessor of them ; and when the day was fixed for the ceremony, she made a stipulation that Charley should be their companion during the seclusion of the honeymoon.

It may be as well to observe here, that in the negotiations for this marriage, Mr. Nethersole, whose mind was admirably typified by his person and countenance, finding he had to deal with an inexperienced beauty, and an almost superannuated guardian, took every advantage, fair or unfair, of their isolated and peculiar situation. He professed admiration and devotion, which, as has already been observed, if coldly received by the niece, were rapturously imbibed by the aunt, who wound up everything in the way of recommendation to Emily, by an exclamation of—"I wish he would make *me* such an offer!"—Emily fervently joined in that wish ; for had such a thing been possible, she would have equally been benefited by the accession of property to the family, and might have been left, like Sterne's Maria, to her own reflections and her little "dogge."

But Nethersole was a plodding, money-making, money-saving man, and what he called having paid a high price for his beauty was, having presented Emily with a very pretty three or four hundred guinea set of pearls, and a thousand pound note to make up the *corbeille*. These apparently munificent gifts dazzled the aunt, and encouraged the niece, and he was suffered to lead his "be-garlanded lamb" to the altar, without having settled one single sixpence upon her in the way of jointure, in the event of his death.

The wedding was quiet and unostentatious—a country church was the scene of the ceremony—and Emily Fitch repaired to spend the honeymoon, where she was to spend all the rest of her moons, to Nethersole's residence upon Clapham Common ; a bilious-looking brick house, built about the time of Adam—not the first of men, but of one of those brothers after whom the Adelphi is named—having arched windows in the parlours, and pilasters running up to a narrowish cornice, with a sort of *papier-maché* medallions in the spaces between the ground and first floors—heads of tigers, lions, and the Cæsars intervening, "satyrs snooks about them ;" with a huge fan-light over the front door, to which led a precipitous flight of steps from a gravel sweep round a well-shaven grass-plat, ten yards in diameter, upon which door was screwed a huge-nobbed knocker, and a brass plate fourteen inches per six, whereon was engraven "Nethersole," in letters only equalled in distinctness, and exceeded in dimensions by those which were painted over the handle of a bell at the right hand side of the gate, and which described the residence itself as "ELYSIUM LODGE," under which, in smaller capitals, at the corner, was with equal perspicuity inscribed "Commit no nuisance."

Elysium, indeed ! This was to be the sphere of action of the bride



when time and circumstances should have softened and soothed her down to domestication with her husband. Here she was to exercise all those qualities which the genial influence of Nethersole was to draw forth and bring into play in the virtuous vicinity of the Common. Here, perhaps, she was destined to become secretary or treasurer, or at least one of the committee established for the purpose of buying up blacks for home consumption. Here she would, associated with some equally well-qualified neighbour, haunt and worry the parishioners by dunning visits in order to levy funds for the purpose of sending out skates, blankets, and warming-pans to the wretched negroes; or combined with a canting cobbler or an inspired tailor, endeavour to prevent, at a moderate price, the inhuman omnibus-drivers from forcing their horses down hill to the Elephant and Castle at a greater rate than three miles an hour,—excepting always upon the days when Nethersole, to save his nags, or Emily, in order to fulfil some particular engagement, undertook to convey themselves as rapidly as possible to the city in one of those hearses for the living, which have turned out the best *undertaking* which we remember in the metropolis for a vast many years.

And so came the wedding—no cake—no gloves—no favours; all which Mr. Nethersole called snug and comfortable. Sent the ringers three half-crowns amongst a beautiful ring of twelve not to make a noise—quiet luncheon at my aunt's—and, as soon as he got tired of that, home to Clapham Common; bride in a dream, and Charley in a basket. And so poor Emily Nethersole began life, without anything, as it seems, to rely upon but the caprice of one of the worst-tempered, worst-conditioned animals that ever emulated humanity by walking on his hinder legs.

Over the history of honey-moons, custom has thrown the Brussels lace veil of the bride. So for a month we leave the *happy* couple at Elysium Lodge, merely observing that, at the end of that period, Emily Nethersole's affection for her little “dogge” Charley was not one jot abated; on the contrary, she seemed more than ever to delight in pinching his ears, and giving him sponge cakes and sugar-plums, and uncurling his dear little stiff tail which I have already characterized, and which, with a most agreeable pertinacity, always recovered its natural form, however much Emily depressed it by her kindness and affection.

At the end of the month it appeared that the honey—if there had been any—was gone, and nothing but the jars remained. What it was—how the incompatibility of the tempers of the high contracting parties had so soon exhibited itself, it is impossible of course for us to determine; but although Emily behaved with what might be called a forced civility to her husband before company, it was evident, even to them, that her husband was no company for *her* when they were without visitors.

Nethersole seemed to think he had been somewhat precipitate in his matrimonial proceedings, and looked back upon the days when his Elysium had been guarded by a housekeeper used to his ways; and Emily, although in the possession of a vast deal more than she ever had a right to expect, appeared to want something which the society of Nethersole could not supply. This, perhaps, was the fault of his education. He had no conversation likely to chime in with her ideas—no ideas whence to draw conversation. He did stocks, and bonds, and



shares in the city ; and knew to a fraction what three shillings and ninepence halfpenny would produce in eight months, three weeks, and six days, at three and a half per cent. ; but there was nothing of interest in *this* to *her*, whatever of interest it might produce to him, and so they yawned and dawdled till they quarrelled, and then they went to bed, and did not make it up again.

Then the Claphamites used to invite them “ out ; ” and they went. Tea and toast, long whist and tallow moulds, shilling points and half-crowns on the rubber ; and then a charitable coterie in the corner, into which three or four long-legged clerks from the Bank or the Custom-house, with cut velvet waistcoats, and Mosaic gold chains, done out with bunches of curls over their ears and dicky wristbands, would poke themselves ; and then Nethersole would keep peering over his shoulder just to watch how far the Christian feeling might act upon the community, and endeavour to regulate Emily’s “ good will towards all men,” by a memento that he was within ear-shot as well as eye-shot. And then the Claphamites came to Elysium ; and then, although Mrs. Nethersole was not permitted to invite the clerks, the considerate mammas who had daughters to get rid of took the liberty of bringing the juvenile scribes ; and then, if Nethersole was in a very good humour, and had won a few shillings at whist—at which I believe he cheated upon every favourable occasion—they would venture upon a little dance, one of the Miss Scraggs’s playing upon what she called the piano (having, for obvious reasons, an aversion to the word *forte*) ; and then Emily would bounce, and skip, and waltz if she could, and make the windows rattle and shake “ at her whereabouts,” while all the other “ black emancipators ” and “ vice suppressors ” would join in the *mêlée*, till Nethersole himself, infected by the gaiety, would come into the drawing-room from his cards and clap his hands and cry “ Bravo.”

Still all this was a feverish, fitful life, and Emily was perhaps as wretched a person as ever was fancied to be happy. She hated her husband ;—that is the plain, clear truth. She could not endure him : she behaved properly ; and though she certainly did look at the Bank clerks and all the other people of the same sort who came and danced and flirted, she never entertained a thought or a feeling which she might not have told to everybody, save and except her unmitigated affection for the dear Pug. Pug was her solace,—Pug was her companion ;—she fed Pug,—she played with Pug,—and Pug played with *her*,—and so there was a reciprocity of feeling which I suppose so entirely retained her affections for the poor, little, kind-hearted animal. Kindness, however, will show itself, and “ Puggie ” got so fat that he could scarcely waddle ; and when his mistress was driven into the gay society of the “ Common,” Pug was always left in charge of her maid, who, by a sort of sympathy not either uncommon or altogether unnatural, had, with the full consent of Mr. Nethersole, married his man, his principal reason for acceding to which arrangement being the increased accommodation which would be afforded in a small but smart house by two of the head servants only wanting one bed.

Mr. Nethersole was certainly an unfortunate man in the midst of what he felt, in a pecuniary point of view, to be his prosperity. He was universally hated. There did not appear in his whole character one redeeming point : he was vain of his wife’s person at the moment



he despised her mind, and was jealous of her attractions at the moment he was bragging of them to his company. If she was quiet, he called her sulky,—if she was gay, he swore she was flirting,—if she sang or played her best, she was showing off,—if under the circumstance of being where she knew her accomplishments would fall far short of those of her associates she declined doing either, she was ill natured,—if she was serious, she was a bore,—and if, as natural spirits will sometimes have way, she rather exceeded in liveliness, she had been drinking too much champagne.

Emily was as great a favourite with her neighbours and dependents as her husband was the reverse, and amongst those who appeared most to commiserate with her misfortunes were Mr. and Mrs. Day, the man and maid of the uncongenial pair. *They* lived happily and peaceably, and the very circumstance of their connubial comfort served to make them regard compassionately the extremely different state of affairs between their master and mistress. And then Mrs. Day was so fond of Charley; she washed him every morning, and delighted to feel the grateful rub of his cold, black nose against her blushing cheek as she was rubbing him dry; and Charley would cry “Wough, wough, wough,” whenever anybody attempted to approach Mrs. Day, and, in short, Charley, next to his mistress, delighted in her handmaiden.

Talking of Pugs, the very alliteration tempts me. It may not be thought intrusive just to refer for one moment once again to Mr. Jesse: the alliteration to which I allude is the partiality of the late Lady Penrhyn to pugs. Mr. Jesse calls it a passion. Of these Pugs, the beloved, he tells this fact:—

“Two of these (Ps.), a mother and daughter, were in the eating-room of Penrhyn Castle during the morning call of a lady who partook of luncheon. On bonnets and shawls being ordered for the purpose of taking a walk in the grounds, the oldest dog jumped on a chair, and looked first at a cold fowl and then at her daughter. The lady remarked to Lady Penrhyn that they certainly had a design on the tray. The bell was therefore rung, and a servant ordered to take it away. The instant the tray disappeared, the elder pug, who had previously played the agreeable with all her might to the visiter, snarled and flew at her, and during the walk followed her growling and snapping at her heels whenever opportunity served,”—*pugnaciously*? “The dog,” adds Mr. Jesse, “evidently went through two or three links of inference from the disappearance of the coveted spoil to Lady Penrhyn’s order, and from Lady Penrhyn’s order to the remark made by her visiter.”

After such evidence as this, was Mrs. Nethersole so very silly in placing her affections upon a pug?

Well, but what happened? A year had scarcely elapsed since Nethersole’s purchase of his beautiful wife, when an event occurred for which certainly neither she nor her friends were prepared. He died;—died suddenly, and, sad to say, unlamented; and it was not until after his death that the full extent of his cold-heartedness became perfectly evident,—that was to be found in his will.

In that will he bequeathed everything of which he was possessed, of every sort and kind, freehold and leasehold, real and personal, to his nephew, then on the continent, leaving his wife one thousand pounds in order to enable her to maintain the establishment as he left it at



Clapham, until the arrival of his nephew, to whose consideration she was bequeathed as to any other provision.

The executors to this liberal will were two of his clerks, to whom he bequeathed fifty pounds each; to the oldest a file of the "Morning Herald" newspaper for the year 1802, and to the younger an imperfect copy of "Elegant Extracts," which had been in the counting-house for two-and-twenty years.

Now, reader, comes the time to be shocked. Mrs. Nethersole certainly went through the forms of ordering weeds and a cap, so contrived as not quite to hide her beautiful hair, but she never affected grief at Mr. Nethersole's death. He had made himself odious in every way in which a man can disgust, whether by acts of commission or omission; scolding on one hand, and never commending on the other; and, as she candidly told her maid Mrs. Day,—“Day,” said she, “I should add hypocrisy to all my other faults if I affected to care for his death. I do *not*; and I cannot make up a face of grief which the heart does not prompt. He was ill-natured, irritable, suspicious, yet careless of me, cross without reason, gay without being amusing, and extremely sententious without being wise; and I do *not* regret him, and I am not going to sit down here in a darkened room to cry, or seem to cry, and talk of the dear departed excellence. I can't sham, Day.”

“I wouldn't try, Ma'am,” said Day. “I am sure ever since you have been married you have lived like cat and dog.”

“Dog!” said Mrs. Nethersole; “no dog ever would have behaved so shabbily as Mr. Nethersole has behaved to me. I'm sure, if pug could speak,—dear little Charley,”—and hereabouts she began uncurling his little tail,—“he would be a much more agreeable companion than Mr. Nethersole.”

With this disposition, without regrets or cares, all the widow's affections flew to the “dogge.” It can hardly be said he was her consolation, because, as all the neighbours saw, she needed little consoling; but with a careless disregard for the future, she continued and “maintained,” as her niggardly husband had expressed it, the “establishment at Clapham” in all its accustomed style, bad or good, as it might be.

Now, in that establishment there were prudential persons, who, having “established” themselves very much to their own satisfaction, were particularly anxious that the mistress of the mansion should, if possible, be enabled to continue altogether the course of living to which they had been so long accustomed. These were Mr. and Mrs. Day, whose interests having been united under the great “unholy” alliance between the master and mistress, felt that their interests would be materially strengthened and benefited by the maintenance of the house as it was. But it was equally clear and evident to those who knew the will by heart—as servants universally contrive to do—that Mrs. Nethersole, with the paltry sum of one thousand pounds, which, with the greatest economy, of which nobody who knew her best ever suspected her, could not last, at the current rate of going, much more than four months.

Mrs. Day therefore, under the sanction of her husband, undertook to lecture her mistress upon her conduct—a bold, but not unusual step in such persons. She represented to her that she ought to look forward—



that the nephew of her husband might not arrive from the Continent until the pittance was expended, and what then was to happen?

"Besides, Ma'am," said Mrs. Day, "I am told by Mr. Twig, one of master's executors, that Mr. Lemuel Nethersole is devoted to his late uncle, and will be ready to break his heart when he hears of his death. So now, Ma'am, do—pray do—when he comes, do, if you please, seem to be very, very sorry for master's death."

"Day," said the widow, "I have told you a hundred times I cannot dissemble—I married my husband against my will, in spite of every feeling which woman can be supposed to possess. His conduct was beyond measure horrible: I admitted to you—to whom alone I spoke of him—that I hated and despised him, and I *cannot* affect grief for his death."

"Yes, Ma'am," said Mrs. Day, "so you have, and with good reason; he *was* a nasty man, such as no woman of sense could like: but he was your husband, and see how he has left you. This nephew is master of everything—you are entirely dependent on his will and pleasure—and as he is so devoted to his uncle, and his uncle has left you at his mercy, I do hope, Ma'am, that when he comes you will put on—as I call it, Ma'am—a certain quantity of sorrow."

"I am no hypocrite," said Mrs. Nethersole,—“I love this dear little ‘dogge’ (who was sitting on her knee) better than I ever loved him, and I make no secret of it. I was sold by my aunt, and she has been rightly served; for I shall fall back to the nothingness whence I came. However, I will not dwindle—I will live on as the man desired, and fall at once a victim to his parsimony, his cunning, and his ingratitude.”

Mrs. Day clearly perceived that nothing was to be done in the way of soothing the mind of her mistress; so she left her, certainly with a feeling of having, in a slight degree, affected her as to the reception she was to give to the nephew when he came; although still doubting whether she could “act a part” so as to make this devoted nephew fancy that she really cared for the loss of his uncle.

The days wore on—the widow drove out in her carriage—she made her calls, received invitations, accepted them, gave invitations in return, and had little select parties; so that before Nethersole had been safely deposited under a great square slab in St. Mary Overy's churchyard six weeks, Clapham Common never would have known he had lived.

All the neighbours thought Mrs. Nethersole a charming person. The Balaam-Lobster-Cruelty-Preventive Society elected her Presidentess; the Anti-Flea-Catching Club made her alternate weekly Chairwoman; and the Emancipating-Black-Revivors, who met at the Windmill Inn on Wednesdays and Fridays, put her on their special committee; all because they believed that she was left remarkably well off, and because they were quite sure, from her affectionate conduct to her “dogge,” that she must be a friend to the abolition of slavery all over the world.

And out she came in her weeds, with two such Madonna-like braids under her cap—and such a pretty squeeze-in and let-out of figure, and away she went philanthropising till nine in one place, playing three-card loo till twelve in another, making up little parties here, and giving little parties there, till all Clapham Common rang with her praises, and she was called by general consent the “Charming Widow.”



This was all very well for the lady ; but Day and his wife looked to other things. Day was a prudent, plodding fellow, and he felt convinced that some change must be worked in his mistress, or that the whole affair would tumble into dust.

"Why," said Day to his wife, "this you know is nonsense ; you don't suppose I lived with old Hunks"—so he called his late departed master—"without knowing his freaks and fancies. He married to please himself ; he has left 'Missus' one thousand pounds, which, if I don't much miscalculate, must be pretty well worn down. I did look at the cheque-book she left upon the table the day before yesterday, but the beast of a dog kept barking so, I could not get at the rights of it ; and whenever Charley barks 'Missus' is sure to come in, to see what's the matter. But we must look out ; if that nephew Lemuel, as they call him, comes here and sees how things are going on, I'm blest if we shall have a house over our heads : and although I have lived with the old man seven years, and clipped, and pared, and took per centage and discount wherever I could, I haven't got enough out of the family yet to better ourselves and set up in business. So now do, Kitty, do tell her she must seem broken-hearted for the loss of the old man when the young one comes."

And so Kitty did ; and Mrs. Nethersole uniformly gave her the same answer, that she was no hypocrite, and could not act.

"But let me beg you again to recollect," said the disinterested soubrette, "that as your future prospects depend upon the impression you make upon Mr. Lemuel——"

"Impression !" replied the widow, "what sort of impression do you mean ?—merely that I am dying of grief for the loss of a man whom I don't in the least regret?"

"I should not be surprised, Ma'am," said Mrs. Day, "if Mr. Lemuel were to appear in a new character here before many months are over. If once he were captivated by a show of grief for his relation——"

"Why," said Mrs. Nethersole, "Mr. Lemuel is by no means a disagreeable person, and I remember thinking—I suppose I ought not to have thought any such thing—on our wedding-day, that it would be an infinitely more agreeable ceremony to *me* if he were the bridegroom instead of his uncle."

"And *I* know," said Mrs. Day, "what his man said to my husband upon that very occasion, which went very much to show what Mr. Lemuel's thoughts were at the same time."

"Never mind that," said Mrs. Nethersole ; "that's past ; when the gentleman comes, I will see him and behave as well as I can without acting. I am quite sure, if I were to try the depths of lamentation, I should break off in the middle of my mourning into a violent fit of laughter ; so let me do as I feel best, and if I am to be left penniless in consequence, I cannot help it."

And so, with a careless toss of her giddy head, the blooming widow betook herself to her boudoir, to play with Charley and feed him with some Naples biscuits which had just arrived from London for his luncheon.

The report of this conversation made by Mrs. Day to her husband was any thing but satisfactory ; he saw with dread the "break up" which would naturally follow the withdrawal of Mr. Lemuel's protection and support. He heard with dismay the determination of their mistress ;



but by a wonderful flight of that genius for which, in his particular line, he was celebrated, he in an instant hit upon an expedient to produce all the effect he desired. It was necessary to confide his project to his better half; and he was on the point of doing so, when to their utter surprise who should walk in through the side door of the house from the stable-yard where he had deposited his horse, but Mr. Lemuel Nethersole himself.

The moment the male Day saw him he vanished—the crisis had arrived—the whole firm was either to be preserved or annihilated in the next ten minutes. Away went the plotter, leaving his wife to hold the new arrival in conversation while he should apprise his mistress of his arrival, and, if possible, produce the results he so ardently desired.

Lemuel, it appears, had adopted the plan of entering the house unknown to its fair mistress, in order to learn from her confidential maid what the real state of her mind and feelings was; because Lemuel, who, as we know, had been present at the wedding, and had visited the new couple more than once, often entertained strong suspicions that the gentle married Emily would not be quite so much affected by his uncle's death as *he* was.

Luckily for all parties, Mrs. Day was a remarkably sharp, worldly person, and what in the best society would be called “up to every thing.” The moment she heard the gentle step, and saw the subdued manner of the mourning hero, she was prepared for his questions.

“Well, Mrs. Day,” said Lemuel, “how is my young aunt?”

“In health tolerable, Sir,” sighed Mrs. Day, “but in spirits miserable. She does nothing but sit and cry her eyes out, about the dear angel, as she calls him, that is now in heaven.”

“Does she indeed?” said Lemuel. “What sweet sensibility!—I hardly expected it of her.”

“Oh, Sir,” continued the veracious Day, “the way in which she nursed him during his last illness—it was something quite wonderful.”

“Heaven will reward her care,” sighed Lemuel. “She does honour to our name.”

“Ah, Sir,” continued the eloquent minister, “she would make an excellent wife for any man—I say nothing; but if *I* were Mr. Lemuel Nethersole, she never should change that name.”

“She certainly is very handsome,” said Lemuel.

“And such a temper!” said Mrs. Day.

“Kind-hearted, I am sure,” sighed Lemuel.

“Tender to a degree,” cried Mrs. Day.

“Has she got that nasty little dog still?” said Lemuel.

“Yes, Sir,” said Day; “and since your poor uncle's death it has been her chief consolation. He was very fond of it.”

“Indeed!” said Lemuel. “When I was here last I thought he disliked it, and even disliked the attention Emily paid to it.”

“He grew used to it at last,” said Mrs. Day. “One does not always take to pugs in a minute; but I think the society of one to whom she should attach herself—for, as you know, Sir, she has no relations of her own—would very soon divert her from that partiality.”

“I suppose she will see me,” said Lemuel, who really appeared caught by Mrs. Day's distant hints and inuendoes, and perhaps felt, with the disposition to put the widow at her ease, a sort of wish to share



his competence with her, the canonical law not interdicting a marriage in the degree in which they stood towards each other.

"To be sure she will, Sir," said Mrs. Day. "If you will walk into the library, I will just step up and prepare her for the interview."

"Do so," said Lemuel, "and I will wait your summons patiently. Beg her to calm her agitation. It is natural she should feel much in our interview; but, to me, the sight of a woman suffering distress is so painful, that it entirely upsets me. Urge her to recollect that what is past is irrevocable; and that, conscious as she must be of having performed every duty towards my poor uncle, she has nothing to reproach herself with, and that in me she is secure of an attached and sympathizing friend."

And so, after blowing his nose sonorously, out stalked Mr. Lemuel Nethersole, up the lower staircase, and into the library, the door of which the attentive Mrs. Day closed after him, lest his ears should be assailed by sounds less lugubrious than he might expect.

Away ran Day to her mistress. "Madam," cried she, "he is come!"

"Hush! hush!" said Mrs. Nethersole; "don't speak so loud; Charley is asleep in the next room—you'll wake him."

"Oh, Ma'am," said Mrs. Day, "how can you care about your dog, when I tell you Mr. Lemuel is below stairs waiting to see you!"

"I don't want to see him, then," said the widow; "you hate my dog; Mrs. Day, and I tell you once for all——"

"Now, Ma'am," interrupted the maid——

"Now, Day," retorted the mistress, "you know that I have no consolation, no amusement, but what Charley afforded me. I cannot go into public places, or to balls, or Vauxhalls, or play-houses, in these odious weeds."

"But, Madam," said Day, "you must see Mr. Lemuel. I have given you the best of characters, and everything depends upon his visit."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Nethersole, bursting into an immoderate fit of laughter, "tell him my grief is so terrible that I can see nobody."

"Do consider, Ma'am," said Day, "how much depends upon this coming interview."

"But I cannot sham a feeling, and it is no use talking," said the lady: "if I lose everything in the world except my dog, I don't care, I will not play the hypocrite."

"But think about your fortune, Ma'am," said Day.

"Oh I have money enough left," said Emily, "and if I have not, I have credit."

"That won't last long," said Day, "after people find out how you are left; and then, when your mourning is over, look at the heaps of things you will want: hats, bonnets, gowns, shawls—mercy on us, it would break your heart to find yourself poor, and perhaps not pitied!"

"That's very true," said the widow, "but then the amiable Lemuel will not permit such a circumstance."

"I have an idea," said Day. "Ensure his care and protection—receive him with due and proper grief for his uncle—he is half won already; if he should hit upon such a project, and hereafter make a proposal, why not marry *him*?"

"What an idea!" said the widow. "And am I to secure his good opinion by weeping?"



"I verily believe so," said Day; "he merely wishes to be certain of your tenderness of feeling—your beauty and accomplishments have already had their effect—to fix him as your professed champion and admirer."

"As far as hiding my face in my handkerchief goes," said the widow, "I can act, but my words never can belie my sentiments."

"I will trust to your prudence and good sense not to outrage Mr. Lemuel's feelings," said Day; and by permission of her mistress she proceeded to the library to fetch in the visiter.

The moment she had quitted the apartment, a sudden noise and scuffling alarmed the ears of the widow. She flew to her boudoir; Charley, the pug, the pet, was gone—she had left him just before sleeping in his well-lined basket—it was vacant; the next minute presented to her eye the man Day looking like a ghost.

"What's the matter, Day?—where's my dog?"

"Oh, Ma'am!" said Day; "poor Charley—poor Charley—killed, Ma'am, killed and stolen!"

"My dog killed!" exclaimed the widow.

"I fear so," said Day.

"Then I never shall be happy again!" exclaimed the lady, throwing herself upon a sofa, hiding her face in her hands, and sobbing immoderately.

"Oh, Ma'am," said Day, "you can get another dog."

"Another! no, no, no!" said Mrs. Nethersole; "no other dog will ever love me as Charley did. How did it happen, tell me this moment?"

"Why, Ma'am," said Day, "the dear little thing ran down stairs, and came up to me, waggled his tail, just as much as to say, Please, Mr. Day, I want to take a little walk to the garden."

"Dear, intelligent creature," sobbed Mrs. Nethersole.

"So, Ma'am," said Mr. Day, "what does I do but I opens the door, when, lo and behold, the garden gate was open too, out runs Charley; a great mastiff, belonging to Bigg the butcher was coming by, flew at Charley, broke both his legs at one blow, and I caught a thump on the head from the stick of the butcher's boy, which knocked me down; and in the mean time a fellow, whom I have seen lurking amongst the linen hanging on the lines on the Common, whips up Charley and carries him clean off under his arm."

"Then," exclaimed Mrs. Nethersole, "I have lost everything I held dear in the world." A new flood of tears came to her relief, and she again wept audibly.

At this moment arrived Mrs. Day and Mr. Lemuel Nethersole. She was wholly unprepared for the scene, and vastly admired the skill with which her mistress, after all her declaration of sincerity, was acting her part.

"Madam," said Mrs. Day, "here is Mr. Lemuel."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Nethersole, "I cannot see *him* nor anybody else."

"Pray," said Lemuel, in a softened voice, "permit me to say a few words to you."

"Oh!" said the widow, "I cannot bear to look at you, or hear your voice, after the misfortune which has fallen upon me."

"Assure yourself," said Lemuel, "I fully sympathize in your sorrow."



"He was the only object of my affection," said Emily.

"I have sustained an equal loss myself," said Lemuel.

"Impossible," said the widow, "nobody can feel as I do. Oh, Sir, if you had known all his ways and tricks—his sensibility—his sense."

"I appreciate them all," said Lemuel, fully convinced that the widow's lamentations were all for the loss of her departed spouse.

"Oh," continued the lady, "if you had seen him stand up in the corner and beg, and then dance about the room and catch the bits of Naples biscuits in his mouth. Oh, Sir!"

"I confess," said Lemuel, "I never witnessed any of those little endearing tricks."

"Oh Charley, Charley!" sobbed the lady.

"I am glad to hear the recollection of him couched in such affectionate terms," said Lemuel half aside.

"Oh, to see him toddling along the garden-walk with his dear tail wagging," said the lady.

"Yes," said Lemuel, "he persisted to the last in continuing that fashion."

"Just as I had got him a little blue jacket and scarlet trowsers to dance in," said the widow. "Oh, how he loved me!"

"That I am sure of," said Lemuel.

"How he would fly and bite anybody who came near me," said the widow.

"Aye, poor fellow. He was jealous of any attentions paid you," said Lemuel.

"He need not have been jealous," said the widow. "He never was happy but with me. He was my friend and protector; the least noise in my room awakened him. Oh! I have encountered an irreparable loss."

"Perhaps not," said Lemuel, evidently overcome. "There may be a person who will repair it."

"What, Sir!" said the lady, "and give me another? No, no—none—none will be like Charley!" And again she fell into a sort of hysteric convulsion.

"I will not trespass a moment longer now," said Lemuel: "I have seen enough to satisfy myself of the depth and extent of your affection for him who is now lost—enough to ensure my esteem and regard. The sight of such sorrow breaks my heart: I will leave you. Assure yourself, if that can be any consolation, that a sufficient income will be placed at your disposal to maintain your present establishment: that point I will settle before I sleep to-night; and in a day or two will return, in hopes to find you more composed, and better able to hear my views and plans for the future."

"A thousand thanks," sobbed Mrs. Nethersole, who extended her hand to Lemuel, which he kissed. "I ought to apologize for my weakness; but you knew him, and can appreciate my feelings. In a day or two I shall perhaps be better——"

"Not a word more," said Lemuel—"Adieu." Saying which, led by Mrs. Day, who was delighted at what she had seen, without clearly comprehending it, and equally charmed to get the young gentleman away before either her mistress's acting flagged, or the *dénouement*, whatever it might be, arrived, he took his departure; and in descending the stairs,



not only repeated his intention of securing the widow's happiness, but his unqualified admiration of her sensibility and tenderness.

As soon as Mrs. Day saw Mr. Lemuel cantering over the Common, she ran to her husband, from whom she learned the secret history of her lady's sorrow. When she reached the boudoir she found her still suffused with tears.

"Oh, Day!" said Mrs. Nethersole, "what a loss!"

"What a gain, Ma'am!" said Day. "Every bit of your griefs, and every drop of your tears, are carried by Mr. Lemuel to the account of your affection for his uncle; so that, in point of fact, you are indebted for independence, and, if you please, eventually an agreeable husband, to your favourite dog."

"That is but natural," said the lady: "I believe Charley was my good genius; but let me never speak of him again—wounded and lost for ever!"

At which words the male Day walked into the room with a grin on his countenance, and Charley in his arms.

"Neither lost nor wounded," exclaimed he; "here he is, Ma'am, safe and sound—his nose as cold and as black, and his tail as curly as ever. I wanted to excite a decent sorrow during Mr. Lemuel's visit, and I flatter myself I succeeded."

Down he put Charley, and the tear-swollen eyes of the widow were blest with the sight of the dear little creature, waggling and wriggling, and wooffing and snapping about as well as ever.

"Then I am happy indeed," said the widow.

"You ought to be so, Ma'am," said the female Day; "for this stratagem has decided your fate and fortune."

"Then now I may laugh as much as I please," said the widow. "One thing only grieves me. I am afraid, after this *équivoque*, if I mean to take advantage of your ingenuity, I must give my dear dog some other name."

The servants, to whom these results were owing, could not choose but wonder at their own success and the silliness of their mistress, whose happiness was secured by their adaptation of her weakness to existing circumstances. Mrs. Nethersole is now, as I have been told, the wife of the estimable Lemuel, and mother of two fine children,—the *ci-devant* Charley having descended to the care of the lady's maid: thus forcibly illustrating the proverb that "EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY."

---

#### CURIOUS ANAGRAM ON THE NAME OF MATHEWS.

The name of the late (Charles) Mathews furnishes so curious an instance of an Anagram, inasmuch as it completely illustrates his own peculiar power of identifying himself with the subjects of his imitations, that the "New Monthly" (albeit it eschews rebuses, charades, anagrams, conundrums, *et hoc genus omni*) has found a corner for the preservation of this:—

MATHEWS—*saw* them:

MATHEWS—*was* them!



## A NEW YEAR'S CAROL.

What, New Year's Day! Is it Thirty-Six?

A twelvemonth gone! As I'm alive,  
Old Time is playing odd pranks and tricks—

Last week I was welcoming Thirty-five!

Yes, that is the funeral knell I hear

Of Thirty-five—he is past the Styx;

Well, this is clear, if I've lost a year,

I've gained another—in Thirty-six.

A merry chime! for though, alack!

Cold wintry vapours shroud the East,

And Time has put on a suit of black,

In mourning for his child deceased—

Ring on, ring on!—Of the year that's gone,

Think that it brought more tears than ticks;

But of *this*, meanwhile, oh! think that a smile

May hallow each moment of Thirty-six.

Bring Fancy's flowers to crown the hours;

Flowers that Nature herself has not;

And let us play round the new-born Day,

And make man's hearth an enchanted spot.

Ah, "all very fine!" but kings must dine,

And peasants be cured of firing ricks,

And their babes some morn must become *unborn*,

If peace is to bless us in Thirty-six.

A peal! a peal!—We called a Peel

Last year to save the loom and plough;

And the foe, which was then a slippery eel,

Has grown to a boa-constrictor now.

On the Irish Church, the House of Lords,

Reform had then not dared to fix;

But now!—what weapons—pens or swords?

Are destined for use in Thirty-six?

The answer—hark!—Those merry bells

A new-year's joyous answer make;

The Church is *not* (each peal foretells)

In danger, though the steeple shake.

But can those bells close up the hells

Wherein the richer classes mix?

Or the Death-watch'd door, where flock the poor

To drink, in poison, to Thirty-six?

Oh! yes; ring on, ye bells; for hope,

And gladness, and glory, are in your sound;

And while each rope has frightened the Pope,

Your music O'Connell's "last speech" has drown'd.

So, honouring "law," though hating its claw;

Fearing no ministry, no, not Nick's;

May the honest be in, and the wise and good win,

And England sing pæans to Thirty-six!

Ring on, ring on! Of the year that's gone

Think that it brought more tears than ticks;

But of *this*, meanwhile, oh! think that a smile

May hallow each moment of Thirty-six.



## SIR WALTER SCOTT REVIEWED BY HIMSELF !

DR. THOMAS M'CRIE, the author of the "Life of Knox," upwards of twenty years ago, occasioned the most valuable *provocation*, as far as the results have proved, that perhaps ever occurred in literature. He threw forth a series of essays in a religious magazine, entitled "The Christian Instructor," in which he questioned the views given of the Scotch covenants in the Waverley novels, which roused the great lion of the north in his shadowy and mystic den, and made him sally forth (prowling in the darkness of night, it must be confessed) to defend the attacks made upon the stiff and mutilated carcases he had made his own. The defence put forth by Sir Walter Scott, powerful in itself—thrice powerful from the authorities which it brought to bear upon the subject—had a prodigious effect in settling the strife at the time at which it arose. In comparison with the missiles hurled by the Doctor, there turns were decisive indeed, and we are forcibly reminded of the natives of certain settlements, who threw stones at the monkeys, and thus provoked them to retaliate the war by a pelting back of cocoa-nuts ; it is the northern method amidst northern people of getting solid food and useful clothing for bits of old iron and broken beads. The value, however, of Sir Walter Scott's cocoa-nut is materially impaired when we find the questionable shape in which it comes. The answer he gave to Dr. M'Crie, elaborately and learnedly done, appeared in the "Quarterly Review" for January, 1817, and it is only by the recent publication of his collected prose works (vol. iii. "Periodical Criticism") that we are let into the secret of this article upon the "Tales of My Landlord" being written by their author. This singular third volume, which has been now published these three months, and which unravels the mystery of the "gentle craft" in a way that will be prejudicial to its extensive power, and is even dangerous to its very vitality—has not been remarked upon by review, magazine, journal, or newspaper, up to the present hour ; but the great name of the defaulter, like great names of all defaulters, is carefully shrouded, till the blaze will break forth.

There is in all great public authors a leading feature of the mind ; and as music was that of Coleridge's—self, that of Wordsworth's—love, that of Moore's—wit, that of Lamb's—so mystery was that of Sir Walter Scott's. His first poem, the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," was a fascinating border mystery. When the author of the Waverley novels was elected a member of the Roxburgh Club, and Sir Walter Scott was requested to apprise him of the election, he replied in a pleasant, mysterious letter, that he would hold the seat as *locum tenens*, until the author came, like Banquo, (only Banquo was *not* Macbeth,) "to push him from his seat." Sir Walter was a constant reviewer from the year 1825, delighting in the character, as certain actors delight in playing the Ghost in "Hamlet," because they stalk about in a shadowy light—carry in their hands the truncheon of power—deliver solemn warnings and judgments with all the awful authority of another world, and "wear their beavers up !" But this simple mystery was not sufficient to satisfy the genius-love of our Ariosto of the north—he discerned in the darkness of the lowest deep of reviewing, a lower deep ; for, not discovering to the proprietor or editor of a great review, that he himself was the author of the celebrated novels, he put himself forward as a reviewer of them, and



astonished all parties who were in the mystery of his being the reviewer, with the superiority of his historical knowledge of the early times and rude characters of Scottish history over that of the hitherto wizard of romance. Indeed, to close this long reference to the grounds on which we have made our assertion, that mystery was Sir Walter's passion, we cannot resist quoting the last passage in his own review of his own book, (with the note appended to and explaining it,) in which, through his brother in Canada, he again sports a mystery upon the world, as ingenious and amusing as it is characteristic.

"We intended here to conclude this long article, when a strong report reached us of certain Transatlantic confessions, which, if genuine, (though of this we know nothing,) assign a different author to these volumes than the party suspected by our Scottish correspondents. Yet a critic may be excused seizing upon the nearest suspicious person, on the principle happily expressed by Claverhouse, in a letter to the Earl of Linlithgow. He had been, it seems, in search of a gifted weaver, who used to hold forth at Conventicles: 'I sent to seek the webster (weaver), they brought in his *brother* for him: though he maybe cannot preach like his brother, I doubt not but he is as well principled as he, wherefore I thought it would be no great fault to give him the trouble to go to jail with the rest.'

[*Note.*—"About this time there had appeared a silly story in the American newspapers, of Sir Walter's brother, Thomas Scott, then with his regiment in Canada, having acknowledged himself to be the author of 'Waverley.' There is much jesting on the subject in Sir Walter's correspondence with his brother.—See 'Introduction to Waverley,' p. xxxiii."]

It has sometimes, we believe, in very select society been surmised, and it has been long well known amongst "the elder brethren of the Trinity House," that an author of a work upon some very abstruse or erudite subject has been concerned, if not the party actually committing the crime, in extending such knowledge or erudition in some one of the popular Reviews. It has never, however, until now been openly declared to the world, that a criminal may sit upon the bench as a judge upon his own trial. After this singular and influential declaration, *we's*, like Acres's damns, have had their day! How Mr. Murray, who possessed the manuscript of the article to which we have referred, in Sir Walter Scott's own hand-writing, and who, as conservator of the rights and interests of the "Quarterly Review," could allow its re-publication with the name of the writer, we are at a loss to surmise. The author, Sir Walter Scott, is called to account by *We*,—and *We* is Sir Walter Scott!

"Pardon my blushes, I am Delia!"

The reading of Sir Walter's periodical criticisms, owned as his children, will, we affirm, (we are ashamed to talk as *we*, conscious that we have but one right-hand, and one pen,) go greatly to pull down the monarchical government of criticism.

The long judicial cloak and buzzy wig being taken from the Individual sitting in *banco*, you find the pretended Court, not merely one, by itself one,—not only a partial "plural unit,"—not singly a suspicious personage,—but in fact, one of the gang—ay, the very culprit over whose offence he is superintending in the mockery of trial.

From Sir Walter Scott we certainly could not have expected such a self-betrayal as is now exhibited. But great as he is—interesting as a poet—immortal as a novelist—in many things as fine and inspired a



natural philosopher as Shakspeare himself!—in reviewing, he was mortal—and with all his lofty and brilliant qualities, he can afford to have his few literary faults made an example for the public good. He is now the reviewed as the reviewer,

“The desolater, desolate!  
The victor overthrown!  
The arbiter of others’ fate,  
A suppliant for his own!”

We purpose, in short, laying bare this singular criticism,—our immediate subject,—to our readers, and we do it with no regret, as still Sir Walter Scott’s fame, as poet and novelist, will swim on in undisturbed beauty on the placid, ever-flowing stream of time. In Wordsworth’s beautiful words it will,

“Like swans on sweet St. Mary’s lake,  
Float double, swan and shadow.”

The readers of the Reviews, like the readers of the Law Reports who read for the sake of judicial authorities, will, in the next few pages of this our Magazine, be astounded to find that they are relying upon something of less worth than even mere sketchy *Nisi Prius* Reports. We must come to evidence. There is no doubt that Sir Walter Scott was led into this great error (as we have already stated) of reviewing himself, from the utter inability of any other person potently to review him. He was, as we commenced this paper with informing our readers, attacked by Dr. M’Crie on points of facts, and we think there can be no doubt that he alone could triumphantly answer the assailant of the author of the “Tales of my Landlord,” with, as Penruddock says, “facts, facts, if you please, Sir, no comments.” Dressed, therefore, in a great deal of, and not in a little, brief authority, he rides over the worthy Doctor, as though he had him at the great battle of Prestonpans, or exterminated him on the decisive field of Culloden. The best passages, therefore, of Sir Walter Scott’s review of Sir Walter Scott, (which review can only be imagined, after all, by the reader being called upon some fine morning to go to Hyde Park to see the Duke of Wellington, in his character of Field-marshal, review the manœuvres of the Hero of Waterloo,) are those which corroborate the hitherto supposed romantic fictions gathered from the historical hints derived from the cursory readings of the worthy Baronet. Those fictions will be found to be based on Truth; nay, not only based upon truth, but to be statues, severely sculptured in the exact imitation of Truth itself.

All know “Old Mortality;”—thanks be to the universal homage paid to perfect genius,—all its creations are people of the world. We come, therefore, at once to the characters; Davie Gellatly, the Baron of Bradwardine’s fool, with his imbecility on solemn occasions, is akin, we find, to Jamie Duff, an Edinburgh idiot; “of an appearance equally hideous and absurd, dressed, as if in mockery, in a rusty and ragged black coat, decorated with a cravat and weepers made of white paper in the form of those worn by the deepest mourners, preceded almost every funeral procession in Edinburgh, as if to turn into ridicule the last rites paid to mortality.”

Meg Merrilies, the *natural* daughter, we should have thought, of one of Shakspeare’s witches! turns out to be Jean Gordon, of Yetholm, of



whom Sir Walter gives a curious historical account in the "Edinburgh Monthly Magazine." The passage quoted in the "Quarterly Review," illustrative of the character of Meg, is too long for quotation now. Old Mortality is Robert Paterson, of Closeburn, in Dumfries-shire, a man distinguished for piety and devotional feeling.

"Whether domestic affliction, or some other cause, induced him to adopt the wandering course of life described in the tale which bears his name, we have not been informed, but he continued it for many years, and about fifteen years since closed his weary pilgrimage in the manner described in the Introduction, 'being found on the highway, near Lockerby, in Dumfries-shire, exhausted and just expiring. The old pony, the companion of his wanderings, was found standing by the side of his master.' This remarkable personage is mentioned in a note upon Swift's Memoirs of Captain John Creighton, in Mr. Scott's edition of that author."—p. 30.

Bothwell, Sergeant Bothwell, the rugged ruffian who died at Balfour's hands, in our author's memorable phrase, "hoping nothing—believing nothing—and *fearing nothing!*" is thus illustrated—

"We may here briefly notice that Francis Stewart, the grandson and representative of the last Earl of Bothwell, who was himself a grandson of James V. of Scotland, was so much reduced in circumstances as actually to ride a private in the Life Guards at this period, as we learn from the Memoirs of Creighton, who was his comrade. Nothing else is known of him, and the character assigned to him in the novel is purely imaginary."—p. 34.

Bothwell's vivid scene at Tillietudlem, where he is detained all night by the hospitality of Lady Margaret Bellenden, who conceives she cannot pay too much attention to the soldiers of his most sacred Majesty, is a forcible copy from one painted by that homely, but terrific *Stanfield* in language, Daniel Defoe, in his "History of the Church of Scotland:" and the original and the copy are fearfully alike!

The testimony of Creighton and Guild, coupled with Blacader's *manuscript memoirs*, are the supporters of the incidents connected with Lord Evandale, and the *narrative* of James Russell bears out the rugged, severe, and infatuated murderer of Bishop Sharpe, John Balfour, the Burley of the romance.

The character of Claverhouse, evidently a favourite one of the author, is continually referred to, and various authorities (see from page 68 to 72 of the volume under review) are called forth to illustrate that remarkable man, in which were united the polish of the gentleman with the savage severity of the soldier.

Our readers will see that the most charming of fictions, floating as they do upon the lucid waves of the most buoyant language, are, after all, like the water lily, rooted in earth. They realise what has been said,—that there is no romance like the romance of real life. Towards the end of the article of Sir Walter Scott upon Sir Walter Scott, the reviewer-author defends *we* against the scriptural style of the zealots of the seventeenth century being used or imitated, and sometimes with ludicrous effect, in a fictitious narrative; and also the propriety of intruding, with what might be deemed an insolent familiarity, upon the received reverential and sacred character of the recusant presbyterians, collectively considered. Here we think he makes a masterly defence.

There is nothing peccant in that to which we have referred in the reviewer's review of the *reviewer*; nothing that bears us out in our re-



marks upon what Byron calls the “self-constituted judge.” But approach we now, hat in hand, with bowed head and serene demeanour, to the exhibition of a great man in difficulties. Firstly, we will refer to some of those passages which illustrate the *tricks* of criticism, and then we will, as shortly as possible, dismiss the strange hymns of an inspired man to himself—the oracular decisions delivered in the character of an elevated judge, which have struck us with so much wonder, and which serve, as we think, to form the leaven which compounds so great a genius with mankind!

We begin with the reviewer’s account of the author’s Waverley.

“The ease with which Waverley adopts, and afterwards forsakes the Jacobite party in 1745, is a good example of what we mean. Had he been painted as a steady character, his conduct would have been improbable. The author was aware of this; and yet, unwilling to relinquish an opportunity of introducing the interior of the Chevalier’s military court, the circumstances of the battle of Prestonpans, and so forth, he hesitates not to sacrifice poor Waverley, and to represent him as a reed blown about at the pleasure of every breeze. A less careless writer would probably have taken some pains to gain the end proposed in a more artful and ingenious manner. But our author was hasty, and has paid the penalty of his haste.”

Here, then, is the rebuke of the *critic* over the *author* :

“’Tis strange, ’tis passing strange!”

Again, the meeting of Balfour and Morton allows another farce of criticism.

“Balfour and Morton having left the village together, the former in the course of their journey discovers himself to Morton as an ancient comrade of his father, and on hearing the kettle-drums and trumpets of a body of horse approaching, prevails upon him to give him refuge in his uncle’s house of Milnwood. And here, like Don Quixote, when he censured the anachronisms of Mr. Peter’s Puppet-show, we beg to inform our novelist that cavalry never march to the sound of music by night, any more than the Moors of Jansuena used bells.”

The Black Dwarf is dismissed as an exorcised spirit, and we can only wonder that the author with the reviewer’s feelings ever stooped to the story.

What we have referred to, as author upon author, or reviewer upon author,—or rather Gifford upon Gifford, or Jeffery upon Jeffery—is inartificial and bad enough; but “though bad begins, yet worse remains behind.” We must, and with pain we must show St. Valentine without his armour, or rather show the knight looking into his mirrored shield, to gaze upon his own image, instead of turning it to dazzle, reflect, and subdue that uncouth Orson,—Mankind! This scene must be short:—

“We have dealt with this tale very much according to the Clown’s argument in favour of Master Froth—‘Look upon his face, I will be sworn on a book that his face is the worst part about him, and if his face be the worst part about him, how could Master Froth do the constable’s wife any harm?’ Even so we will take our oaths that the narrative is the worst part of the *Black Dwarf*, and that if the reader can tolerate it upon the sketch we have given him, he will find the work itself contains passages both of natural pathos and fantastic terror, not unworthy of the author of the scene of Steenie’s burial, in the *Antiquary*, or the wild tone assumed in the character of Meg Merrilies.”

This is mild—“But, lo! look where it comes again!”



“ One great source of the universal admiration which this family of Novels has attracted is their peculiar plan, and the distinguished excellence with which it has been executed. The objections that have frequently been stated against what are called Historical Romances, have been suggested, we think, rather from observing the universal failure of that species of composition, than from any inherent and constitutional defect in the species of composition itself. If the manners of different ages are injudiciously blended together—if unpowdered crops and slim and fairy shapes are commingled in the dance with volumed wigs and far-extending hoops—if in the portraiture of real character the truth of history be violated, the eyes of the spectator are necessarily averted from a picture which excites in every well-regulated and intelligent mind the hatred of incredulity. We have neither time nor inclination to enforce our remark by giving illustrations of it. But if those unpardonable sins against good taste can be avoided, and the features of an age gone by can be recalled in a spirit of delineation at once faithful and striking, the very opposite is the legitimate conclusion: the composition itself is in every point of view dignified and improved; and the author, leaving the light and frivolous associates with whom a careless observer would be disposed to ally him, takes his seat on the bench of the historians of his time and country. In this proud assembly, and in no mean place of it, we are disposed to rank the author of these works; for we again express our conviction—and we desire to be understood to use the term as distinguished from *knowledge*—that they are all the offspring of the same parent. At once a master of the great events and minuter incidents of history, and of the manners of the times he celebrates, as distinguished from those which now prevail—the intimate thus of the living and of the dead, his judgment enables him to separate those traits which are characteristic from those that are generic; and his imagination, not less accurate and discriminating than vigorous and vivid, presents to the mind of the reader the manners of the times, and introduces to his familiar acquaintance the individuals of his drama as they thought, and spoke, and acted.”—pp. 61, 62.

With the following we dismiss this questionable answer to the proverb of self-praise being no recommendation. It is indeed a masterly delineation of the fine objects of an author, a delineation which only an author perhaps could accomplish, or a self-reviewer could of himself dare with authority to utter.

“ The volume which this author has studied is the great book of Nature. He has gone abroad into the world in quest of what the world will certainly and abundantly supply, but what a man of great discrimination alone will find, and a man of the very highest genius will alone depict after he has discovered it. The characters of Shakspeare are not more exclusively human, not more perfectly men and women as they live and move, than those of this mysterious author. It is from this circumstance that, as we have already observed, many of his personages are supposed to be sketched from real life. He must have mixed much and variously in the society of his native country; his studies must have familiarized him to systems of manners now forgotten; and thus the persons of his drama, though in truth the creatures of his own imagination, convey the impression of individuals who, we are persuaded, must exist, or are evoked from their graves in all their original freshness, entire in their lineaments, and perfect in all the minute peculiarities of dress and demeanour.”—pp. 64, 65.

We have now done with a most interesting, and our readers perhaps may think, as far as we are concerned, ungracious subject. We have called up Sir Walter, in his habit as he lived, and it was indeed in Hamlet armour. It is right that we should say that with the defects



attendant upon self-criticism, as far as self-praise and self-correction go, we feel bound to admit, that allowing for the ardent march of mind in a man familiar with his subject, and putting him forth as the explainer instead of the *laudator* of his book, no one in certain cases might be so well fitted to be (in the sensible sense of the word) the public reviewer of his own book. Who so fit to carry on the topic, to purify it—to complete it—as the man who has made it the object of his heart? We remember in a daring country a perfect gamekeeper—the Walter Scott of the Wilds: The *Great Unknown* Harry Adams—Oh! what a pasty he could make—but first, he was the author of the sport—first he stalked the deer and rifled it—this was the romance—but he went farther, for he *flayed* and *cut it up*; and the pasty was the better because he knew which were the *historical* parts of the deer, as the meat was his own, and “familiar to him as household words.” Our Harry Adams was but the humble Sir Walter Scott realized in practical prose life—only that, as far as we remember, Harry *never praised himself*.

Sir Walter Scott,—and we feel almost as having sacrilegiously broken into the sacred temple and stolen the plate—is a spirit whose influence will be felt upon the imagination, the morals, the feelings and the conduct of mankind, not England’s—not Scotland’s—not Ireland’s—not any country’s mankind—but upon the world’s mankind, to the latest posterity. We have detected a speck in a great mirror, and have pointed it out—but we have pointed it out, because we think the speck in such a mirror is of vital consequence to the world that looks into it for an untarnished reflection.—It should not be forgotten that these papers are published with his name, *after* his death, without his sanction—but with that of his publisher. Sir Walter perhaps would be mortified to know, that the mask was torn from his face before the masquerade was over. No persons can admire or respect the character and genius of Scott more than we do. Our readers will say, in reading what we have written, wondering who the lost individual could be, who under the faded banners of *we*, could be so critical!

“Methinks I hear, in accents low,  
The sportive kind reply—  
Poor moralist! and what art thou?  
A solitary fly!”——

Sir Walter Scott, linked early and long in life to a prosaic profession which should naturally have kept his mind in a prose restriction, escaped the bounds of confinement, and seized every winged opportunity of poetry and beauty as it flitted by him. He never had to lament of “fair occasions gone for ever by!” Nothing passed him—nothing escaped him—and we (say I) who have been doomed to the same profession with none of his genius, but with an ardent aspiration after it, have coined no chance into a halfpenny which he would in a moment have molten into gold!—and while he, speaking even of his business qualities, never let a chance slip,—“Set it within his grasp!” We can safely say that *we* never with rare opportunities, found one that we did not feel to be presented to us with a *soaped tail*!



## COLONEL DOMINANT AND MR. TRUCKLE.

A SKETCH FROM THE LIFE.

---

“——I huff, I strut, look big, and stare,

“And all this I can do, because I dare.”—DRAWCANSIR.—*Rehearsal.*

---

PICARD, in the preface to one of his pleasant comedies, says of a certain character—“It was drawn from the life: its original paid me a visit one morning; almost whilst he was speaking I wrote down his words—*et voilà la scène.*” Thus, of the following sketch I may say, that it is a literal transcript from a scene or two which I actually witnessed. For an obvious reason I have introduced the *Dramatis Personæ* under fictitious names; but the *dialogue* I have given without exaggeration, and I really believe without the alteration of a material word.

If with unblushing effrontery I can confess, not only that I know where is Bloomsbury Square, but that I have been in it: if I have the hardihood to acknowledge as my friends human beings who absolutely reside there: nay, more; if, without the slightest sense of shame or of remorse I own that, upon occasion, I positively visit them; it will be the less wondered at that I should be capable of declaring in the face of all Europe that once I was at Margate. But as Goldsmith’s bear danced to “none but the genteelest of tunes,” so did I appear at none but the genteelest of places—the French Bazaar, Bettison’s Library, Clifton’s Bathing-Rooms,\* and Howe’s (THE ROYAL!) Hotel. Having stated thus much, I think it hardly worth recording, that one evening during my stay there I was *the* person in the boxes of the Theatre—the pit and gallery being tenanted by six others, inveterate play-goers like myself.

It was at Margate, then, that scenes the first and second occurred.

I was taking my dinner in the coffee-room at Howe’s Hotel. At a table opposite to mine, (the only other table in the spacious apartment that was occupied,) sat two gentlemen, whom I shall designate as Colonel Dominant and Mr. Truckle. The former was a tall man, thin and stiff, with red hair cut very close, large bilious-looking eyes, and complexion of the colour of the very best pickled mangoes. He wore a blue coat, buff waistcoat buttoned close up to the throat, white duck trowsers, and a black military stock. He was reclining back in his seat, reading a newspaper, with his feet, each resting on the back of a chair, elevated to a level with his own nose. He had lately returned from the East Indies after many years of profitable service—to himself at least.

Mr. Truckle was a small, slight man, of about five-and-forty years of age, with a head entirely destitute of hair, a good-humoured blue eye, and a perpetual smile upon a countenance strongly indicative of its owner’s willingness to be pleased and happy as long as the world would let him. He was drest in a black coat and waistcoat (not of the newest), white trowsers, and a white cravat ornamented with a huge bow and ends. His voice, like himself, was small, and his manners

---

\* A certain person at this place being once shown into a bath-room by no means remarkable for its cleanliness, with much simplicity inquired of the proprietor—“Pray, Sir, where is it people go to wash, after bathing here?”



mild and unassuming in the extreme. He sat opposite to the Colonel, with his hands resting on his knees, and his legs unostentatiously tucked under his chair. He was a distant relation of the Colonel's, who certainly did not seem inclined to diminish the distance between them by any inviting approaches on his part; and that he was the poor relation also, his attitude and demeanour, as contrasted with those of the former, sufficiently attested.

Generally speaking, there is nothing of the humorous or the ludicrous in a display of unfeeling domination on one side, of the "all this I dare do because I dare,"—and of helpless acquiescence on the other: pity for the oppressed, and disgust or hatred of his petty, paltry tyrant, are the only emotions it excites. There does not at this moment occur to me a more remarkable illustration of this than the early scenes between Sir Giles Overreach and Marall in the "New Way to pay Old Debts;" though there, perhaps, somewhat of contempt for the interested subserviency of the latter may mingle with one's compassion for his slavery. But in the case of Truckle it was otherwise: he was humble, submissive, and satisfied, as if he conceived it to be in the immutable nature of things that he should be so; and the *ludicrous* of the situation arose simply out of the immeasurable disproportion between his gentle attempts, now and then, to hint at a wish or a desire of his own, and the nature of the execration with which they invariably were met by Colonel Dominant.

Be it observed that the colonel's voice, though deep-toned, was harsh, and that his utterance was abrupt and snappish—sounding like the word of command when given by an ill-tempered drill-serjeant: except, indeed, when he delivered the emphatic word of the execration alluded to, and upon that he would drawl.

It was five minutes past six. Truckle looked at the clock which was facing him, hummed part of a tune, (accompanying himself by beating with his fingers on the table,) and hesitatingly, and in a gentle tone of voice, said—"Dear me! Five minutes past six! Well—I *think*—really I *do* think it is time they brought our dinner."

The Colonel threw down his paper suddenly, thrust his arm, (extending it to its full length across the table,) with his fore-finger pointed directly at Truckle's face, and vociferated—

"What's that?—I say, Sir, what's that you say?"

"Why, Sir," mildly, and smilingly, replied Truckle, "dinner was ordered at six; it is now five minutes past; and as they might as well be punctual, I merely ventured to—"

"D——n your ARROGANCE!! Punctual! Have the poor devils here nothing to do but attend upon you? Have *I* complained? Am I in any hurry for *my* dinner? Yet *you* talk about punctual! D——n your arrogance!"

"True, Sir, you didn't *say* you were in any hurry, but I—I thought, Sir—"

"Thought! *Thought*, did you? *You* thought! Da—a—a—a—*mn* your arrogance!"

Arrogance and poor little Truckle named in the same year! He, in thought, feeling, manner, and conduct, an impersonation of humility!

Their dinner was served. Dominant helped himself, and then thrust



the dish across to his companion. Just at this time I happened to call to a waiter for some Chili vinegar.

"Dear me!" said Truckle, looking into his plate, smiling, and rubbing his hands at the same time—"Dear me! I think—yes, really I *do* think I should like a little Chili vinegar myself. Waiter! Bring *me* a little Chili vinegar, too."

"What's that you want, Sir? I say, Sir, what's that you want?" (These words were accompanied by the same gesture of pointing the finger as before.)

"Why, Sir," answered Truckle, "I heard that gentleman ask for Chili vinegar, and I thought that—Chili vinegar, you know, is a very nice relish, Sir; so I thought that when that gentleman had quite done with it, why—why *I* should like a little Chili vinegar."

"Chili vinegar! D——n your arrogance! Who are you, Sir, that you can't eat your dinner without Chili vinegar? Do *I* ask for Chili vinegar? But it's just like you, with your insatiable desires: whatever you see or hear of you want, d——n your arrogance! Waiter! No Chili vinegar to be brought to *this* table. Chili vinegar, indeed! *Da—a—a—mn* your arrogance!"

\* \* \* \* \*

*Scene the Second.*—In the evening I went into Bettison's Library. They were playing eight-shilling loo. I approached the table. Close to it, and in the front rank of a small crowd, forming three or four deep, stood Truckle. He was earnestly watching the proceedings, but did not play; though ever and anon his right hand made an ineffective move towards his breeches' pocket. A few games had 'come off,' and the insinuating dealer was announcing, in the usual seductive phrase, the near completion of another:—

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, *only* three numbers wanting to complete this loo: 2, 3, and 5.—Thank'ee, Sir.—Only 2 and 5, vacant.—Thank'ee, Madam.—Number 3 gone.—Only *one* wanting.—No. 5 vacant."

Here was a tantalizing pause. There was no bidder for No. 5. At length Truckle exclaimed:—

"Dear me! Well, now, I think—really I *do* think *I'll* have a chance."

His hand made a desperate plunge into his pocket, and, in an instant, or ere reflection could come to his aid, his shilling lay glittering on the table. In the same second of time a voice was heard from behind the crowd:—

"What are you doing there, Sir? I say, Sir, what is it you are doing there?"

There stood Colonel Dominant, his white hat seen high above the crowd in front of him, his outstretched arm reaching over their heads, and the fatal fore-finger pointing directly in the face of poor Truckle, who had turned as suddenly as if he had been *twirled* round by some mechanical power inherent in and peculiar to the voice of his tyrant.

"I say, Sir, what is it you are doing there?"

Not in the slightest degree confused or abashed by this authoritative interference, public as it was, Truckle good-humouredly replied:—

"Why, Sir, I—You see, Sir, this is a loo; and by putting down a shilling——"



“Put down a shilling! *You*, Sir! D—n your arrogance! How dare you put down a shilling? Take it up, Sir.”

“But this is a loo, you see, Sir; and by putting down one shilling I may win seven; that is to say, I may win a ticket which ——”

“D—n your arrogance! Win seven upon one! What right have you to try to win seven shillings of these poor people’s money with one of yours? D—n your arrogance! Take it up. Take it up, I say. *Ta—a—a—ke* it up, Sir. *Da—a—a—mn* your arrogance!”

\* \* \* \* \*

*Scene the third.*—I left Margate by the steamer. We had completed about one hour of our homeward-bound voyage when Colonel Dominant ascended the deck from the after-cabin. He set himself down on the gunwale, midway between the stern of the vessel and the paddle-box. I believe I have applied the term “gunwale” correctly; but, not feeling perfectly at my ease concerning it, it were safer I should explain that thereby I mean the sort of paling which runs along the sides of the deck to prevent one’s tumbling into the water. By this modest caution two points are gained: if the term be the proper one, it might still be unintelligible to many whose voyages, like my own, have been limited to those seas; if otherwise, I have taken it out of the power of any seaman more experienced than myself to assail me with—“D—n *your* arrogance!”

The Colonel, as I have said, was sitting on the gunwale, in that aristocratic division of a Margate Steamer which lies between the paddle-box and the stern. His arms were superciliously folded across his chest; his head was erect and motionless, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left; whilst his eyes disdained to encounter any meaner object than the glorious heavens themselves. Presently I saw emerging from the fore-cabin, the happy, good-humoured Mr. Truckle. Smiling, and rubbing his hands together with an air of self-enjoyment, no sooner were his feet fairly on deck than, in the fulness of his delight, he exclaimed:—

“Capital breakfast! I never made a better breakfast in all my life. *And* such a beautiful morning as it is! *And* such a fine passage as we shall have!”

Trippingly he approached the Colonel.

“Charming morning, Sir! I’m happy to inform you the captain assures me that ——”

On the instant, out went the arm with the portentous fore-finger at the end of it.

“What do you want here, Sir? D—n your arrogance! What do you want here?”

“Why, Sir, as the Captain told me that we shall have a delightful passage, and that we shall be at the Tower by half-past three, I thought you’d like to kn——”

“D—n your arrogance! Come here, Sir.”

The Colonel, followed by Truckle, placed himself in front of the paddle-box, and directed the attention of the latter to certain words which were thereon inscribed; saying—

“Read that, Sir. Read that, I say.”

Truckle looked at the words for just so long a time as might suffice to read them, and then nodded his head in token that he had done so.

“Do you hear me, Sir? Read that.”



"Well, Sir, I have read it ;" replied Truckle with his usual smile.

"You have read it! D——n your arrogance! Read it aloud, Sir."

Truckle read :

*"Whoever passes the paddle-box will be expected to pay the FIRST-CABIN fare."*

"Then, d——n your arrogance! what do you do here? Go back, Sir."

"Why, Sir, as I said before, I thought you might like to——"

"And, because you presume to think, am I to pay two shillings additional for your d——'d arrogance? Go back, Sir; d——n your arrogance! Go back—Go back, I say; g—o—o—o back, da—a—a—mn your arrogance!"

\* \* \* \* \*

The last time I saw poor Truckle, I accidentally met him as he was descending the steps of some chambers in Paper Buildings, Temple. I amused myself for some time in fancying what could have been his business there. At length I came to this conclusion:—He was desirous of saying to Colonel Dominant that "his soul was his own ;" and had been to take the opinion of counsel learned in the law as to whether he had any right to make the assertion.

P.\*

## EBENEZER ELLIOTT'S POETRY.

### THE THIRD VOLUME.

This volume is in all respects equal to its predecessors, and in some even superior. We ought to have noticed it some time ago. We have laid it aside month after month, to deal with more ephemeral things. Our only excuse is that such poetry as Mr. Elliott writes cannot be endangered now by this sort of neglect; while the forward part we have so often taken in recommending it, repels the imputation of personal indifference. We are, indeed, deeply interested in the produce of Mr. Elliott's genius; as who is not, to whom the reality of something great and excellent in the world, beyond the shocks of accident, the inequalities of social life, and the fluctuations of opinion, is a matter dear and desirable?

We know of no one to whom the contents of the volume now lying on our table do not address themselves, or by whom they may not be read with the deepest and most instructive interest. To all, we care not of what class, who are in any way connected with the earth, with its fears, its hopes, its wants, and its relations,—whether they see reflected there images of formidable power or pitiable tears,—the poetry of Mr. Elliott can never be indifferent. The strengths as well as the weaknesses of the Poor have, indeed, found a voice in it.

Mr. Elliott's faults are the faults of his position, and in some respect, of the nature of the subjects with which he chooses to deal. The passions he treats of cannot always move in a round of beauty; nor can men whom circumstances oblige to "feed upon their own hearts," as Fielding expresses it, men who are "made desperate by too quick a sense of constant infelicity," be expected to behave at all times with temper or decorum. We will say at the same time, that in our opinion Mr. Elliott occasionally thinks too much evil of fugitive and imaginary evil, and fails to turn it, as his fine nature might, immediately to good account. For the same reason the pathos of his writing is at times too deep, painful, and overpowering; and



let us add, that the severity of his wrath might, without any sacrifice of profound and truthful effect, control, temper, and chasten itself with some touch of Lear's philosophy—

“ Our basest beggars  
Are in the poorest things superfluous ! ”

Mr. Elliott's beauties are those of a genuine poet. His nature is richly gifted, his intellect is subtle and strong, and he has keen and burning sympathies. The exterior world, in its grand and minute aspects, is within his knowledge; not an object there is devoid of expression to him, not a feature of the great landscape but in his writings has some character of power evolved from it, some association with the pleasures or pains of humanity. Emphatically he is the poet of the Poor, of those whose only wealth is that of the eternal hills, and valleys, and chiming streams; but not the less is he the poet of all men who have sympathies with the beautiful and good. “ The readers of my two first volumes,” says Mr. Elliott, with a noble and just-hearted confidence (we quote from a preface to the present volume, which is, at times, remarkably eloquent, and, in passages, remarkably bitter)—

“ are, I believe, mostly poor people, who would have bought more of my books, if they had not wanted bread; and the sale, I have no doubt, will keep pace exactly with their progress in knowledge, virtue, and freedom. I know not whether my publisher is satisfied, I trust he is; but, for myself, I am sufficiently rewarded, if my poetry has led one poor, despairing victim of misrule from the ale-house to the fields; if I have been chosen of God to show his desolated heart, that though his wrongs have been heavy, and his fall deep, and though the spoiler is yet abroad—still in the green lanes of England the primrose is blowing, and on the mountain top the lonely fir pointing with her many fingers to our Father in heaven! to Him whose wisdom is at once inscrutable and indubitable, and to whom ages are as a moment! to Him who has created another and a better world for all who act nobly or suffer unjustly here—a world of river-feeding mountains, to which the oak will come in his strength, and the ash in her beauty—of chiming streams, and elmy vales, where the wild flowers of our country, and among them the little daisy, will not refuse to bloom.”

Such, indeed, continue to be the lessons of Mr. Elliott's poetry, as the present volume exquisitely proves. It opens with a drama, and closes with what the author somewhat unjustly, at least according to the present use of the word, calls a melodrama; while between these stand several minor pieces of singular pathos and beauty, true in their imagery as nature herself, and full of good and fine verses, deep in thought and masterly in words. Other pieces there are, not less striking though of a different character—rapid in their transitions from one tone of feeling to another, intensely sarcastic, variously vehement, eloquently true—presenting a succession of remarkable pictures, and giving perpetually fresh shocks of amazement and delight.

Let us quote, at once and at random, from the poem of “ Win-Hill,” an extract in illustration of the mixed style of Elliott:—

“ This day, ye mountains ! is a holiday ;  
Not the bless'd Sabbath, yet a day of rest,  
Though wrung, by cant, from sordid men, who pay  
Their homage to the god whom cant loves best :  
I hallow it to heaven, and make it blessed.  
Wild Moscar Dell, receive me ! headlong Wye,  
Let my soul hear thee from the mountain's breast,  
Telling thy streamlets, as they leap from high,  
That richer, lovelier vales, and nobler hills are nigh !

“ Now quit thy home, thou bread-tax'd artisan !  
Drink air and light, pale victim, while thou may'st !  
What dost thou hence, umbrella'd Englishman,  
Bound to thy pagod in the streeted waste ?



Deem'st thou that God dwells only where thou pray'st?  
 Come worship here, while clouds the hill-tops kiss!  
 Death numbereth them who linger where thou stay'st.  
 Bliss-praying suppliant! why shunn'st thou bliss?  
 Oh, can ye hope for heaven, and scorn a scene like this?

"Thy sisters, in the vales left far behind,  
 Are dead, late-coming primrose! months ago,  
 They faded slowly in the pensive wind:  
 Thou smilest—yes, the happy will do so,  
 Careless of others' wrongs and others' wo.  
 Carnationed childhood's favourite! thou, too, here?  
 Ay, roses die, but daisies always grow.  
 Skeleton ash! why lag behind the year?  
 Where Don and Rother meet, no half-clad boughs appear.

"Nor there, are children of the young year seen;  
 But tawdry flowers flaunt where they grew, and tell  
 How soon they died! even as the base and mean  
 Laugh o'er a good man's grave. But near the well  
 That never fails, the golden pimpernel  
 Enjoys the freshness of this Alpine clime;  
 And violets linger in each deep cool dell,  
 As lowly virtues of the olden time  
 Cling to their cottage-homes, and slowly yield to crime."

Again, from a poem called the "Excursion," still stronger and finer:—

"Dear children! when the flowers are full of bees;  
 When sun-touch'd blossoms shed their fragrant snow;  
 When song speaks like a spirit, from the trees  
 Whose kindled greenness hath a golden glow;  
 When, clear as music, rill and river flow,  
 With trembling hues, all changeful, tinted o'er  
 By that bright pencil which good spirits know  
 Alike in earth and heaven;—'tis sweet, once more,  
 Above the sky-tinged hills to see the storm-bird soar.

"'Tis passing sweet to wander, free as air,  
 Blythe truants in the bright and breeze-bless'd day,  
 Far from the town—where stoop the sons of care  
 O'er plans of mischief, till their souls turn grey,  
 And dry as dust, and dead-alive are they,  
 Of all self-buried things the most unblest'd:  
 Oh, morn, to them no blissful tribute pay!  
 Oh, night's long-courted slumbers! bring no rest  
 To men who laud man's foes, and deem the basest best!

"God! would they handcuff thee? And, if they could,  
 Chain the free air, that, like the daisy, goes  
 To every field; and bid the warbling wood  
 Exchange no music with the willing rose  
 For love-sweet odours, where the woodbine blows  
 And trades with every cloud, and every beam  
 Of the rich sky! Their gods are bonds and blows,  
 Rocks, and blind shipwreck; and they hate the stream  
 That leaves them still behind, and mocks their changeless dream."

We regret that we are obliged to limit our extracts. We can only hope that our readers will put themselves in possession of the volume. We must not close even this brief notice, however, without remarking of the opening drama of "Kerhonah," that it would be impossible to imagine anything finer, or more exactly true, in the real as well as the imaginative sense, than the language which Mr. Elliott places in the mouths of the Indians. It presents at once the habits of their lives, and the wild irregular grandeur of their homes.



## MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

---

Liberality of Sir Robert Peel—Middlesex Justice—The Postmen and their Grievances—Popular Journals suspended.

---

LIBERALITY OF SIR ROBERT PEEL.—It is not very easy to define “liberality,” as it regards political sentiment or political conduct; he who is most liberal in his opinions is often least so in his actions; and, on the other hand, the illiberal in theory is as often a model of generosity in practice. The philanthropist of public life is sometimes a misanthrope at home; while the advocate of arbitrary government is the unaffected, unassuming, amiable centre of a peaceful family-circle—of a little “liberty hall,” where everybody is happy after his own plan. These anomalies have ever been, and must ever be, until Mr. Owen shall succeed in landing us all in safety in his far-floating Millennium, the political paradise. But politics apart, liberality is easy of definition. A gentleman could scarcely define it better than by allowing the line of a railroad, from which he cannot possibly derive individual advantage or influence, to traverse his own estate. It is an instance of this species of liberality, most freely and unostentatiously offered in the conduct of Sir Robert Peel, that, amidst the political conflict and turmoil of the time, calls for a few words of unaffected praise. The railway, among other great purposes that it has served, has helped us to understand human character, and to weigh the value of liberal professions. The fast friend to commercial enterprise, the most disinterested champion of the general weal, flinches from the proposition of a railroad, however beneficial to the public, if it threatens to trench, in the remotest degree, upon his exclusive enjoyments. It is not merely when his park is threatened with invasion—when a private road is to be intersected—when a mere bog, that he has the happiness of calling his own, is to be crossed by the necessary course of a grand undertaking; but if the line of national convenience come within a mile of him—if he be within hearing of the rolling of a wheel—if a puff of smoke come within the range even of his telescope—away goes all his devotion to public utility, his ardour for national aggrandisement. A cabbage of his own is more sacred in his eyes than the cause of science; the seclusion of a summer-house, belonging to *him*, his private property, is of more importance than the commercial junction of two vast towns, and the development of the energies of industrious millions. How rare are the exceptions to this rule among the wealthy, and especially among those who happen to be “patriotic” also! How honourable is the exception furnished in the conduct of Sir Robert Peel, with reference to the Birmingham and Derby railway! Every one who has read the speech delivered by Sir Robert, at Tamworth, on this subject, will concur in the justice of an opinion expressed in the “Railway Gazette,” that “in this admirable exposition of the necessity of giving the utmost encouragement to the laying down of railways, and of the advantages, private and public, individual and national, to be derived from their construction and use, the Right Honourable Baronet has displayed the most intimate knowledge of the subject in detail, with views the most patriotic and statesman-like—the most comprehensive and just—that have hitherto been elicited in connexion with the great master-work of modern invention.” But Sir Robert has done more; he has thus given his valuable advocacy to a measure against which his own personal interests and feelings were enlisted; and in this sacrifice of private consideration he is joined by his brother, Mr. Yates Peel. When, on the contrary, we see persons like—but it might be invidious to mention two or three names out



of a long list—doing their very utmost, in secret, to thwart a project that threatens even a distant intrusion upon the sanctity of their domains, and applauding it openly when, by an alteration of the line, it promises to serve their own interests, or only to annoy other people a few miles off, it seemed to us but bare justice to Sir Robert Peel and his family, to point out an act of liberality so honourable and so rare—one, respecting which there can be no “dissentient voice,” even in the stormiest political circle.

MIDDLESEX JUSTICE.—The *Spectator* is perfectly right in saying that the “mode of administering what is called ‘justice’ by the Middlesex Magistrates is sometimes most extraordinary.” But we have no hopes that a recent proceeding of theirs will open the eyes of all to the necessity of a change. The public had seen enough before to be convinced of this necessity; but it is astonishing how long people will continue to stare, and yet see nothing.

The proceeding we refer to is the decision—the decisions rather—in the case of Mr. M. Barnett, *not* the musical composer, as some reports have stated, but an actor at the new St. James’s Theatre. He had been found guilty of an assault upon his wife, from whom he had long lived apart, and to whom he made a weekly allowance; but who, fancying probably that he could spare her more than ten or twelve shillings a week, refused on one occasion to quit his house. The assault consisted in his summoning two policemen and assisting in a forcible removal of her. There would be an end to society altogether if there were no law to meet a case of this kind. The policemen and Barnett were indicted; and the latter being, by this process, deprived of witnesses, was found guilty, while the policemen, who had only obeyed his directions, were acquitted. These, on his being brought up for judgment, joined him in affidavit as to the absence of violence, &c.; but the fact of forcible removal, under circumstances not warranting such a proceeding either in a moral or legal sense, remained against him, and the chairman (Sir William Curtis) delivered the sentence of the court as follows:—“That he pay a fine of ten pounds to the King; that he be imprisoned three months in the House of Correction; that he find bail to keep the peace at the end of that time, for twelve months towards his wife; and that he be further imprisoned till such fine be paid and the securities entered into.” The sentence came like a clap of thunder; but their worships would hear of no appeal,—they were in a mood for justice; the court broke up, and the actor, astounded by such a tragical termination to his farce, was removed in custody. Had he been but a scene-shifter, in custody he would have remained to this hour; but his friends came about him, his wife was sought after to make an appeal in his favour for a “consideration;” a couple of magistrates, residing in the vicinity, were hunted up, and Mr. Beazley, the architect, undertook a voyage of discovery in quest of Sir William Curtis, whom he at length found, and who promised to return to the vacated bench as soon as he had transacted his “business” in the city. The court was at last re-composed; and within a few hours after the above sentence had been passed, this same Sir W. Curtis,—without hearing a new fact, without assigning the shadow of a reason for the change in his view of “justice,”—ordered Mr. Barnett to be put to the bar, and *discharged him upon payment of ten pounds*. Is there, “in the memory of the oldest inhabitant,” a parallel to this proceeding? Oh! yes,—but let us hope not out of Middlesex. The ten pound fine may, for ought we can tell, be all that the case demanded; if so, how are we to reconcile with a sense of justice the three months’ imprisonment, and the twelve months’ security in addition? If otherwise, what are we to think of Sir W. Curtis, thus influenced by private interest and pleadings, to come down to the court, and pass sentence as though he had not solemnly and deliberately given a judgment in the morning? The sacred functions of justice, as exercised in this affair, are turned to a



mummery a thousand times more ridiculous than any that Mr. Barnett ever acted in. A Middlesex magistrate on the stage would be a caricature of Justice Midas, almost too broad and gross for laughter. Yet in actual life, his fantastic tricks scarcely excite notice, and provoke at most but a "this is too bad!" from the passing moralist.

---

THE POSTMEN AND THEIR GRIEVANCES.—Of the whole army of officials, the postman is the one who stands on the most friendly terms with the public—the one who is best known to us all. The visits of the tax-gatherer are frequent, and his face is familiar to most people; but he is far from being a general favourite. The postman is always welcome—he *may* be the messenger of good tidings. Even if his news be bad, we have had the pleasure of a hope—a few moments' delightful curiosity—the profound sensation which his own exclusive knock seldom fails to produce—or his own individual ring; for the postman touches both knocker and bell-pull in a style peculiar to himself, indicating peremptoriness and importance, and announcing, in the most intelligible sounds, the arrival of a Government agent. He is the link that connects us with distant friends—the channel of the great stream of business—the moving rail-road of communication. Of all public servants, his duty, perhaps, is the most laborious,—of all public servants, he is assuredly the worst paid. He is allowed but the bare means of subsistence,—scarcely so much, in the exercise of a calling of considerable trust: he perambulates the metropolis, in all weathers, from morning to night; and when, in old age, he has fairly walked himself off his legs, he is doomed to sit down and starve in retirement, "unpaid, unpensioned, and unknown."

Some of the grievances of which the General Post letter-carriers are now loudly complaining, are of many years' standing; others have arisen out of more recent regulations for the public convenience. The opening of District-offices, for the receipt of letters at a later hour than formerly, has led to the suppression of the *bell*, and the consequent loss to the postmen of the penny-fees, which amounted annually to a considerable sum, and, divided among the general body of carriers, adding something acceptable to their salaries. Of these General Post letter-carriers, there are about three hundred, to whom is entrusted the collection of revenue to the extent of 300,000*l.* per annum; and such is the diligence and honesty with which they have discharged their duties, that, during the past half-century, the annual amount of loss on collection has not exceeded *one pound* in 300,000*l.* And how is this onerous and hazardous service rewarded? They are paid in classes—sixty at 25*s.* per week, sixty at 23*s.*, sixty at 21*s.*, and, we believe, the remainder at 14*s.* Those, at the higher salaries, are paid in proportion to the assumed value of the labour they perform; those at the lowest rate "have their wages reduced in proportion to the computed increase of their receipts, in postages, on the supposition that the mercantile houses, in their respective walks, will pay them handsomely for placing their daily amounts of postage to account, and letting these stand over for quarterly payment." Surely this ought not to be. The transactions between the carriers and receivers of letters are "founded on *capital*," provided by the former, who are compelled to make weekly payments at the Post-office, and to bear all losses that may arise from giving credit. While the Post-office is protected from all possibility of loss, it is neither dignified nor just to take advantage of a poor carrier's hard savings, so employed in giving credit, upon the chance of a *douceur* at Christmas. With respect to the *bell*, they have the verdict of a Parliamentary conference in their favour: they are entitled to some compensation for their abolished fees—fees so regularly calculated upon as to form an essential part of their salaries. The letter-carriers, after memorializing the present Postmaster-General in vain, on the subject of their claims, determined upon adopting the popular remedy in such cases, and called a general meeting of their "order," to discuss, deliberate, and decide.



They met in their own hall, at the Post-office; but the orator, it may be the "agitator," of the body, was not permitted to enter. The men immediately rallied round him as their champion: they met elsewhere—exasperation increased; and the result is, that an official answer has been accorded to their complaints, in the form of a dismissal from the establishment of two of the carriers, named Bray and Goodfellow. It is earnestly to be hoped, that the Earl of Lichfield will return a conciliatory answer to the complaints that have been laid before him; and that, while, in other and higher cases, "ancient custom" is held to be law, and "vested rights" are respected and compensated, the golden rule will not be violated in the case of the poor, hardworking postmen, and their penny-privileges.

POPULAR JOURNALS SUSPENDED.—In France, the suspension of a popular journal is no uncommon occurrence, arising, perhaps, out of the threatened suspension of its conductor. In America, the event happens daily; but there the interregnum arises from a revolution in the family circle of the editor—"In consequence of our wife having experienced an attack of mosquito, this journal is for the present discontinued." To an American editor, his domestic partner is a "domestic leader," and his children are as "forward paragraphs"—if anything happens to them, the newspaper is temporarily suppressed. We have hitherto managed these things differently in England; and it has never once happened to *The Times* to be suspended, even in the holiday season,—Christinas or New Year's day,—by its editor's devotion to a "party." Its foreign articles have never been postponed in consequence of Turkey, nor its Parliamentary comments omitted on account of Punch. What may hereafter take place, it is impossible to say, now that the fashion of discontinuance on the ground of editorial comfort has been set by one journalist, and followed by another. The first of the two cases referred to is that of Mr. Walker, whose *Original* has been so much quoted, and which seemed to be as prosperous as good sense and good humour could make it. (How pleasant it is—and how rare—to praise a magistrate for good sense and good humour!) In the midst of this success, Mr. Walker drops his pen and postpones his next number until February. The long candle-light evenings render the task of writing less convenient to his eyes, and his journal has borne him sometimes into the current of society, where freedom of life is substituted for freedom of living. To avoid both, he abjures pen and ink for a quarter of a year. He is quite right, and so is the editor of the *Railway Gazette*, who has so promptly taken the hint by taking temporary leave of his readers, in order to renovate his cast iron for a season, and "get up his steam" again when the fogs are gone. This is making the editorial life quite "free and easy," and treating readers as a philosopher might treat his guests—locking up the larder and wine-cellar, bidding his cook and butler retire for the night, and desiring his company to look after their own comforts, as he felt it the pleasantest thing in the world to go to bed. A mere intimation that he meant to dine at home that day three months would be all the ceremony that our brace of editors have observed towards their readers—readers who are to them what Garrick's familiars were to him—

"He cast off his friends as the huntsman his pack,

For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back."

The only disadvantage is, that the pack may be out of hearing when the whistle sounds. To editors with particularly "indulgent readers," who will be as patient as Dr. Johnson, and answer you with a "Sir, I can wait"—the plan is most eligible; but for ourselves, February, short as it is, passes for a month, and we shall observe the old fashioned habit of not skipping it, for the purpose of stealing a March before it falls due. Dying is certainly not very difficult; but then the principle of resuscitation is still wrapped in uncertainty.



## CRITICAL NOTICES.

Visit to Alexandria, Damascus, and Jerusalem, during the successful Campaign of Ibrahim Pasha. By Edward Hogg, M.D.

Dr. Hogg, we learn from himself, is an English physician, who having gained a competency, and lost his health by extensive practice, retired to Italy to recruit, and from thence proceeded to Alexandria, thence embarked for Syria, ascended Mount Lebanon, passed over to Balbec, returned by Damascus, visited Lady Hester Stanhope, descended to the sea-shore, and explored the sites of ancient Tyre and Sidon; thence journeyed to Jerusalem, embarked at Jaffa, and landed again in Egypt; ascends the Nile to Upper Egypt, was hospitably entertained in a tomb at Dendera, came down the river again, and landed at Cairo, where the tour ends abruptly with sundry asterisks! This excursion, if performed half a century ago, would have immortalized the bold man who ventured so far; but now we may say of these places, as the Roman satirist did of those with which he was daily bored—

“None knows his home so well,  
As we the grove of Mars and Vulcan’s cell.”

It is fortunate, however, for a tourist, when he is able to avail himself of an interesting time to make his excursion. New men give a novelty to old places, and present incidents add a charm to trite and beaten paths. It was Dr. Hogg’s fortune to pass through Egypt and Syria during the expedition of Mehemet Ali’s army against the Sultan, and he had an opportunity of witnessing men and things which an ordinary traveller has not. He was introduced first to Mehemet Ali, whose great favourite and prime minister is an Armenian Christian. The travellers were made to sit familiarly on the divan, beside the great Pasha, and he entered freely into the discussion of various subjects, particularly his four expeditions to Syria, of which he told some amusing anecdotes. One was of an European traveller who entered Damascus, when he was immediately seized by the Pasha and bastinadoed. When it was afterwards reported to the Pasha that the ambassador of the power to which the traveller belonged would make a complaint to the Sultan, who would exact from him a severe retribution, he immediately seized on the unfortunate surrogee, or guide, who brought the traveller there, and gave him 500 blows on the soles of his feet for being the cause of involving him in such a dilemma. This punishment of the innocent guide was thought a sufficient atonement to the traveller for his sufferings; and Turkish justice was satisfied when two unoffending people equally suffered. The beautiful city of Damascus is peculiarly distinguished for the intractable intolerance of its inhabitants, and the arbitrary tyranny of its Pashas. Mr. Farren, the British Consul-General, would not be suffered to enter it.

Mehemet Ali told his own story with true Turkish candour. The Turks are perfect republicans in their hatred of hereditary distinctions. It is a man’s highest boast that he is the architect of his own fortunes. Mehemet came to Egypt a common soldier, without having, as he said, “a man to light his pipe.” He is now one of the greatest Oriental sovereigns in existence. He has lost nothing of his original manners. Was free and communicative, assumed no style, and laughed heartily at his own sayings and doings. “He was simply dressed, without either embroidery or jewels, save a sabre plainly mounted in gold. His stature is rather under the middle size; he does not appear to be more than sixty; is plump and well looking, with dark, restless, piercing eyes, an animated countenance, and a prepossessing manner. He is still fresh and unwrinkled; and although his head is silvery, it adds only a certain dignity to his aspect, without giving him the appearance of age. His manner of speaking is quick and



lively, and he laughs often and heartily." Notwithstanding his introduction of European arts, his own apartments exhibit nothing of them. Though spacious, they had an empty and forlorn look; the only article of furniture they contained was a small table standing in the middle of a large, naked room. The dreary unpainted walls were only varied near the door by having on each side four or five coloured prints in black frames, disposed without order, and stuck close together. These few paltry pictures so stuck against the wall are characteristic of a barbarian's first approach to European refinement—like King Pepel on the coast of Africa, whose only cover was a laced coat.

While in Egypt, news arrived of the surrender of Damascus to Ibrahim Pasha, and our author embarks for Syria. He lands at Tripoli, and finds the place filled with military proceeding to join the victorious Ibrahim. The cavalry were well mounted, handsomely accoutred, and were manœuvring on the sands; and what most agreeably surprised the people among whom they came, was that they abstained from plunder and actually paid for such things as they wanted; and this unprecedented proceeding naturally enough made the poor people always wish for such soldiers, and that they might beat the Turks, from whom they had experienced such different treatment. From hence he proceeded to Damascus, where a similar scene had taken place,—an insurrection against the Pasha, who shut himself up in the citadel; but he was compelled to capitulate, and the insurgents cut off his head with those of four of his principals, and paraded them on pikes through the streets. Political insurgents in all countries are the same; and the barbarous rabble of Damascus did as the polished citizens of Paris under the same excitement.

Among the most untrodden parts of the Doctor's tour is his visit to the ruins of Balbec. This ancient city of the sun is considered as curious and remote as Palmyra; but while the latter continues nearly inaccessible at the present day, the former is within the compass of any Syrian traveller's route. Our author's description of its present state is curious and interesting.

We are informed by our author that it was principally at the suggestion of Sir William Gell that he made and published his *Tour*, and we feel, therefore, indebted to the Baronet not less for his own ingenious works than for the volumes of this intelligent and agreeable traveller.

#### Pencillings by the Way. By N. P. Willis, Esq. 3 vols.

We really ought to be very proud: the present month has given to the public six distinct works, already stamped with decided success, whose authors have been regular contributors to the pages of our Magazine.\* Mr. Bulwer's "*Rienzi*," Mr. Hook's "*Gilbert Gurney*," Mr. Grattan's "*Agnes de Mansfeldt*," Mrs. S. C. Hall's "*Outlaw*," Mr. James's "*One in a Thousand*," and Mr. Willis's "*Pencillings*," have one and all their admirers—and all their several perfections; nor is it to be wondered at, that the combination of so much talent in a periodical should send it to all parts of the globe where literature is known or appreciated.

We do not say whether it be right or wrong in an author to repeat the conversations which pass around him in society—this is no place to discuss a point which has, with reference to Mr. Willis's volumes, occupied the attention of both public and private individuals. Our own opinion upon *that* matter we shall keep to ourselves, as it has nothing whatever to do with the *merits* of the production in a literary point of view. The personal

---

\* We cannot help remarking, as a sign of the change that has now occurred in the publishing province, that these six works are issued by six different booksellers. Had they appeared a few years since, they would certainly have come from *one* publishing establishment.



sketches introduced in these volumes are, in one or two instances, vivid and graphic *likenesses*; in others, the artist has, in our opinion, failed; but certainly there is not a line drawn by an unkind hand; indeed there is much less of what may be called *sharpness* throughout the volumes than we expected from the brilliant and gorgeous, yet occasionally sarcastic pieces of composition which Mr. Willis has given to this Magazine, under the signature of "Slingsby."

Those who have visited Paris, journeyed through Italy, loitered in Germany, enjoyed a "Turkish pic-nic on the plains of Troy," fought with the dogs of Stamboul, gazed on the *beauty* and *beauties* of Greece, scented the "republican air" of Switzerland, and galloped over the Simplon, will be delighted to repeat their travels with Mr. Willis, and will doubtless discover a thousand things which, unassisted by his acute observation, they would have passed by unnoticed.

Those who have not so voyaged may spend many a delicious hour in reviewing his Adventures, for they are so quick, so animated, so *real* in every respect, that when the chapter is finished, you may shut your eyes, and "call it back again."

It is astonishing how amazingly angry John Bull grows at the least shadow of blame being cast upon him by "*furriners*;" the daily papers contain, as suits their politics, the most violent and virulent abuse of King, Lords, and Commons. If a stranger believed a tithe of the abuse, we, *of ourselves*, heap upon *ourselves*, he would set us down as the most rascally nation under the sun! We render no earthly allowance for the peculiarities and faults of other countries. John Bull's overpowering self-love makes him a keen critic; but if the slightest word of blame falls from the lips of an unwary traveller, and attaches itself to his *ménage*, domestic or political, Oh Mercury! how he flies! and rants! and raves! This is not just; he loves to laugh, and broadly too, particularly at "the Yankees," but will not permit them so much as to curl their lip at him or his; indeed, there is hardly a vestige of this lip-curling in the work now before us; Mr. Willis speaks warmly and gratefully of the attentions he has received, and describes the cultivated character of our English scenery so truly in a few words that we cannot forbear quoting them:—

"Lawns, fancy cottages, manor houses, groves, roses, and flower-gardens, make up England. *It surfeits the eye at last*—you could not drop a poet out of the clouds upon any part of it, I have seen, where, within five minutes' walk, he would not find himself a paradise."

Now, good, courteous Johnny would forget all this pretty description, and cavil at the six little words—"It surfeits the eye at last," and work himself into a rage at the eye of an American poet accustomed to the magnificent and unrivalled scenery of his own country—accustomed, moreover, to the various landscapes of Europe and Asia, being surfeited with his trim box-edges, and his monthly-roses!

On the whole it is impossible not to be pleased with these volumes; and we trust the reception they have already met with from all persons of unprejudiced judgment will tempt Mr. Willis either into the passions and interest of an American novel, or to re-cut his pencil, "and sketch again."

Wörterbuch der Deutschen Sprache in Beziehung auf Abstammung und Begriffsbildung. Von Konrad Schwenck.—A Dictionary, radical and etymological, of the German Language. By Conrad Schwenck.

The object of the work before us is principally to trace the words of the German language to their respective roots, whether vernacular or foreign; and incidentally, to mark not only the various modifications of meaning which many of those words have from time to time undergone in passing through the mouths of successive and distinct nations; but also the differ-



rent significations frequently attached to one and the same word in the several languages of modern Europe. We believe it is the first attempt that has been made to treat the subject in a form which should be popular, and at the same time sufficiently deep, to satisfy the inquiries of the scholar; for the dictionaries of Adelung, and others, are not only far too bulky for easy reference, but confine themselves, in their etymological portion, to simply tracing the words to their respective roots. Although Schwenck's work is written more expressly for Germans, still we think that it may be used with considerable advantage, not only by the English student, the familiar words of whose language are for the greater part of Saxon growth, but also by the student of any other nation; for no one can refer to the work and not be struck with the marked analogy frequently found in the *verbal* part of languages generally considered to be of very opposite origin. We lay a stress on the word *verbal*, in order that our remark may not be understood to extend to the constructional or grammatical part. That two languages may bear considerable affinity to each other in the former and not in the latter, is exemplified in the English and German languages, the spirit and construction of which are strictly different.

We give a few extracts as specimens of the writer's manner of treating the subject; begging the reader always to bear in mind that, in etymology, not only the vowels, but also many of the consonants are convertible, or nearly so; the convertibility of the former arising from their very nature, and that of the latter from the fact of one consonant being frequently nothing but a modification of another.

“*Die Kraft* (strength), the inherent strength of any thing. Swedish and Danish, *kraft*, Dutch, *kracht*, Anglo-Saxon, *craeft*, English, *craft*, signifying art, cunning, Anglo-Saxon, *craefta*, artist, *craeftan*, to do with art or skill, Icelandic, *kröfr* (Celtic, *cryf*). Swedish, *kry*, *kryg*, strong, Scandinavian, *kraefr*, strong, *kraptr*, strength, art. Anglo-Saxon, *craflan*, Swedish, *kräfwä*, (Celtic, *crefw*, *crew*), English, *crave*, to desire. The fundamental idea seems to have been that of exertion, or endeavour, from which may be deduced the ideas of strength, art, labour, desire, &c. The Greek *κράτος* signifies strength, power; but it is uncertain whether the word *Kraft* is related to it. The root of the latter must probably have been *kriban*.” [Here our words *craft* and *crave* have certainly acquired a meaning different from that of the original.—ED.]

“*Der Tag* (the day), in its extended sense a space of twenty-four hours, consisting of light and darkness; in its confined sense, the time during which light continues, in contradistinction to night; Gothic, *dags*, Anglo-Saxon, *dag*, *dæg*, English, *day*, Old High-German, *tac*, Scandinavian, *dagr*, Swedish and Danish, *dag*, Frisian, *dy*, Bohemian, *den*, Polish, *dzien*, Lithuanian, *diena*, Old-Prussian, *deina*, Irish, *dia*, Latin, *dies*. The fundamental idea seems to have been that of *light*; Sanscrit, *djo*, *djau*, the air, heaven, Latin, *sub dio*, *divo*, in the open air.” [Q. Whether the Latin *Jupiter* is not derived from the Sanscrit *djo* and *pitir*, the Father of light?—ED.]

“*Der Vater* (Father), the creator of any living being, then, creator in general: Gothic, *fadar*, Anglo-Saxon, *fäder*, English, *father*, Scandinavian, *fadir*, Swedish, Danish, and Old Saxon, *fader*, Dutch, *vader*, Old-High German, *fatar*, *vatar*, Latin, *pater*, Greek, *πάτηρ*, Persian, *pader*, Sanscrit, *pitir*, *pidra*, *pida*, Gothic, *fadrein*, parents. In many words, (see *füttern*, to feed,) we find the root *fadan*, to nourish, from which is derived *Vater*; in like manner we find in the Latin and Greek words *pasco*, and *πάσθαι*, the root *pa*, in which lies the fundamental idea of—to nourish, so that *vater* is equivalent to nourisher.”

We think we have said sufficient to recommend the work to the notice of the English student, and trust that it will be the means of stimulating him in the prosecution of his etymological inquiries, the value of which, in tending to throw light on the history and customs of the nations of antiquity, has perhaps never been fully appreciated.



## London and the Londoners. 2 vols.

We are not amongst those who object to old friends, in compliance with the taste of the times, assuming a new dress—provided the apparel be suitable and better fashioned; we think it one of the signs of improvement. “London and the Londoners” comes forth this Christmas in two pretty—and, what is of far more importance, two well-filled volumes, presenting scenes and characters—some of which are cleverly caricatured—others but too faithfully portrayed. Those who dwell in the great Babylon will derive much entertainment from the view of persons and places which the author takes; for those who are continually with the *multitude*, forget the *crowd*; it becomes to them a thing of course, which they fail to observe—and its lights and shadows pass away and are forgotten.

Those who live in the country will be enabled to form some idea of the moral depravity which unfortunately exists in many of our streets and places of amusement, and which, but for the counteracting influence of much that is elevated and excellent, would doom us, as a people, to deserved destruction.

## An Introduction to the Study of Birds; or the Elements of Ornithology on Scientific Principles: with a particular notice of the Birds mentioned in Scripture.

That cheapness in price and a high degree of excellence of execution, in many articles of manufacture and art, are not incompatible, are daily exemplified in our greatly improved and improving country. Not merely in works of mechanism and handicraft execution, but in many of the higher departments of science, numerous and various works of utility and of beauty are continually attracting and commanding public admiration. The steam-engine has produced wondrous effects in our time. Competition, rivalry, and emulation have all conspired to render the comforts and luxuries of life of comparatively easy attainment. The volume now before us is one among many evidences of this fact. In all its component parts, intellectual and mechanical, it manifests a superiority above all former works of the same class. Test it by the side of any publications from the presses of France, Germany, or America; compare it with those of Bewick, Shaw, Pennant, Latham, it is a flambeau to a small candle,—it is gold to dross,—sunshine to fog: it shows that the sciences and the arts of our age and country have made rapid advances—a sort of steam-engine progress—since the times of the authors abovenamed. In this small and cheap volume (only 10s.) we see to what a degree of excellence, of beauty, the stationer, the type-founder, and the printer have brought their respective works. We can scarcely fancy it practicable to make further advances in either. On a fine, clear paper, of uniform texture, property, and colour; with a fount of types well shaped and symmetrically composed; the printer has displayed a tasteful arrangement and execution in the whole volume, which contains a multiplicity of wood-cuts, all disposed and worked off with infinite skill. Such typography, however, has long been the character of the *Chiswick* Press: every impression seems to be a proof, yet it may be presumed that the edition of the volume must be some thousands, or it could not be sold so cheap.

The volume which has given rise to these remarks is one of no common character; is not one of the manufactured class which has been made up by scissors and paste—by piracy, garbled extract, and dishonest practices. It bears every outward, and indeed inward, mark of being the result of science, of art, and all the excellencies of the skilful typographer. Did our limits allow, we could give such extracts from its pages, and such descriptions of its graphic embellishments and printing, as would fully confirm this opinion. Its chief defects, and these must in justice be no-



ticed, are those of omission rather than commission. We seek in vain for the names of the artists who drew and engraved the numerous and beautiful embellishments; and although such affixes would not add one iota to the real merit of either, or be any additional guarantee of excellence to the discriminating critic or to the experienced artist, yet it would be justice to the draftsmen and engravers, and would afford satisfaction to many readers. We are old enough to remember the first appearance of Bewick's "Beasts," and afterwards his "Birds," and we cannot forget the fascination that then halo'd the name of Thomas Bewick; when his pupils—Nesbitt, Anderson, Harvey, &c.—came to London and exhibited some of their beautiful "wood-cuts," they laboured some time before they could obtain their fair meed of fame, although they produced works equal, and in certain respects superior, to those of their original and honest master. The names of artists should be attached to their productions; if the latter be good, the former should enjoy their due reward—fame; if bad, their deserved condemnation. We are equally opposed to anonymous authorship. Such a volume as the present should have the name of its writer. If withheld by the publishers, it is unjust both to him and the reader: if the author himself has enjoined it, he is wrong, for he need not be ashamed to avow his name—to declare himself to the experienced ornithologist and the student in the science. If he be unknown in the ranks of fame, he will still remain so; if this be his first effort, he has shown a strength of wing and quality of plumage that qualifies him for bolder flight and popular display. Although ornithology has been variously and scientifically treated by Vigors, Temminck, Cuvier, Bennett, Swainson, Owen, Audubon, and others of our own time, there are always new facts to be developed, new modes of treatment to be adopted, new views to be taken and exhibited, by which the man of science and taste can display both originality and nice discrimination.

Land and Sea Tales. By the Old Sailor. 2 vols. 8vo.

"The Old Sailor" says in a short, characteristic preface to these delightful stories, "that he has written with an earnest desire to amuse, and ardently trusts that his exertions to please will not prove a *failure*." "A failure!" why, lord love ye, old messmate! you manage the land-crabs as skilfully as the sea-sharks. This *long-shore* work, instead of throwing your education *slap-a-back*, has promoted you, we hope, to your heart's content. Much as we enjoyed your "Tough Yarns," and your heart-rending story of "The Lion and the Lamb," in the "Forget-me Not," we could not have given you credit for "The Farmer's Daughter," or even the "*Warlock*," which is as dramatic and spirit-stirring a tale as Cooper, in his best days, ever penned. Indeed we would recommend Mr. Yates to dramatize the "*Warlock*" forthwith, and get T. P. Cooke and O. Smith to paint their faces alike, and play the brothers. Seriously, such a story well dramatized would restore the Adelphi to its legitimate excellence. We say *well* dramatized, which means, as a matter of course, that Mr. Fitzball is *not* "to do" the poetry, or the prose either.

"The Warlock" occupies the entire of the second volume, but the first contains five tales, of which the "Farmer's Daughter" is the best. A curious Negroland yarn, "I drink to heads," the most singular; and "The Painter of Dort" we think we have read before.

Really the month of December, 1835, shall be marked by a "white stone;" we are overwhelmed with excellent books!

Malvagna, a Romance of the Nineteenth Century. 3 vols.

How we have laboured this month! Read, absolutely *read*—not looked merely, first at the name of the publisher, then at the name of the book, then speculated as to the authorship, and *then* written our notice!—No,



we have read diligently and honestly, and by the Spirit of Literature we speak truly!—worn our paper-knife to the back-bone! How we do labour to “do the state some service,” yet the state thanks us not: and in nine cases out of ten, neither authors nor publishers are satisfied.

“How my book was scamped in the ‘New Monthly,’ says one; “To notice such trash, and pass me by,” quoth another. “I sent thirty-seven volumes, big and little, to that magazine last month,” grumbles a worthy Bibliopole, “and there’s not ten of them noticed!”—We, gentlemen—we are but flesh and blood; how can we, more than we can? Why, if we attempted to unravel the plot, to analyze the characters, and make a list of the events recorded in this same romance, which is now gaping upon our table, we should fill at least six pages—so many and so multiplied are the events and the actions.

“Malvagna” recalled to us the days of early romance; and the names of the heroes and heroines keep up the illusion. Monks and Manfreds—Caronias, Cardinals, Biancas, *donnas*!—beautiful and innumerable, appear and disappear; and the influence of the “Evil Eye,” upon whose power the tale is founded, throws a deep enchantment over the whole. It is well to escape from the dull realities of life into the wilds of romance, whether of superstition or chivalry; and we thank the author for three unworldly hours. The pen, we rather think, is unpractised; but there is vigour and imagination in the brain which directed its movements.

#### Selection of Parochial Examinations relative to the Destitute Classes in Ireland. By Authority.

“The Destitute Classes in Ireland!” Alas, what a number does this phrase comprehend! How many are there now likely to be added to it, and what little prospect is there of its diminution!

It would far exceed our limits to give the extracts necessary to convey an adequate idea of the misery and suffering of the “destitute” Irish. We can only refer our readers to the pages of the Parochial Examination now upon our table, and affirm, that a more frightful record of human suffering was never laid before the British public. It is horrible to think of; and the general *ménage* of the country is such, that we are bewildered as to the best means of lessening, much less eradicating, the calamity.

This report must be useful, coming as it does from the highest authority. The attention of the Legislature ought to be at once devoted to the relief of this starving people; and, as a preliminary step, *we recommend to Mr. O’Connell the moral necessity there is for his at once devoting the 25,000*l.* he receives from his countrymen this year to the purchase of food and clothing for their urgent necessities.*

#### The Bijou Almanac.

Although our ears are none of the longest, this *veritable Bijou* would fit in one of them. In length it is about three quarters of an inch, and in breadth it may be half of the same, a fitting present for Titania—is clearly and distinctly engraved, and contains six original poems by L. E. L., six portraits, a name plate, and all the necessary contents of a legitimate almanac; it is, moreover, enclosed in a case. We think, however, Mr. Schloss has slighted the “New Monthly Magazine” by sending a *small paper*, instead of a *large paper copy* for our inspection. We consequently consider ourselves ill-treated; as we understand the large paper copy measures an eighth of an inch more than that which is called “small.”

#### Picture of Dublin.

This is a very beautiful little volume, and one of the most correct guide-books it has ever been our good fortune to meet; the engravings (though of course not expected to compete with the Architectural and Landscape Annuals, which now fill so conspicuous a situation in our embellished



literature) are executed in a style which would have caused "a sensation" amongst artists some twelve years since, and at the present period do much credit to the taste and talent of Mr. Curry's establishment. To those who desire a correct knowledge of our sister-city, the volume is worth treble its price.

Travelling Sketches in Rhyme. By Lady E. S. Wortley.

The Hour of Retribution, &c. By Dugald Moore.

Poems and Lyrics. By Robert Nicoll.

Lay of the Lady Ellen. By H. Chester, Esq.

Ella, an Historical Tragedy. By John Morrison.

Among these several aspirants to the honours of Parnassus, whom press of other matter has compelled us to class under one general notice, there are various degrees of merit. Lady E. Wortley shows, as usual, great versatility of imagination, a lively susceptibility to what is beautiful in the natural world, and at times very melodious versification. The "Hour of Retribution" is a drama of considerable interest, and the lyrics at the end of the volume bespeak their author to be a poet of much promise. The same may be said of Mr. Robert Nicoll, whose Scottish lyrics are remarkable for simplicity of feeling, and much natural pathos. The "Lay of the Lady Ellen," although unequal as a whole, has passages of which its author, when improved by time and experience, will feel no reason to be ashamed. "Ella" is a tragedy founded on Anglo-Saxon history, and of a well-sustained interest, although the metre proves the writer to have been at times too careless of the rhythm of his lines. Each and all of these gentlemen have our cordial wishes for their success, although the loves of song, sacred or profane, is, like most other disinterested passions at the present time, a feeling more likely to be paid with empty praise than with a more substantial recompense.

The English Boy at the Cape. By the Author of "Keeper's Travels."  
3 small volumes.

We do not notice Juvenile Books except when they exhibit a new feature, or are particularly excellent. "Keeper's Travels" is cherished by many a young reader, and though we do not think the "English Boy's" Adventures quite as interesting as "Keeper's," yet they will be read with avidity by all young persons entering "their teens:" before that period we do not believe they could be appreciated as they deserve. We do not know a more agreeable birth-day or Christmas present to a group of children.

We are also induced to notice a little volume, very prettily got up, called "The Child's own History of France," embellished with engravings of the different kings who have swayed the sceptre of this vacillating people. It is a most appropriate Christmas present to the young.]

#### MUSICAL NOTICES.

[We are not disposed to maintain with the amusing Professor in Molière, that "*Il n'y a rien qui soit si utile dans un état que la musique!*"—but believing Music to be an art possessing, of all others, the power of enlarging our innocent enjoyments, we hail with delight every opportunity to do it service. In such a Magazine as the "New Monthly," embracing so much of what is new and interesting in literature, with a fair share of information upon various arts and their productions, we cannot be expected to devote much space to one individual branch; but feeling that the Musical Publications transmitted to us lately have been somewhat neglected, we desire to make the *amende*, and purpose in future noticing such of the many we receive, which appear to merit the distinction:



classing them,—not according to their deserts—but to their arrivals, upon the old-fashioned plan of “first come—first served.”]

No. 1.—The Germ of Fine Piano-forte Playing, by J. D. Rohlffs.

No. 2.—Cruse's Psalms.

No. 3.—Vocal Miscellany, by Thomas Moore, Esq.; the Music composed and selected by H. R. Bishop and Mr. Moore.

No. 4.—The Four-leaved Shamrock.

Molly Carew. Music and words by Samuel Lover, Esq.

No. 5.—My Gentle Child. Words by Mrs. Hemans,—Music by Alexander Roche.

No. 6.—Overture to Shakspeare's Merchant of Venice, arranged for two performers; by George Alexander Mac Farren.

No. 7.—She wore a Wreath of Roses. The Poetry by Thomas Haynes Bayly, Esq.; the Music by Joseph Phillip Knight.

No. 8.—When you and I were Boys together. The Poetry by Thomas Haynes Bayly, Esq.; the Music by the Chevalier Sigismond Neukomm.

No. 9.—The Charming Woman. Words and Music by Mrs. Price Blackwood.

No. 10.—The Five Sisters; a new Set of Quadrilles. By Charles Hart.

We cannot find room for more than ten Musical Productions this month; though there are others upon our table that we should like to praise, or to analyze, yet we must defer that pleasure for the present, and revert to No. 1. on our list—*The Germ of Piano-forte Playing*. We are especially anxious to notice Mr. Rohlff's publication, because we are convinced that sound elementary works on science are absolutely necessary to its advancement. Piano-forte playing has made rapid strides towards perfection in this country; and having made this assertion, it will at once be evident to Mr. Rohlffs, that we do not altogether agree in his opinion, “that few persons who study the piano-forte are capable of producing anything worthy the name of music.” One hour's good oral instruction is worth to the learner three times the information he could receive within the same time from the best written treatise that ever was published on the subject. Doctor Johnson says, “that a voluntary descent from the dignity of science is perhaps the hardest lesson which humility can teach.” And the task Mr. Rohlffs undertook was (according to Dr. Johnson's authority) increased by his (Mr. Rohlffs) superior information; it remains for the class of persons this work is especially intended for, to profit thereby. “Masters,” observes Mr. Rohlffs, “generally attend their pupils by the year, giving only two lessons a week of half an hour each; and allowing nearly three months for vacations, about forty hours tuition is received in a year.” We know perfectly well that this is all too meagre an allowance of time to devote to music, even where it is only required as an accomplishment; but we submit both to our author and the high authorities, Müller and Hummel, whose opinion he quotes as follows:—“Every beginner ought to receive not less than one hour's daily instruction, and practise *two* hours in addition”—that such a devotion to *one* branch of education would be found injurious both to the health and intellect of very juvenile pupils. We would mollify this “Germanic edict,” and suggest that three lessons per week, and two hours' daily practice regularly performed, would produce rapid and uniform improvement; and those hours should be divided half at a time, or the child wearies of the task. When once the drudgery of the science is overcome, if there be a decided talent for the “study of



sweet sounds," the pupil will task himself to much longer lessons. The specific object of this work is "*To assist masters in forming pupils on the most approved principles, and to enable those of limited musical knowledge to teach beginners the elements without danger of acquiring bad habits.*" Such a "help" was much needed, and was quite a *desideratum* in the musical world; no governess—no country music-master should be without it—as it contains much *not* to be found in any other book that we know of, intended to facilitate the acquirement of so noble an art. At page 5, the definition of TIME is given in a manner that brings it home to the *eye*, almost as powerfully as to the *ear*. "Time," he says, "is in music, what space is in painting; and as a good painter (*engraver rather*) must be able to divide and subdivide the space on canvass to a hair's breadth, so a good musician must be qualified to divide and subdivide time into the smallest portions. As in a portrait which occupies a certain space on canvass, some parts of the figure take more, others less *room*, so in a piece of music of a few minutes' duration, some sounds require more, others less *time*."

This is a happy illustration; and there is much instruction to be gathered (*by teachers*) from the entire volume, though it would be comparatively useless to a pupil without an intelligent instructor. We truly recommend it to the attention of the music-loving and music-learning public.

No. 2.—*Cruse's Psalms*.—The present age is singularly fruitful in productions of a frivolous cast, and music is not exempt from the fashionable failing. We must, however, do justice, and consequently are bound to confess that some shining lights have been, and still are amongst us, and that they do much to keep alive what is sound and excellent in music. The specimens Mr. Cruse has selected from the eminent writers of Church Music evince a taste at once judicious and cultivated; and though we individually disapprove the introduction of what Mr. Cruse terms "the *serious* melodies of various nations" into Church-service, many, perhaps, not as familiar with the airs as ourselves, will not object to them for that reason.

In this volume, in addition to the old and most approved Psalm tunes, there are *one hundred and fifty* new compositions; many valuable observations on congregational singing, and on the duty of an organist; indeed, the literary portion of this beautiful book is full of the most interesting musical information, and no country church should be without a copy. To private families, "where the sabbath is still remembered to be kept holy," it will prove a sacred library in itself; and though the airs are generally arranged for four voices, they can be sung by two—or one.

We congratulate Mr. Cruse on this second termination to labours so creditable to his industry and to his extensive musical knowledge.

No. 3.—*Vocal Miscellany*, No. 1.—It has been said and truly, that *three* circumstances contributed to bring into notice the melodies, which, independent of any thing he ever has written, or ever will write, has given *Moore's* name to immortality: first—light agreeable melodies, easy of execution, and almost certain in their effect; secondly—captivating poetry; thirdly—national self-love.

To his national lyrics Thomas Moore is indebted for being considered one of the classics of our country; he deserves to die the death, as he has lived the life, of Anacreon!—and what would he more?

The present volume will not add either to his or Mr. Bishop's reputation, as none of the airs get beyond what is called "prettiness;" and the "*prettiest*" of the whole is the last—"Puck the Fairy," who is certainly the most engaging Puck of modern times, and we forthwith recommend him to the acquaintance of our fair friends.

No. 4.—*The four-leaved Shamrock and Molly Carew*,—both by a gentleman (Mr. Samuel Lover) who has been making a noise in the world, of rather in many worlds lately—in the world of painting—in the world of



story-telling—in the world of poetry—in the world of music—and lastly, in the dramatic world. “*The four-leaved Shamrock*” is a delicious melody in three flats, harmonizing well with the benevolence and sweetness of the poetry; while “*Molly Carew*” bursts out into a mingling of Irish cheerfulness and Irish pathos.

We do not remember ever having seen two songs by the same composer so decidedly different, and yet so true to their several moods.

No. 5.—*My gentle Child*.—There is something sad in the feeling that the hand which penned these lines will pen no more. And this shadow, it would seem, was upon Mr. Roche when he modulated so pleasing yet mournful an air with so much expression and tenderness. We congratulate him upon his taste and feeling.

No. 6.—*Overture to Shakspeare's Merchant of Venice, arranged as a Duet*.—This is an overture by one of the pupils of the Royal Academy of Music. The composer (Mr. George Mac Farren) has evinced correct science in the arrangement, and, for a tyro, a good deal of labour and expression. He commences with an allegro movement in three flats, which would have been better if more varied; but it is nevertheless a pleasing drawing-room piece, and will, we are sure, serve to herald much and better music from the same author.

No. 7.—*She wore a wreath of Roses*.—This is one of Haynes Bayly's most beautifully turned songs, and we assure Mr. Knight that we consider the music equal to the poetry. We would rather he had chosen another key; *four sharps is a sharper*, but it can easily be transposed; the transition in the last verse is particularly happy.

No. 8.—*When you and I were Boys together*.—Another of Mr. Haynes Bayly's songs, and the poetry quite equal to the last; but we never could find it in our hearts to compliment the Chevalier Neukomm on his gentler compositions; in spirited and energetic music he is without a rival, but he does not understand tenderness; nevertheless we have heard the song much sung and praised, and its scientific arrangement is, of course, blameless.

No. 9.—*The Charming Woman*.—This is an amusing trifle, by one of a family to whom genius is an inheritance, and will be decidedly popular at Christmas parties and New Year's fêtes. We give one of the best verses in support of our opinion:—

“ She has brothers and sisters by dozens,  
And all *charming* people they say;  
And she's several tall Irish cousins,  
Whom she loves—in a *sisterly way*.  
Oh! young men, if you'd take my advice,  
You would find it an excellent plan,  
Don't marry a *charming* woman,  
If you are a sensible man!”

No. 10.—*The Five Sisters*.—We cannot help asking Mr. Hart how he can have the *heart* to expect any gentleman, no matter what his dancing capabilities may be, to encounter *five* sisters? The thing is monstrous!—and yet we must, in justice, say, that Mr. Hart has had the *art* to make them, both individually and collectively, the most easy mannered and harmonious *five*, we have met with for a long time.

Young ladies are continually complaining that the quadrilles arranged from the Italian operas are too difficult. This objection cannot be made to the set we have just inspected; they are sufficiently easy for a moderately good drawing-room performer to execute at sight, and yet they possess both grace and spirit. We recommend them to all the young ladies of our acquaintance who like to achieve the task of a “*New Set of Quadrilles*,” without much labour, and a certainty of their selection being danced to with pleasure.



## LITERARY REPORT.

The Twelfth Weekly Part of "Colburn's Modern Novelists," just issued, brings to a completion Mr. Bulwer's celebrated works "Pelham" and "The Disowned," each of which, with four fine engravings by Finden, are now accessible at less than one-fifth of the price at which they were originally published. The next work to be introduced into the weekly numbers is, we observe, to be Captain Marryat's "Frank Mildmay, or the Adventures of a Naval Officer," than which we know of no work of fiction (if it may so be called, for it embodies many of the gallant author's actual adventures,) more calculated for universal popularity.

The new edition of "Count Las Cases' Memoirs," in weekly parts, has reached its sixth number. This celebrated work, with a variety of embellishments, is announced, to be completed in twenty parts, at 1s. each, containing all the eight volumes of the Paris edition.

A second edition has just made its appearance, of "London and the Londoners," a work that treats of all subjects worthy of notice connected with the British capital.

Preparing for publication, "A Hebrew and English Dictionary to the Book of Psalms," with references to the authorized version, accompanied by an index of every Hebrew word as it occurs in the text; placed in alphabetical order, and numbered to its root-word in the Dictionary, whereby a learner may at once be enabled to construe, without the aid of a teacher, and save loss of time in finding the word. Also, "The Hebrew Psalter, with Points;" and a new edition of "Robertson's Key to the Pentateuch, or an Analysis of all the Hebrew Words in the Five Books of Moses."

"The Landscape Gardener," by the Rev. Prebendary Dennis, is now, we learn, nearly ready.

Mr. Mitchell announces a graphic work entitled "Recollections of the Italian Opera in 1835," by Mr. Chalon. It is to consist of portraits of Grisi in "Otello;" Lablache in "Marino Faliero;" Tamburini, Rubini, Grisi, and Lablache, in "Il Puritani;" and Taglioni in "La Sylphide."

Preparing for publication, a new edition of "Goldsmith's Works," with a New Life, by Mr. Prior.

In a few days, in a 4to. volume, "The Past and Present Condition of the English Racer and Saddle-horse."

"The Annual Biography and Obituary, Vol. XX., for 1835-6," is on the eve of publication.

It is the intention of Mr. Valpy to reprint in 8vo., the Rev. T. S. Hughes's "Continuation of the History of England, from the Reign of George II. to 1835," to be completed in Six Monthly Vols., the First to appear in February.

"A Complete Latin-English and English-Latin Dictionary," for the Use of Schools, by the Rev. Dr. Niblock, in one thick volume, will be published early in February.

In the press, "The Book of Common Prayers with Explanatory Notes, for Church Service and Private Use, in a neat Pocket Size, by the Rev. G. Valpy, late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge.

On the 1st of April next, will appear, No. 1, "The London Geological Journal," illustrated with coloured figures, by J. de Carle Sowerby.

## IN THE PRESS.

"Elements of International Law, with a Sketch of the Science." By Henry Wheaton, LL.D., Resident Minister of the United States to the Court of Berlin.

The Complete Works of Bentley, edited by the Rev. Alex. Dyce, with Critical Conjectures, &c.

## LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Mr. Bulwer's Novel, "The Disowned," with Four elegant Engravings, by Finden, in Six Numbers, 1s. each, or elegantly bound in morocco cloth, price 6s. 6d.

Las Cases' "Narrative of the Life, Exile, and Conversations of the Emperor Napoleon," in weekly numbers, with a variety of Embellishments, Nos. 1 to 7, price 1s. each, (to be completed in 20 Numbers).

"London and the Londoners; or, a Second Judgment of Babylon the Great," 2 vols., post 8vo., 16s.

A new edition of the Greek Grammar, with Notes for the use of those who have made some progress in the Language, by the Rev. Dr. Valpy. In 8vo. 6s. 6d. bds.

The Second Latin Delectus, or New Analecta Minora, by the Rev. F. Valpy, Master of Reading School. Second edition. 6s. bd.

The Poetical Works of Pope, with Illustrations, complete in 4 vols. Edited by the Rev. Dr. Croly. Cloth, 24s.

A Brief Memoir of Sir Wm. Blizard, Knt., F.R.S., &c., Surgeon and Vice-President of the London Hospital. By Wm. Cooke, M.R.C.S., Secretary to the Hunterian Society. 3s. 6d.

One in a Thousand; or, The Days of Henri Quatre, by the Author of "The Gipsy," &c. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.

Clinical Illustrations of the Diseases of Bengal, by W. Twining, second edition, 2 vols. 24s.

On the Theory of Painting, by T. H. Fielding, second edition, royal 8vo., 26s.

Gilbert Gurney, by the Author of "Sayings and Doings," 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.

The Poetical Works of Thomas Campbell, 1 vol. fcap 8vo. 9s. cloth.

Marco Visconti, a romance from the Italian, by Caroline Ward, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. bds.

The Angler's Souvenir, by P. Fisher, 16s. cloth.

Goethe and his Contemporaries, by Mrs. Austen, second edition, 3 vols. post 8vo.

Willis's Pencillings by the Way, 3 vols. royal 12mo. 1l. 11s. 6d.

Chalmers' Bridgewater Treatise, new edition, 2 vols. 8vo. 15s.

Lardner's Cyclopaedia, vol. 36, (History of Rome, Vol. II.) fcap. 6s.



Milton's Works, 6 vols. fcap. 30s.

The Outlaw, by Mrs. S. C. Hall, 3 vols. post  
8vo. 17. 11s. 6d.

The Nun's Picture, by Roche, 3 vols. post  
8vo. 17. 11s. 6d.

Rienzi, The Last of the Tribunes, by the  
Author of "Eugene Aram," &c., 3 vols. post  
8vo. 17. 11s. 6d.

Letters, Recollections, and Conversations of  
S. T. Coleridge, Esq., 2 vols. post 8vo. 18s. bd.

## FINE ARTS.

### ARTISTS' AND AMATEURS' CONVERSAZIONE.

The second meeting for the season of this Society was held during the month at the Freemasons' Tavern; and although the attendance was not numerous, yet the display of works of art was highly creditable to the contributors, both in number and merit. A picture by E. Landseer, R.A., of a dog's head; the series of fine drawings from the Alhambra, by Lewis; drawings by Vickers, C. Landseer, Franklin, Buss, &c., were deservedly admired. But the attraction of the evening, as was evinced by the crowds which constantly surrounded it, was a numerous collection of drawings and sketches by a Mr. Oakley, a young artist, whose name was, until now, unknown to us, but whose works will at once place him in the list of those to whom we may confidently look for excellence. They are principally studies of gipseys, cottagers, &c., replete with character, identity, and nature, as exhibited in low life.

ROYAL ACADEMY.—The students in Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, some short time since set on foot a subscription, for the purpose of presenting to William Hilton, Esq., R.A., and Keeper of the Royal Academy, some memorial of their regard for his high talent, uniform kindness, and attention in the superintendence of the studies of the students in the Antique School. The subscription having amounted to 60*l.*, the committee resolved on presenting Mr. Hilton with a copy of the Warwick Vase, beautifully executed in silver by Mr. Benjamin Smith, of Lincoln's-inn-fields. The vase and pedestal were nearly eighteen inches high, and bore the following inscription:—"To William Hilton, R.A., Keeper of the Royal Academy, from the Students, in grateful acknowledgment of his kindness and intelligence as an instructor, and deep admiration of his talents as an artist, MDCCCXXXV." On the appointed evening the students assembled together in the Antique School, and Mr. Hilton, accompanied by some members of the Council, having entered the room, a deputation from the students proceeded to read to him an address which had been prepared for the occasion, and afterwards presented him with the vase. Mr. Hilton (who was evidently much affected) said, that he could not but feel deeply grateful for this splendid testimony of the regard and esteem of those who were associated in the same pursuits with himself, and whose interests he had ever felt anxious to promote to the limited extent of his power. Severe indisposition and domestic affliction rendered it impossible for him at that moment to give adequate expression to his feelings. He trusted, however, they would not consider that he felt little because he could not say much. It was now thirty years since he had entered that Academy as a student like themselves; and, considering the opportunities of improvement which were afforded within its walls, he could only regret that he had not availed himself of them so fully as he could have wished. The career of fame and honour was open to them all, and he could only conclude by again cordially thanking them for the splendid present they had made him; and by recommending them, as they regarded their own interest and success in the profession to which they had devoted themselves, to study with unremitting application those monuments of art to which, as students of that Academy, they had constant access



## THE DRAMA.

THE *theatres* are just now in a rather flourishing state, but we must not flatter ourselves that therefore the *Drama* is reviving. "The world is still deceived by ornament." Spectacle has taken the whole town captive, and Pantomime is now joined with his old ally to cut off our escape. Even at Drury-lane, which boasts so splendid a company, we shall not get a glimpse of tragedy or comedy for many weeks. The *Jewess* still reigns Lady Paramount. Yet it must not therefore be inferred that the public have lost the relish for Shakspearian entertainment; witness the attraction of Mr. Macready's splendid performances at the beginning of the season. His Hamlet—the very noblest delineation of character that has been witnessed since Kean, in the spring and glory of his genius, triumphed in Othello—drew excellent houses; though the receipts, falling off on the intervening nights, were insufficient to sustain a "treble" company.

At Covent Garden, the experiment of reduced prices has been partially successful; and would have been completely so, but for the other experiment—reducing the entertainment two-thirds, while the cost was lessened but one. The company, inclusive of Charles Kemble and Power, who have appeared for a few nights at intervals, has been greatly inferior to the assemblage of talent at theatres now on the same footing as regards price; and the new productions generally have been in accordance with the barrenness of the company. One recent exception deserves mention; Mrs. Gore's little comedy called *King O'Neill*, which is exceedingly diverting in itself, and fifty times more pleasant for being really of English origin. Mrs. Gore's example of writing original dramas ought to incite others to an occasional effort, and we trust it will. Power's performance in this piece is one of the most finished portraitures of Irish character that has ever been rendered—it unites the broadest caricature with absolute truth and reality. There are many advantages in writing for such a comedian as Power—but there is this disadvantage, that the piece, however popular, can only be acted while he is in the theatre. The *Bronze Horse*, recently introduced here, has got the start of the quadruped of the same name announced at the other house; but though a showy animal of his class, he is no Eclipse.

The fortunes of the Adelphi have been reviving, under the influence of Buckstone's *Dream at Sea*. Among the more recent novelties, is a little drama by Mr. Jerrold, called *Doves in a Cage*. It would read as well as it acts. The dialogue is terse, pointed, and finished; frequently brilliant, and only lacking here and there something of ease and playfulness. It is merely the want of this—it is merely the habit of making all his characters clever, and epigrammatic in their conversation, that gives sometimes a stiff and artificial air to Mr. Jerrold's stage progeny. His "Doves" sometimes might be mistaken for sparrow-hawks; not so with these of the "Cage;" a pair of lovers not at all mawkish, though tender and faithful—with a father not too cruel and relentless for actual life, nor too suddenly tricked out of his consent by an impertinent moral, after the old stage-pattern. The piece richly deserves its popularity.

The audiences of the Olympic have been gratified by an "angel-visit" from their mistress and manager, the indispensable Vestris; but she returned only to retire again after a night or two. Mr. Charles Mathews, who was received on his first appearance upon the stage with a burst of affectionate welcome that said more for his father's fame than a monument in Westminster Abbey can do, has been securely establishing himself in the good opinion of all; and creating hopes as strong, as the wishes that accompany them are cordial. He requires, we think, nothing but experience. There are symptoms of his noviciate about his acting, it is true; but then he evidently possesses that which cannot be taught, and has only to learn how best to give effect to it. He has a quick Mathews-like ap-



prehensiveness of the whimsicalities of character, much variety and plasticity of expression; rich natural humour, easy manners, and seeming liveliness of disposition. He has qualities which, when matured and cultivated, will render the whole walk of eccentric comedy his "own domain;" and he has accomplishments also that may enable him to compass the class of "genteeler" characters, as well as those of broad humour.

The *St. James's Theatre* is the name of the new temple which Mr. Braham has reared to Apollo, in King-street. This said temple has not been built—it has sprung up from the ground; it has not been opened to the public—but audiences have suddenly found themselves enclosed within one of the most elegant houses in the world, gazing upon a somewhat spacious stage occupied by many old favourites and a few prepossessing new faces—and listening to the performance of a new opera whereof Braham himself, (like the shepherd-boy in Arcadia, piping as though he should never grow old) is the audible and visible hero. Need we assure him that we wish all success to this "Bonaparte blow" of his? In his first, and necessarily hastened performances, he has justified his claim to it. *Agnes Sorel* (the new opera by Mrs. A'Beckett), is a very graceful composition, and in occasional passages, even brilliant. Such music as this must always command hearers, and will always charm many. Miss Glossop (the sister of the composer) is already an accomplished singer—she will become much more, if she will but allow her feelings fair play. Some of Mr. Barker's tones have also predisposed us to listen to him whenever he sings; and as for Braham—he is, what he was—with the addition of all the inspiration induced by his managerial responsibility. We wish nightly triumphs to him throughout the year.

#### THE PANTOMIMES.

A philosopher might spend his time much less profitably than in making the grand tour of the metropolis, and seeing in succession every pantomimic pleasantry of the season. With how many friends of his childhood—unless, indeed, even as a child, he chanced to be too wise to be happy—would he renew an intimacy! At the Victoria he would shake hands with "Jack and his Eleven Brothers" all at once; at the English Opera, he might "Ride a Cockhorse to Banbury Cross," and behold the ancient lady herself on a milk-white steed, with bells, and rings also, making ceaseless music for her as she rides; at the Adelphi he would witness the "Fight of the Fairies;" and at the Olympic the "Pic-Nic of the Gods." At Covent-garden he might, if it so suited his philosophy, have a little melancholy reflection mixed up with his laughter, for there he would be introduced to the "Gunpowder Percy"—"Guy Fawkes,"—that most ill-used of heroes—that king of shreds and patches, of rags and straw—that annual scarecrow, whom vulgar prejudice has for two centuries invested with nothing more romantic than a bundle of matches and a dark-lantern. And this fine old name, with all its associations of daring energy, indomitable courage, and spirit of martyrdom, has become at last the title of a comic pantomime! Well, who after this will feel encouraged to blow up King and Parliament alive? But at Drury-lane a feast of sweets, without a dash of bitter, is spread for all comers; and the giver of it is no less a Lord Mayor than the renowned Dick Whittington, whose immortal cat is as cleverly represented as himself, and *he* is personified by little Miss Poole. The scene in which he hears Bow-bells (represented by belles, and beaux, too, behind the scenes) saluting him with "Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London!" makes one wish that Christmas would come twelve times a-year; and the other scenes of the opening are worthy of it. The genius of Farley flourishes in immortal youth. He is more fertile in tricks than any statesman of his time—though he has favoured us this year with but few transformations. The voyage of the aerial ship, its threatened collision with an exceedingly eccentric comet, and the



ultimate "discharge" of its crew, are capitally managed: there are also some Beulah Spa diversions, and a splendid civic procession to close with. Mr. Wieland's performances, as "General Jocko," are admirably monkeyfied; he is, indeed, "man's poor relation" in feature, figure, voice, and action. Protracted as the holiday entertainments are, the pantomime is worth waiting for.

---

## PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

### LONDON UNIVERSITY.

A meeting of the proprietors of the London University has been held in the Theatre of the institution, for the purpose of considering "the questions of the grant and tenor of a charter with reference to the Address of the House of Commons, on the 26th of March last, his Majesty's gracious answer thereto, and the intimations since given by his ministers of their intentions in respect thereof." Lord Brougham, on taking the chair, said he thought it advisable to take the plan as it was, after the government had come forward so liberally. A desire to conciliate had prevailed with the council, and he had no doubt that the same feeling would pervade the present assembly. He hoped, however, that the proprietors would freely speak their sentiments, as the council was most anxious to act in harmony with them. After several proprietors had delivered their sentiments in favour of the plan, Mr. Tooke proposed the following resolution:—"That his Majesty's ministers having, in consequence of the gracious answer returned from the throne to the address of the House of Commons, devised a more efficient and comprehensive plan than was contemplated for giving academical honours in all the faculties, except Divinity, this meeting is satisfied that this institution has nothing to fear from competition, and cordially and gratefully accepts the said plan, and recommends it to the adoption of the council." The resolution was unanimously agreed to.

We have made the following abstract of the intentions of the Government in respect to the new Metropolitan University. It contains the substance of the documents which the councils of the University of London have addressed to the proprietors.

It is intended to incorporate by charter certain persons eminent in literature and science, as the University of London, with power, after examination, to confer the academical degrees of A.B., A.M., B.L., D.L., B.M., D.M., in the three faculties of Arts, Law, and Medicine, on applicants of whatever religious persuasion, and without the imposition of any test or disqualification on account of religion. This principle of the absence of religious tests will be set forth distinctly in the charter. It is proposed to grant simultaneously to the body forming the present University of London a charter incorporating them as a *College*. Should they decline this charter, some other title will be selected for the new University. Whether they accept it or not, they will be recognised as a body whose certificates will entitle the possessor to be examined at the new University.

The members of this University are to be appointed, both in the first instance and in future, by the Crown; their number will be limited; their office will be held during good behaviour. They are to be authorised to have assistants in cases of *necessity*, for the *technical purposes of examination*. On this part of the subject we are informed that very eminent and distinguished scholars and men of learning have been invited, and have consented to give their services to the public as examiners and first members of the new University.

Of persons applying to be examined for degrees at the Metropolitan University, it will be required that they shall produce certificates from the



present London University or King's College, of having gone through a course of study at one of those establishments, and of having attained a proficiency to pass for a degree, and of moral and correct conduct. The candidates for degrees will be classed according to their relative merits. Any collegiate or other institutions for education, whether in London or elsewhere, which afford to the public adequate security for good education, may from time to time be named by the Crown, and have conferred on them the privilege of granting certificates for the examination of their pupils for admission to degrees by the new University. The metropolitan degrees so conferred would entitle the graduate to all the privileges and advantages as regards civil rights and professions, not of an ecclesiastical character, nor extending to private endowments, which are connected with degrees at Oxford or Cambridge; and application would be made to Parliament on the subject in the cases in which the authority of a statute may be required, such as the diminution, in the case of graduates, of the term of service under articles of clerkship, &c.

Fees are to be payable on the taking of degrees, and to be applied to the purposes of defraying the expenses of the examiners, but to be regulated by the Treasury. The maximum it is proposed to fix at the stamp duty now payable by law on degrees at the English universities. If this fund should be insufficient, it would be for the government to consider in what manner it could best be augmented, whether by application to parliament or otherwise.

The King to be visitor.

To the body so incorporated will be left the framing of the details for the regulation of the new University; but these are to be submitted to and sanctioned by the Home Secretary, and liable to be called for in parliament. Among these details will be the settling a course of examination. On this point it is thought advisable that a written form of examination should be adopted, as far as it is practicable. The examination papers, the degrees granted, and the classification according to the proficiency of the student, to be published.

The qualification of the person to be admitted for examination will practically and mainly be confided to the colleges at which he is educated, and from which he must have a certificate. It is assumed that those establishments will, for their own credit, impose such regulations as will render their certificate a real testimonial of solid and various acquirements. It is contemplated that a certificate should state the classes and lectures which the candidate has attended.

The *subjects* for examination will be within the selection of the examiners; but it is the intention of the founders that that selection should embrace a wide circle of knowledge, and that it should be for the pupils to deal with the whole or with parts of the various papers of questions, according to their respective abilities and acquirements.

It is considered to be a matter for deliberation whether the candidate for the superior degree should be required to pass a distinct and more extensive examination than that which would entitle him to the inferior degree; but it seems agreed that the higher degree will not be conferred on one who has not taken the lower.

The charter will contain provisions authorising the acceptance of endowments, the subjects for which such endowments are made being first approved of by the University. But it is not otherwise intended at present to connect with degrees any rewards beyond the classifications for honours of the pupils examined, and the other civil privileges already alluded to.



## VARIETIES.

*The Waterloo Vase.*—This magnificent specimen of modern art has been recently removed to the National Gallery in Trafalgar-square. It was found necessary to have it sent there before the completion of the building of the gallery, as the dimensions of the vase would render it impossible to admit it within the building when finished. The circumstances connected with the marble of which the vase is composed may be considered as remarkable. Napoleon Buonaparte, having seen the blocks in passing through Tuscany, in his progress to the Russian campaign, desired that they might be preserved in order that a trophy of the “anticipated” victory might be worked from them by some eminent sculptor. A few years afterwards the identical blocks of marble were sent to this country by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, as a present to his late majesty George IV., who caused them to be sculptured into a vase of enormous size, in order to commemorate the victory of Waterloo. The height is about sixteen feet; the diameter of the top about nine or ten feet. On one end is represented King George IV. on his throne, with Fame presenting the palm of victory. Buonaparte, on the other side, is seen dismounted from his horse. The rest is filled up with allegorical figures. This choice specimen of British art is the work of Richard Westmacott, Esq. R.A., and it is, without doubt, the largest and most splendid vase in the world. It was originally intended to adorn “the Waterloo Gallery” in Windsor Castle; but in consequence of its great weight, (about 20 tons,) the idea was abandoned, as it was considered unsafe to place it in that situation. It is stated that the Emperor of Russia has requested a cast of the vase in bronze.

*Barclay and Perkins's Brewery.*—The brewery was sold by Dr. Johnson and his brother executor to Messrs. Barclay, Perkins, and Co., for 135,000*l*. While on his tour to the Hebrides, in 1773, Johnson mentions that Thrale “paid 20,000*l*. a-year to the revenue, and that he had four vats, each of which held 1600 barrels, above 1000 hogsheads.” The establishment is now the largest of its kind in the world. The buildings extend over ten acres, and the machinery includes two steam-engines. The store-cellars contain 126 vats, varying in their contents from 4000 barrels down to 500. About 160 horses are employed in conveying beer to different parts of London. The quantity brewed in 1826 was 380,180 barrels, upon which a duty of 10*s*. the barrel, or 180,090*l*., was paid to the revenue; and, in the last year, the malt consumed exceeded 100,000 quarters.

*Malt.*—It appears from the recent report of the Commissioners of Excise Inquiry (August, 1835,) that there are in England 5,219 malt-houses legally entered and surveyed for the duty, and that large quantities of malt are illicitly made in what the excise officers call the outwalks; that large quantities of raw or unmalted corn are used in the Scotch and Irish breweries, for the purpose of evading the duty; and that about 490,000 quarters of malt are used in the United Kingdom distillation.

*Monument to General Wolfe.*—Previously to Lord Aylmer leaving Canada, he caused a plain but substantial column to be erected on the spot where the gallant Wolfe breathed his last. The spot selected is on the plains of Abraham, near Quebec, where General James Wolfe died of his wounds on the memorable 13th of September, 1759. The following are the particulars of the monument. It is situate on the left of the city, about 100 yards distance. The under base (inclosing the very stone against which Wolfe died) is about seven feet square and three high, made tastefully, by adding other granite boulders, fastened with blue water cement. On this is laid a large square limestone as the plinth to the column itself, then the polished marble rings are laid, and from these a plain circular column of polished dark blue marble, of about 2½ feet diameter, rises to the height of



about seven feet, with the words in large capital letters, deeply cut, "HERE DIED WOLFE VICTORIOUS." The whole height is about twelve feet, and is stated to have a very plain but elegant appearance.

*Davis' Straits Fishery.*—The result of this fishery being now pretty correctly ascertained, that the product will not exceed 1,800 tuns, which is a less quantity than was produced in the disastrous year of 1830, this circumstance must cause the price of every description of fish oils to rate very high for the next six or eight months, as the quantity of northern whale oil is estimated to be 10,000 tuns less in the United Kingdom than at the same period last year, which the annexed statement will show :

Stock on hand, Nov. 1834	.	.	5,000 tuns
Produce of Fishery, Nov. 1834	.	.	8,500
			—13,500
Stock on hand, Nov. 1835	.	.	1,500
Produce of Fishery, Nov. 1835	.	.	1,800 3,300

*Liverpool Albion.* 10,200 tuns.

*Hop Duties.*—An Account of the Duty on Hops of the Growth of the year 1835, distinguishing the Districts, and the Old from the New Duty:—

Districts.					Duty.		
					£.	s.	d.
Barnstaple	.	.	.	.	28	16	0
Bedford	.	.	.	.	142	18	6
Cambridge	.	.	.	.	26	2	4
Canterbury	.	.	.	.	98,975	9	8
Chester	.	.	.	.	0	16	2
Cornwall	.	.	.	.	13	14	3
Derby	.	.	.	.	30	17	4
Dorset	.	.	.	.	15	0	9
Essex	.	.	.	.	2,131	19	2
Exeter	.	.	.	.	14	15	8
Gloucester	.	.	.	.	0	6	10
Grantham	.	.	.	.	3	4	4
Hants	.	.	.	.	4,386	1	10
Hereford	.	.	.	.	22,734	11	10
Hertford	.	.	.	.	57	19	6
Lincoln	.	.	.	.	350	3	4
Lynn	.	.	.	.	0	18	4
Northampton	.	.	.	.	0	8	6
Oxford	.	.	.	.	26	10	6
Plymouth	.	.	.	.	5	0	2
Reading	.	.	.	.	5	1	6
Rochester	.	.	.	.	144,681	8	0
Salisbury	.	.	.	.	2,464	10	6
Salop	.	.	.	.	0	2	10
Stourbridge	.	.	.	.	1,083	15	0
Suffolk	.	.	.	.	791	17	2
Surrey	.	.	.	.	3	17	6
Sussex	.	.	.	.	127,458	14	4
Uxbridge	.	.	.	.	9	13	2
Wales (Middle)	.	.	.	.	95	4	2
Wellington	.	.	.	.	31	11	4
Worcester	.	.	.	.	3,480	7	11
Total					£409,055	18	3
Old Duty, at 1d. 12-20 per lb.					235,207	2	11 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub> 14-20
New Duty, at <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub> d. 8-20 per lb.					173,848	15	3 6-20
Total					£409,055	18	3



*Foreign Corn.*—The number of quarters of foreign wheat upon which duty was paid for home consumption, from 15th July, 1828, to 5th July, 1835, was 4,837,912, and the amount of duty upon the same 1,605,637*l.* The average rate of duty for the whole period is 6*s.* 8*d.*; barley, 1,224,762 quarters, duty, 347,998*l.*, average 5*s.* 8*d.*; oats, 1,521,235 quarters, amount of duty 461,670*l.*, average rate 6*s.* 1*d.*; rye, 142,771 quarters, amount of duty 26,686*l.*, average 3*s.* 9*d.*; peas, 286,406 quarters, duty 96,987*l.*, average rate 6*s.* 9*d.*; beans, 241,213 quarters, duty 134,415*l.*, average rate 11*s.* 2*d.*; Indian corn, 103,285 quarters, duty 19,646*l.*, average rate 3*s.* 10*d.*; buck-wheat, 35,346 quarters, duty 10,706*l.*, rate 6*s.* 1*d.*; wheat-meal and flour 1,896,102 cwts., duty 183,252*l.*, average rate 1*s.* 11*d.* per cwt. The total number of quarters of corn, the produce of and imported from British possessions out of Europe, on which duty was charged during the same period, for home consumption, was 462,282, duty thereon 85,022*l.*, average rate 3*s.* 8*d.*; barley 313 quarters, duty 23*l.*, average rate 1*s.* 6*d.*; oats, 8,973 quarters, duty 294*l.*, average rate 8*d.*; peas, 5,949 quarters, duty 544*l.*, average rate 1*s.* 10*d.*; Indian corn, 218 quarters, duty 27*l.*, average rate 2*s.* 5*d.*; wheat-meal and flour, 417,813 cwts., duty 30,529*l.*, average rate 1*s.* 6*d.*; oatmeal, 1,843 cwts., duty 78*l.*, average rate 10*d.*

*Private Bills.*—The total number of private bills for new roads, railways, docks, harbours, bridges, canals, inclosures, &c., during the past session, in favour of which petitions were presented, was 225; of these 201 were brought in and read a first time, 180 were read a second time, 166 a third time, and 160 received the Royal Assent.

*The Mandril or Blue-faced Baboon.*—A pair of these curious inhabitants of the Gold Coast of Africa have been secured at Cape Lopez, and transmitted by an agent to the Surrey Zoological Gardens, where they have arrived. They are in the finest condition, the bright scarlet of the nose and the furrowed mazarin blue of the cheek bones, contrasting strongly with the orange-coloured pointed beard. They are of a most powerful make, stand 5 feet in height, and are exceedingly malicious and mischievous. They have their pot of porter daily.

---

## FOREIGN VARIETIES.

A Saxon geologist has discovered an enormous seam of coal in Eubœa, and estimated its possible extent to amount to thirty-five millions of cwts. The importance of this sable treasure is so much the greater to Greece as the Mediterranean has hitherto been supplied with coals exclusively from England; and the Greeks already see in vision the transfer of the coal trade from the pits of Lambton to the Isles of Greece. Independently of this commercial speculation, the Greeks congratulate themselves on having it thus in their power to erect and carry on independent manufactories of their own. Further investigation is reported to have brought to light extensive supplies of copper, lead, sulphur, and iron.

*Trade with Spain.*—During the year 1834, 665 vessels (total tonnage 86,918) entered the port of Cadiz; 229 of which (tonnage 32,962) were from England, and 45 (tonnage 7,107) from France.) 570 vessels (tonnage 80,822) sailed from that port during the same year: 264 of these (tonnage 27,825) bound to England, and 17 (tonnage 1,773) to France. The total value of goods imported during that year was 28,900,900 francs, 8,461,900 of which from England, and 2,778,200 from France. The goods exported amounted to 42,628,000 francs; 26,070,900 to England, and 763,200 to France.



The annual sale of books in Germany amounts to 21,500,000 francs. Forty years ago there were but 300 booksellers; but in 1833 the number increased to 1094.

*Colossal Monument.*—The column which has recently been erected at St. Petersburg, in memory of the Emperor Alexander, consists of a solid block of granite, 85 feet in height, surmounted by a bronze statue 20 feet in height. The pedestal on which it rests is 25 feet in diameter. The material for this noble monument was brought from the coast of Finland, in a vessel constructed expressly for the purpose, and the immense block was raised up an inclined plane of timber from the landing-place, and lowered from its summit to its intended position.

*North Carolina Gold Mines.*—Many of the inhabitants at Concord have pieces of pure gold of various weight, one of which weighs 28lbs. The beds where the gold is discovered are of gravel, and very extensive, covered with water in the winter months, but dry in summer. The first mine was found by a son of Mr. Reed, who, in watering his horse at the creek, discovered a piece of gold quite pure. Two years after, Mr. Reed, with two partners, pursued the search for gold, with six black boys, during the short period of only six weeks. In each of the two first years they obtained 17,000 dollars, besides what was stolen from the streams, supposed to be half as much more. No attempt has been made to open the hills; they are totally unacquainted with the subject of mining. Messrs. Norton and Bedford, of Baltimore, purchased a small tract of about 300 acres, joining the lower end of Reed's purchase and mine; they gave seven dollars an acre. Governor Mercer stated that they had analyzed the sand and gravel, and found it was worth a guinea a bushel, after the lump gold was picked out.—*Athenæum*.

The population of St. Petersburg is divided into the following classes: 42,748 nobles; 40,768 citizens; 55,207 military; 11,770 ecclesiastics; 11,440 merchants and traders; 11,094 artisans; 57,691 persons engaged in different professions; 14,665 strangers; 102,937 labourers and domestic servants, and 141,726 peasants, making altogether 490,046, of which number 140,747 are females.

There have been 3000 convents suppressed within the last three years. The example was set by the Emperor of Russia, who, by an Ukase, dated the 31st of July, 1832, abolished 187 convents of monks. This was followed by the King of Prussia, who, by a royal order, secularized all the convents in the duchy of Posen. In 1834, Don Pedro put down 300 convents, and Spain has lately abolished 1800.

*New Mineral.*—The mineralogical collection of Jassy, in Moldavia, contains a substance newly discovered in that country, which M. de Humboldt has proposed to designate *fossil-wax*. The specimen weighs 85lbs. It is employed in the making of wax candles. This fossil is presumed to be nothing but yellow amber in a state of incipient formation.

A Mons. Despreaux, now travelling in the Canary Islands, announces to the French Academy of Sciences, that he possesses a number of curious notices respecting the ancient inhabitants of Great Canary. He is of opinion that his predecessors have been wrong in stating that they only lived in caves, for he thinks he has traced the ruins of their villages and their monuments, and even the public square where they held their state deliberations. He has opened 300 tombs, very different in construction and position to those of the Guanches in Teneriffe. He has even met with traces of their manufactures, some beautifully perfect skeletons, and several of their utensils, among which are two hatchets of green jade. M. Despreaux also flatters himself that he has collected a number of unpublished insects and shells; he has dried 400 cryptogamous and 800 phaneroga-



mous plants, and has made fifty drawings of unfigured fungi. He has preserved 800 crustacea, and more than 100 fishes, among which are two sharks, from eight to ten feet long, differing greatly from each other. On this statement being made, M. Berthollet observed, that he very much doubts the antiquity of the monuments and houses, having visited them himself, and found their construction and workmanship betokening a more advanced period. They are in the environs of Gaëta, and, according to the evidences he has collected, he supposes that the former inhabitants of Great Canary did live in caves, like their neighbours the Guanches. The mountain of Urura, in the valley of Tiraxana, is entirely perforated into caves, placed in series one above another.—*Athenæum*.

The Menagerie at the Garden of Plants in Paris has just been enriched by a considerable number of newly-imported animals. Among them are a dromedary, and many African monkeys. A carnivorous animal called *paradoxure*, which has never yet been seen alive in France, is deserving of notice. There are also two antelopes, whose species is entirely unknown. A short time since the menagerie received from M. Guimard, on his return from Iceland, several eagles, foxes, and domestic animals from that country, which have hitherto been little known.

France possesses 82 museums, and 160 schools of fine arts. The total number of her artists who sent works to the last annual exhibition was 2231; of these, 1096 are painters, 150 sculptors and statuaries, 113 engravers, 263 architects, and 309 draughtsmen. Paris alone has 35 schools of fine arts, 20 museums, and 1385 artists; of which 773 are painters, 106 sculptors, 102 engravers, 195 architects, and 209 draughtsmen.

*Iron*.—Twenty years back, Dr. Portal, when analyzing some fragments of ancient lava near Mount Etna, found iron ore in them; more recently, Dr. Benedetto has discovered, close to the volcano, an extensive vein of this metal, presenting groups of octahedral figures.

*Rain*.—An abundant rain of Mollusca, genus *Bulimus*, species *Truncatus*, took place at Montpellier, after a violent storm, which came from the west. The noise of the falling shells resembled that of hail, and they might have been collected in thousands.

In making some alterations in the chapel of the Castle of Lassaraz, in Switzerland, there were lately found, in a vault which had been walled up, four statues and a cenotaph in stone. Two of the statues represent females, and the other two armed knights. The cuirass of one of these is open, and two toads are seen gnawing its sides; his visor is also up, and two more of the same reptiles are fastened to his cheeks. The legendary history of this curious figure has not been discovered, but as the Castle of Lassaraz played a distinguished part in the wars of the country in the middle ages, and as there are numerous chronicles of those times in the library at Lausanne, it possibly may be found there. There is a full-length figure attached to the cenotaph, but the four above-mentioned evidently do not belong to it. They are all, however, of the fourteenth century, and were not originally placed where they have been found; but were probably removed there for safety during some of the convulsions of the country.

*Cotton in Italy*.—The cultivation of cotton in the Roman States has, it is said, been tried this year on a great scale, and been completely successful. A new process of culture has led to this important mercantile result.

*Colonial Trade in France*.—The director of the customs has published a statement of the trade between France and her colonies and with foreign countries, during 1834, from which it appears that the merchandise imported during that year amounted to 720,194,336fr., of which



503,933,048fr. worth was consumed in the country. The exports amounted to 714,705,038fr.: the goods entered in the bonding warehouses to 469,330,593fr.; the goods taken out of bond to 436,968,771fr.; the goods upon which the transit duties were paid to 123,770,323fr.; premiums on exportation to 9,262,221fr. The value of the specie and bullion imported, and which is not included in the above account, amounts, as nearly as can be ascertained, to 192,408,884fr., and of that exported to about 97,286,744fr. The value of goods seized as contraband amounts to 1,313,022fr. During the year 10,089 vessels entered the ports of France, of which 3,965 were French; and 9,304 took their departure, of which 4,221 were French.

Several streets in Paris, especially the much-frequented one, the Rue Dauphine, have been doubly paved as an experiment. The first pavement is between two and three feet down, and is firmly cemented with mortar. There has been then a layer of sand, and the upper pavement laid down in the usual way. Another experiment of the kind is the pathway on the new bridge, formed of a composition resembling pitch and pebbles. It wears the appearance and consistency of granite.

There has been recently placed in the Salle du Zodiaque, at the King's Library at Paris, a cast from the bas-relief cut in the rocks of Libanus, near ancient Berytes, on the road which was opened between the rocks and the sea, at a remote period, to afford a passage between Syria and Palestine. It is supposed to represent one of the Kings of Assyria, who made war upon the Jews and Phœnicians. The figure of the King is almost entirely covered with an inscription, in characters similar to the cunei-form writing of the Chaldeans. This cast is taken from one made from the bas-relief itself by order of Lord Prudhoe, and sent to England. This is the bas-relief erroneously stated to present a portrait of King David.

A cast of a very ancient bas-relief, which exists in the Mount of Olives, near Jerusalem, has just been deposited in the Cabinet of Antiquities, at the Bibliothèque du Roi, Paris. It is thought King David is here represented in his real costume. The cap and the robe are covered with an inscription that cannot be deciphered. This cast excites great attention among archæologists.

---

## AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

*Institution and prospects of the Central Agricultural Association—Natural Laws which regulate the Results of Farming—Lord Fitzwilliam's Two Letters—The Currency Alarmists—Views entertained by the Earl of Liverpool and Mr. Coke—Transactions of the Field and the Market—Proceedings of the Smithfield Cattle Club.*

THE first step in the progress of agricultural agitation has been successful, and a Central Association has been established to give a force and direction to the scattered bodies of the same order, which have for so many years past, on so many occasions, accumulated their ineffectual fires to so little purpose. From the prospectus put forth previously to the meeting held in London to form this central organ, it should seem that it is to be rather a scientific institution, than an association for the political promotion, if such a phrase be admissible, of agricultural prosperity. Now we apprehend that the first design of the tenantry especially, is to make agriculture profitable, in other words, to procure for it such protecting enactments, or such remissions of general and local taxes as may promise a restoration of a fair remuneration. This we say is the generally understood and desired object. Without an almost immediate power to accomplish this purpose,



the Central Society should seem to hold out but little benefit; for if the statements of landlords and tenants be at all credible, long before the remoter advantages of an improved science propagated by such means could operate, ruin, absolute ruin, will have deprived the farmer of his capital, and rendered the estate of the proprietor all but valueless. We therefore regard this high-sounding project to be of little utility, and for the simplest practical reasons—the trade of farming is regulated like other trades, by plain laws—chiefly, indeed, by demand and supply. No local society, no central association, not even the omnipotence of Parliament itself, can do anything to alter these fundamental governors of all commerce. They have already tried, and what has been the result? A state of practical embarrassment and theoretical disputation, in which nothing seems certain but the positive or impending ruin of the owners and occupiers of the soil, coupled with irreconcilable opinions concerning the various causes. The Central Association will but mystify the premises, and embroil the affray. The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, is, that a succession of favourable harvests, superior and increased cultivation in Ireland and Scotland, and importations from the colonies, have raised supply beyond demand, and price has fallen. The only relief is to bring down the constituent parts of price—rent, tithes, and taxes, to a level with the rate corn bears. Seed, corn, horse provender, labour, and tradesmen's bills, being dependent on the price of subsistence, will of their own nature find the same level, and thus the balance will be restored.

Unless the Central Society make this their path and end, they will do no more than committees and associations out of number have already achieved since 1814. Lord Fitzwilliam's two letters, tracts which consist of plain facts plainly reasoned, have made the truth as clear as the sun at noontide in summer. Anything which tends to direct the farmer's mind from it, is neither more nor less than a scheme to bewilder him with false hopes, and empty his pockets of the small portion of capital that remains in them. There is no other class of traders in the kingdom who could have been bamboozled as they have been by mixing up a variety of questions with this, the only just and natural view of their case. For suppose farming could by any continuance of monopoly be made as profitable as in 1812, what must be the result? an immediate and extensive flow of capital and skill towards the cultivation of land. A large portion of the fifteen millions of acres of cultivable, but uncultivated waste, would be enclosed with as little delay as possible, and the thing would come to its present state—a *supply exceeding the demand*. This would happen beyond all prevention in three or four years, were even Irish, Scotch, and colonial grain excluded. No, the elements of price must be left to find their own relation to the rate of sale, and *vice versâ*. No laws, at least none which the world will now bear, can alter these universal rules of commerce.

The currency alarmists appear, if not quite driven out of the field, at least compelled to submission, real or feigned. Another proof has been added to the already powerful demonstration, that price is not dependent upon a greater or less circulation of banker's paper. A table has been put forth, showing the average prices of corn, and the average amounts of bank circulation from 1797 to 1832. It is well known that the circulation of country banks contracts and diminishes with that of the Bank of England, because they being liable to be called upon to pay their notes in gold or bank paper, must, of course, regulate their issues by the means they possess of obtaining those equivalents. From this table it appears that in 1801, the price of wheat was 5*l.* 15*s.* per quarter, and the issue of bank notes fourteen millions; in 1803, the price was 2*l.* 15*s.*, and the issue seventeen millions; in 1822, it was 2*l.* 5*s.*, with an issue of seventeen millions; in 1824, 3*l.*, with twenty-one millions of paper. Thus the highest price was attained with the very lowest issue of bank-notes, and the very lowest with the largest. But upon a further inspection of the



table, it sufficiently points out the cause; the years of high price were years of a defective harvest, 1801, 1805, 1812, (when the price was 6*l.* 5*s.*; the issue twenty-three millions,) and 1817. If the quantity of issue were an effective cause, how happened it that in 1817 the price reached only 4*l.* 15*s.*, when the issue was the very highest the kingdom ever knew, namely, thirty millions? and how did it occur, if Peel's Bill were an operative cause, that wheat bore the same rate in 1815, four years before it passed, that the same grain did in 1825, 1829, and 1832? How happens it that barley was last year so high, and wheat so low? What can account for the fluctuations of wool? Not the currency, be assured, but the simple state of demand and supply.

At the first access of the distresses of agriculture, the Earl of Liverpool attributed them to excess of cultivation; and although he made abundance the means of want by recurring to such a cause, he was not so far from the truth as some people imagined. Had he merely said the supply is beyond the demand, he would have expressed his meaning better, though he would have said something like the same thing. But Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, in a letter to an agricultural association in that county, written at the same period, went to the root. He pronounced generally and at once, that taxes had raised the elements of price beyond the power of repayment; that taxes must be reduced, and that rent, tithes, (in themselves a tax,) and the rest would follow; he declared protecting duties would be found in the end fallacious and ineffectual, and so it has turned out. Indeed, the facts are now so thoroughly understood, that none but persons so shut out by their distant residences, and as it were isolated concerns, could be so ill instructed. Farmers alone are to be persuaded to the transfer of their property in the way it has been transferred to the landlord and the parson, under the shadow of the miscalled protecting duties. The Central Association is however established, and we may safely leave it to its own course. If it can adapt supply to demand with a sufficient exactitude to secure the trade in corn from the natural fluctuations which attend the course of the seasons and the condition of society, it will be a marvellous body, and nothing short of this, in the way of regulation, can affect the farmer's profits.

Turn we to the transactions of the field and market. The labours of agriculture are now nearly at a stand; the wheat is well got in, and a seasonable fall of snow will, if it last not too long, secure those benefits, which though not yet perhaps traced to positive causes, are perfectly visible. The destruction of mischievous insects, and the nourishing properties believed to reside in snow water, together with the protecting influence of the covering of vegetation with that rare body, are all obvious advantages which the earth has not enjoyed for some years. There may also be no little benefit in filling the springs with moisture by the permeation of the countless little rills that find their way through every pore of the soil when the thaw sets the water at liberty. The turnips are going away fast, and many farmers are using large quantities of wheat in lieu of hay and oil-cake, in the double hope of raising the price of wheat, and saving in cost of food for the cattle. If this practice obtain to the degree we are told it does prevail, there can be no doubt that it will have some effect in the markets. We know one farmer who has been consuming forty stone of meal per week for some time in feeding his bullocks; the pinch is not yet come, there still are turnips, and we have observed, for some years past, that towards the close of the spring a great surplus has remained and gone to waste. But should this winter prove long and severe, there will be more need of artificial assistance in the feed of stock, than within any period during the memory of man.

The appearances of the Corn Market continue much the same. Wheat of the best quality rose a little at the beginning of the month that has elapsed since we last wrote, owing to a short and rather damp supply from



the farmer turning his attention to getting in his wheat, and to threshing of barley. Now somewhat larger supplies of the latter article have come in, and the price is a little giving way. The speculation is, that after Christmas wheat will be in more demand, and shorter supply; barley in fuller supply, and less demand. For it appears, on comparing the quantities in the market during the last and present year, that about the same quantity of wheat, but much more barley, was imported coastwise into London, in November, 1834, than in November, 1835. Hence, it is inferred, that the crop of barley being much more abundant in the latter than in the former year, there is a great stock in hand which must probably soon appear on the stands. No commodity is so much affected by opinion as corn; and the propagation of these anticipations will, to a certain degree, work the fulfilment of the prophecy. Low qualities are very much depressed. There is a difference respecting oats which occasions a stagnation, the Irish exporters looking to a rise, the English buyers to a fall. The Scotch samples are low and out of condition, and a great depression has been submitted to in consequence.

The proceedings of the Smithfield Cattle Club run to too great a length for us to narrate in detail: our limits confine us to stating that Lord Spencer obtained the prize, and a medal for the best ox, without restriction as to feeding. The one he exhibited was four years and ten months old, of the Durham breed. Mr. Senior had the prize of 20 guineas for the best ox, restricted as to feeding. This was a Hereford, and bred by the Rev. Mr. Smithers, of Lynch, near Leominster. The Marquis of Tavistock got the third; Mr. Senior the fourth; Mr. Peach the fifth class prizes; and Mrs. Strickland, of Tewkesbury, that for the best cow. Messrs. Powlett, Bird, Painter, S. Grantham, W. Ridge, carried off the premiums for sheep. There were also shown two heifers by the Marquis of Exeter and Earl Spencer for an extra medal, and 10*l.* wager. The prizes were given to the Marquis; but it should seem from the opinions expressed by many excellent judges, that the merits of the beasts were so nearly equal, it was a difficult though scarcely an unfair decision.

The average price of grain in the several counties of England and Wales, according to the Act which governs the duty, was, for the week ending December 21:—

Wheat	.	.	.	36·8
Barley	.	.	.	28·2
Oats	.	.	.	18·7

---

## RURAL ECONOMY.

*A Hand Water-Engine.*—A hand water-engine, on an entirely new principle, has lately been invented by Mr. Read, the patentee of the best of all our garden syringes. This new invention is very little larger than the syringe, but it has a tube added to it, which, being inserted in a pot or bucket full of water, gives the instrument all the powers of a garden-engine, with less than half the exertion required for working the latter machine. The power gained is by the condensation of air in a tube or barrel, parallel to that in which the piston works; so that the invention might not unjustly be called Read's double-barrelled syringe. The whole instrument, including the length of the handle, and the tube, which can be screwed on and off, is only three feet long, and the barrel part is but half that length. The price is only 50*s.* We have seen it at work, and consider that, for all ordinary purposes, it will supersede both the garden-syringe and the garden-engine.—*Gardener's Magazine.*

*Italian Rye Grass.*—The Scotch agriculturists are introducing this new



grass with great success, finding a great advantage in its cultivation, notwithstanding the present high price of the seed.

*On the Degeneracy of the Potatoe.*—We take the following extract from a very interesting article in the last “Quarterly Journal of Agriculture,” written by Mr. William Paton, of the Isle of Man.

Having stated, he believes, from experience, that the sort of potatoes most affected by the taint, are those which have been cultivated for the greatest length of time, on account of their superior qualities, *from the potatoe alone*, without resorting to the seed in the berry, which is produced annually on the stalks, as if to preserve them from decay or degeneracy, he says,—“We now come to what I consider as the very root of the evil, namely, a predisposition in the potatoe itself to receive the disease in question. This predisposition I conceive to result from its having degenerated in consequence of having been subjected to a long course of artificial cultivation; and, therefore, that our attention must be directed mainly to the means of preventing this degeneracy, while we endeavour to remove all such external causes of the disease as may be under our control. That the potatoe, in common with all other cultivated productions of the vegetable world, has a tendency to degenerate when the laws of nature are deviated from must be granted; and, considering that it is not a native of this country, it is reasonable to expect that it will degenerate in proportion as means are neglected to prevent it from doing so.

“This tendency to degenerate is well known to exist even in trees which are cultivated by grafting; and to such an extent, that many of the first sorts of apple trees which were formerly cultivated with the greatest care, have long since become entirely worthless.

“With respect to the potatoe, nature clearly seems to have made provision for the permanent health, as well as for the productiveness, of her own offspring, in the seed contained in the berry, which the plant produces from its stalks; and, consequently, by our endeavouring to perpetuate any particular sort of potatoe by continually cutting and planting its tubers, it is reasonably to be expected that we shall injure its general properties and powers, and thus gradually render it less fit for food, and more liable to disease. As I have already observed, extensive observation has fully satisfied me, that the taint by far more frequently attacks the long-cultivated, and more delicate sort of potatoes, than any others; the former, I conceive, because the vegetative powers have become enfeebled, and disordered by a long course of treatment opposed to nature; and the latter, because the very delicacy of their constitution renders them more liable, than the hardier sorts, to disease.

“If the foregoing observations should be deemed correct, it will follow that, in order to be as certain of obtaining as good a crop of potatoes as it is possible to be, the ground, before being planted, should be thoroughly pulverised: the manure should be well fermented; the sets should be whole potatoes, and never deprived of their first shoots, nor allowed to ferment; and, lastly, that a constant succession of new sorts should be raised from the berries of the old ones. The newly-raised sorts would, doubtless, admit of being cut with safety for several years, and would be but little affected by other external injuries, unless peculiarly delicate, as they would possess all the health and vigour of a plant propagated according to nature’s laws. By attending to these few suggestions, the experience of several years of extensive observations warrants me in saying that a full crop of potatoes may, under all ordinary circumstances of the weather, at all times be secured. I would, however, particularly recommend the raising of a succession of new sorts from the seed contained in the berry of the most approved old ones, as I firmly believe that the disease complained of is mainly to be attributed to this having been too



generally neglected. In 1833, I raised from the berry a great variety of new sorts. In 1834 the best of them were selected, and planted separately. At the present time, although planted late and cut, they are displaying an extraordinary degree of health and vigour; while, in the same field, and almost by the side of them, some of the old sorts are not only feeble, but both tainted and curled; thus unanswerably proving the necessity of having recourse to the assistance of nature to counteract the evils arising from a long course of artificial, and, in some respects, injudicious cultivation. On another occasion I will, in all probability, send the readers of this journal an account of the future stages of this experiment."

*New Zealand Flax.*—Mr. Murray, the very scientific and ingenious lecturer on botany at the Literary Institution, has grown plants of the *phormium ferax* (or New Zealand flax) in Scotland, seven feet in height, and three inches in breadth. He is now publishing a work on paper made from this plant, which is nearly as strong as vellum.

*Turnips.*—The turnip crop of England has been a total failure everywhere. We understand that many of the extensive graziers and cattle-feeders in the south of England are using wheat as a substitute, and it is found to succeed wonderfully well. After thrashing, it is boiled in the chaff; where the wheat has been winnowed, chaff is mixed with it. There is no doubt it is the most nutritious and the cheapest food which can be given.

*The Rot in Sheep.*—A writer in the "Quarterly Journal of Agriculture" expresses his opinion that the buttercup, or crowfoot, is the cause of rot in sheep. The acrid qualities of the plant are well known; and the writer observes, that whilst horses, cattle, and even pigs, refuse it, it is eaten by sheep and geese, which are more liable to diseased livers than any other graminivorous animals. Salt, in the quantity of an ounce and a half in a pint of water, for three mornings successively, on an empty stomach, is recommended as a decided cure; and the writer states that on killing a sheep which had taken two doses, 160 flukes were taken out of its liver, most of which were dead. But, as a preventive of the disease, he considers that earth, in the shape of worm-casts or mole-hills, is necessary for the health of the sheep, and that the extinction of moles by traps, and of worms by irrigation, may have given encouragement to the disorder.

---

## USEFUL ARTS.

*Submarine Register Barometer.*—An instrument bearing this name has been made, and successfully tried, by Mr. Payne, of the Adelaide-street Gallery of Practical Science. The accuracy with which the rise of mercury in descents, and the fall of the mercurial column in ascents, in the mountain barometer, is made to denote the heights of hills or the depths of valleys, is well known. Mr. Payne proposes to measure depths at sea by a barometer which differs from the mountain barometer in many particulars. It consists of a tube of glass (or it may be of iron), close at the top, and filled with one atmosphere of atmospheric air, or hydrogen gas. The pressure of the water upon the surface of the mercury in the cistern is similar to the pressure of the atmosphere upon the surface of mercury in the common barometer; but the water is prevented from absolute contact with the mercury by a piece of fine membrane. The *compression* of the air in the tube is registered by a float, similar, in some degree, to that of a register thermometer. The glass tube is graduated in atmospheres and tenths of atmospheres, and by tables of corrections for temperature and saltness of water. The depth to which the instrument has gone can be accurately ascertained in pounds weight or in fathoms. The instrument



which Mr. Payne has already made is graduated from one to forty-five atmospheres, or 247 fathoms, by Mr. Gordon, according to the rule by which he graduated the portable gas pressure-gauges, which have of late been found so accurate; and by such an apparatus the greatest depths may be accurately ascertained. A model may be seen at the Adelaide-street Gallery of Practical Science, and appears to us to be equally interesting and important.—*Lit. Gazette.*

*Steam-Boiler Explosions.*—A Mr. M'Farlane suggests, in a letter addressed to the Edinburgh Evening Post, the following method, whereby explosions in steam-boilers may, in almost every case, be prevented:—The preventive is made, by placing a plug, of a mixture of lead and mercury in proportion that it may fuse at a temperature a little above that which is required for the work, and to be projecting inward about a foot, that its leverage when it fuses may overcome the crusting that takes place within the boiler, and it should be placed nigh the level of the flues, in order to fuse, when the water by neglect or accident gets below the level of the flues; as explosions often are caused by the expansion and contraction tearing the metal, when the plates get red-hot at the level of the flues, and also the bottom of the boiler and flue-pipes get red-hot, under the level of the water, when a setting of salt takes place, if sea water. This plug or plugs also prevent explosions caused by cohesion, that takes place betwixt the steam, the valve, and the boiler, at the *rest* of the valve, by the plug fusing with the increase of temperature, by the increase of pressure. The way to prevent as much as possible this cohesion, is by having the *rest* of the valve thin; for the cohesion acts in proportion to the quantity of surface that is in contact, and increases in a greater ratio than the velocity of the steam when escaping.

*New Hydrostatic Engine.*—The Rev. J. T. Porter, of the Close, Salisbury, has, it is stated, discovered a hydrostatic engine, which, if it succeed, will vie with the astonishing power of steam. The principle upon which it acts is the pressure of fluids. The construction of the apparatus is simple, consisting of four cylinders, two of which act as pumps, the other two as working cylinders, each of them having proper pistons. The double-acting power (of the model) is put in motion by only twenty-five ounces of water, assisted by the lever. Some idea may be formed of the force of the pressure, when we say that with the stroke of one of the cylinders of the piston, an ash bough, an inch and a-half diameter, was broken with the greatest ease. The reverend gentleman is very sanguine as to the ultimate success of his discovery, and affirms that a ship, laden with the usual freight, may take a trip to the East Indies and back, the engine requiring for its total supply not more than a half-hogshead of spring water.—*Salisbury Journal.*

A new kind of horse-shoe has, it is said, been invented by a veterinary surgeon of Taunton, Somersetshire, which is said to succeed most completely, having been tried by a most extensive coach proprietor previously to the inventor taking out his patent. They are produced by a machine with steam-power to the number of 3000 an hour, and can be sold at 2*d.* each—one-fourth of the usual cost.

*Invaluable Discovery.*—Mr. Henry Stothert, iron-founder of Bath, has invented an apparatus for purifying sea-water at sea, which unites the property of cooking the provisions for the crew and passengers during the process, and it may be questioned whether, in the whole range of scientific discovery, there is one which has proved more extensively useful and beneficial than this will do to the maritime service.

*Vegetable Lace.*—At the first meeting for the season of the Society of



Arts, there was exhibited a cap and frock made from the fibre of the lace-bark tree of Jamaica, sent by a lady, who gave a minute description of the process of manufacture in an accompanying paper. An old tree will yield between fifteen and twenty folds of lace, which are procured by its being well beaten and macerated. In a head-dress, the part of which she had worn for three years, the appearance of rich blond lace was retained.

## BANKRUPTS,

FROM NOVEMBER 24, TO DECEMBER 18, 1835, INCLUSIVE.

Nov. 24.—W. LAST, Munster-street, Regent's-park, coal-merchant. W. GRIPPER, Chipping Barnet, innkeeper. R. A. BRAINE, Oxford, saddler. P. GERRISH, Ross, Herefordshire, cheese-factor. H. BOWERS, Great Malvern, lodging-house keeper. J. NUTTALL, Nottingham, lace-manufacturer. G. ARMITAGE and J. TOMKINSON, Oldham, timber-merchants. C. P. HENDERSON, Manchester, merchant. W. BALCOMB, Cheltenham, plumber. J. SMITH, Rugby, Warwickshire, dealer in corn and coals.

Nov. 27.—H. SIMMONS, Lamb's Conduit-street, silversmith. G. LEVI, Pinner's-hall, Great Winchester-street, City, merchant. R. R. COLLS, Southville, Wandsworth-road, coal-merchant. J. BOX, Bell-yard, Doctor's Commons, scrivener. F. BLYTH, Tokenhouse-yard, City, agent. T. SAVAGE, sen., Red Lion-street, Clerkenwell, watchmaker. J. NEVIN, Seven Oaks, Kent, ironmonger. R. TURLEY, Highfields Iron Foundry, Bilston, Staffordshire, ironmaster. E. VAIN, Southampton, brewer. A. RODIE, Ely, Cambridge-shire, grocer. C. TURNBULL, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, commission-agent. J. HEATH, Birmingham, lamp-manufacturer. J. ROBINSON, Birmingham, jobbing-smith. W. ROSE and J. TURLEY, Coseley, Staffordshire, timber-merchants.

December 1.—E. ANDRE, Brighton, cabinet-maker. M. and W. KING, Kingsley, Hampshire, millers. C. SANDERSON, Princes-street, Hanover-square, hotel-keeper. P. CUTLER, sen., Ewell, Epsom, miller. R. JONES, Whitechapel-road, boot and shoe maker. J. POLFREYMAN, High Holborn, licensed victualler. J. DUBOIS, Brown's-lane, Christchurch, Middlesex, silk-manufacturer. J. LISTER, Kingston-upon-Hull, common brewer. Z. DEVOGE, Manchester, jacquard machine-maker. A. L. BURGASS, Blyth, Northumberland, alkali-manufacturer. H. C. WATKINS, Pendleton, Lancashire, brewer. R. WARNER, Beccles, Suffolk, innkeeper. W. SMITH, Selby, Yorkshire, warehouseman. H. MATSON, Sandal Magna, Yorkshire, wine-merchant. J. F. MOSS, Chester, wharfinger.

Dec. 4.—W. BARRETT, Bell-yard, Doctors' Commons, money-scrivener. J. BOWRING and W. GARRARD, Exmouth-street, Clerkenwell, linen-draper. E. KEAT, Pinner, Middlesex, farmer. W. PARSONS, Quadrant, Regent-street, billiard-table manufacturer. J. ADDISON, Guildford, Surrey, watch-maker. J. IMESON, Fenchurch-street, stationer. J.

MARSH, Chesterfield, Derbyshire, scrivener. J. KIRCHNER, Brighton, music-seller. W. MANLEY, Topsham, Devonshire, rope-maker. F. BISHOP, Gloucester, corn-dealer.

Dec. 8.—R. HOLLINGDALE, Stroud, Kent, grocer. J. WRIGHT, Stavely, near Chesterfield, brush-manufacturer. G. MAYOR and G. S. DOVE, Little Distaff-lane, spice-merchants. W. SHOTT and W. R. HONEY, Shad Thames, wharfingers. A. L. LEWIS, Ramsgate, jeweller. W. P. WILLIAMS, Newton Abbott, Devonshire, draper. S. GRAY, Rose-street, Covent-garden, baker. G. LITTLE, Church-street, Lisson-grove, corn-dealer. T. SADD, Bungay, Suffolk, grocer. B. G. LEVIEN, Bishopsgate-street, oilman, W. THOMAS, Foley-place, Great Portland-street, Oxford-square, tailor. J. TULLEY, High Holborn, bazaar-keeper. T. HALL, Hulland, Derbyshire, lime-burner. A. RADCLIFFE and G. EDWARDS, Salford, Lancashire, wine-merchants. F. BISHOP and W. WILKES, Gloucester, corn-merchants. S. GOODWIN, Birmingham, grocer.

Dec. 10.—I. LEVI, Old Broad-street, City, merchant. S. DALBY, Fleet-street, boot-maker. M. CHARLES and T. BURROWS, Duke-street, St. James's, tailors. G. JONES, Shad Thames, wharfinger. J. JOHNSON, High-street, Bloomsbury, bookseller. D. CLARK, New Broad-street, City, merchant. G. LEWIS and W. GARRARD, Haverfordwest, linen-draper. D. H. BROWN, Haverfordwest, linen-draper. J. ROWLANDS, Hereford, draper. J. C. LYONS, Liverpool, commission-merchant. T. WALKER, Darlington Durham, tailor.

Dec. 14.—W. J. MUGGERIDGE, Trinity-street, Rotherhithe, brewer. F. J. MASON, West Strand, bookseller. S. H. BUCKLEY, Saddleworth, Yorkshire, dyer. A. DAVIS, Arundel, Sussex, chemist. F. POTTER, Manchester, merchant. J. RICHARDSON, Leeds, money-scrivener. B. J. WETHERELL, Os-motherley, Yorkshire, bleacher. T. DUDLEY, Coseley, Staffordshire, grocer. W. POTTER, Wotton-under-Edge, Gloucestershire, watch-maker.

Dec. 16.—R. BAUGH, Great Russel-street, Bloomsbury, draper. T. HILL, Bow Church-yard, commission agent. J. H. JERMYN, Threadneedle-street, hosier. R. HOME, Had-nal, Shropshire, innkeeper. H. ANDERSON, Liverpool, merchant. J. NICHOLSON, sen., Easthorpe, Southwell, Nottinghamshire, builder.



## COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

THE state of trade generally is such as, combined with the political relations of the country, to give a character of stability and firmness to our monetary operations which is seldom experienced at this period of the year. Our staple manufactures continue to present the gratifying materials of what is now become a monotonous report of full activity based upon a wholesome demand. Among the signs of the times it is certainly one, not of the least auspicious, that, considering the powerful temporary impulse which might be given to our manufacturing, and still more to our shipping, interests by a war between France and the United States, so far from the flame of hostile feeling being fanned here, every tendency to such a result appears to be deprecated, even among those who might be supposed to gather the transient benefits arising from such a collision.

The Colonial Markets have latterly been dull; and now from the period of the year almost all business is suspended. Still everything seems to promise a great degree of liveliness in the spring, and that the season of animation will have an early commencement.

In Sugars, the few transactions that have recently taken place in West India Muscovades indicate a disposition to advance; Jamaica is quoted, brown, 61s. to 61s. 6d.; middling to good, 62s. to 64s.; fine to very fine, 65s. to 67s.

A sale of Mauritius Sugars lately was interesting from the fact of its having afforded an average price higher than that of West India Sugars; the best qualities brought 66s. to 66s. 6d.; and the lowest quality of the sound brought 63s.

There has been a large demand for East India Sugars, at an advance of 1s. to 2s. per cwt.

Foreign Sugars are held firmly for higher prices, and this has checked all extensive transactions.

The demand for Coffee is limited to the immediate wants of the retailer, and thus little or no alteration can be noted in prices.

In the contest which has for some considerable time past been quietly carried on between the importers of cotton and the manufacturers—the former holding on for an advance, the latter buying to the smallest possible amount—the manufacturers appear to be getting the advantage; the few pur-

chases which have recently taken place having been effected at reduced prices. The last reported transactions give the following prices:—230 bales Surat, middling to good fair, 5½d. to 7d.; 170 Madras, ordinary to good fair, 5¼d. to 6¾d.; 40 West India, good fair, 9d.

The business of Mark Lane preserves the most equal tenour; the choice samples of wheat provoke some attention, but, generally, nothing can be more tranquil than the state of the quotations.

Some little depreciation has taken place in the English Funds in the course of the past month; but considering the near approach of the close of the year, and the high prices which they have generally hitherto maintained, the difference is too slight to give rise to any feeling of uneasiness. In Consols and Omnium this depression scarcely exceeds ¼ per cent.; while in Bank Stock the alteration has been of a more favourable character, and shows a rise of full 1 per cent.

In the Foreign Stock Market very considerable alterations have taken place. Portuguese Bonds fell to a serious extent upon the news of the change in the Cabinet of Lisbon, and the statement, that it was brought about by intrigue, aided by military influence, the present apparent stability of the new Administration, and the care the Minister of Finance has taken to inspire confidence in the permanence of public credit by his timely transmission of funds to meet the dividends now nearly due, have arrested the downward progress of those securities, and induced a considerable degree of firmness, though at a lower quotation. Spanish Stock has slowly but continuously improved of late, and every day's intelligence appears to add its mite of contribution to the growing faith in the success of the measures of M. Mendizabal.

In the Share Market, much of the excitement which was manifest a month ago has subsided; every description of Railway Share is reduced in value, a circumstance not at all to be regretted, as the profits made by mere gambling speculations have no beneficial influence upon the undertakings which furnish occasion for them.

The closing quotations on the 26th ult. are subjoined:—



## ENGLISH FUNDS.

Bank Stock,  $211\frac{1}{2}$  12—Three per cent. Reduced,  $90\frac{1}{4}$   $\frac{3}{8}$ —Three and a Half per cent. Reduced,  $98\frac{7}{8}$  9—Long Annuities, 1860,  $16\frac{3}{16}$   $\frac{1}{4}$ —India Bonds, 2 4—Exchange Bills, 13 15—Ditto Small, 13 15—India, for Account,  $256\frac{1}{2}$ —Consols, Ditto,  $91\frac{1}{2}$   $\frac{5}{8}$ —Omnium,  $35\frac{5}{8}$   $\frac{3}{4}$ .

## SHARES.

Brazilian, Imperial, 27 9—Ditto d'El Rey,  $5\frac{1}{2}$ —Colombian,  $9\frac{1}{2}$   $10\frac{1}{2}$ —Real Del Monte, 18 19—United Mexican,  $3\frac{3}{4}$   $4\frac{1}{4}$ —London and Birmingham Railway, 46 8 pm—London and Greenwich ditto, 27 8—London and Southampton ditto, 4 3 dis—Great Western,  $6\frac{1}{2}$   $7\frac{1}{2}$  pm—London and Croydon  $\frac{1}{2}$  dis par—

London and Brighton,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  3 pm—London and Blackwall,  $\frac{1}{2}$  1 pm—North Midland,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  pm—Danube Canal,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  dis.

## FOREIGN FUNDS.

Belgian, 5 per cent.  $99\frac{3}{4}$   $100\frac{1}{4}$ —Brazilian, 1824, 5 per cent.  $83\frac{1}{2}$  4—Chilian, 6 per cent. 44 5—Colombian, 1824, 6 per cent.  $32\frac{1}{4}$   $\frac{3}{4}$ —Danish, 3 per cent.  $76\frac{1}{2}$ —Dutch,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.  $55\frac{1}{4}$ —Ditto, 5 per cent.  $100\frac{7}{8}$   $1\frac{1}{8}$ —Mexican, 6 per cent.  $38\frac{1}{2}$ —Peruvian, 6 per cent.  $24\frac{1}{2}$   $5\frac{1}{2}$ —Portuguese Regency, 5 per cent.  $83\frac{1}{4}$ —Ditto 1835, 3 per cent.  $54\frac{1}{4}$   $\frac{1}{2}$ —Russian 0/ sterling, 5 per cent.  $108\frac{1}{4}$   $\frac{3}{4}$ —Spanish, 1834,  $48\frac{1}{2}$   $\frac{3}{4}$ —Ditto, Deferred Bds.,  $24\frac{1}{2}$   $\frac{3}{4}$ —Ditto, Passive ditto,  $14\frac{1}{2}$   $\frac{3}{4}$ .

## MONTHLY DIGEST.

## GREAT BRITAIN.

By a Royal Proclamation, dated the 4th December, Parliament is prorogued to the 4th of February next.

## THE COLONIES.

## VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

The Legislative Council met on the 18th of June, when his Excellency delivered a speech on the occasion. He adverted to the improved prospects of the colony; to the high estimation in which the woods raised there were held in England; and to the improved state of the revenue. The exports of wool, oil, &c., in 1834, had amounted to 203,522*l.*, exceeding those of the previous year by nearly 50,550*l.* The consumption of British and other goods had increased within ten years at least seven-fold; viz., from 62,000*l.* to 470,000*l.* The population of the colony is stated at 37,000 souls, and the resources of the colony were also rapidly increasing.

## SWAN RIVER.

Governor Stirling opened the Legislative Council at Perth on the 24th of March, in a speech of some length, in which he referred to the colonial resources; he intimated that the funds derived from the Imperial Treasury would only be granted until the period when the colony should be considered capable of providing for its own resources. The colonists at Swan River had held a meeting, at which resolutions were passed to the effect, that they were subjected to greater hardships than anticipated, in respect to the payment for grants of lands; that the taxation per head in the colony was nearly equal to that in England, and that they ought not to be further taxed till they were represented. The colonists were entering warmly into speculations in rearing sheep at King George's Sound; about 8000 acres of land had been sold at the rate of one farthing per acre, money being very scarce in the new settlement.

## FOREIGN STATES.

## AMERICA.

The American settlers in the province of Texas are in open revolt against the Mexican Government. It does not appear from the last accounts that



any direct encouragement to the proceedings of the colonists has been given by the cabinet at Washington; but at New Orleans, and other places on the Mississippi, warlike addresses have been published, and the citizens of the United States are called upon to arm themselves to assist in protecting the rights of their brethren, not only without any interference on the part of the local authorities, but apparently with their connivance.

It is well known that ever since the fertility and capabilities of Texas were made known to the United States by Colonel Austin, an anxious desire has been entertained by many influential persons to annex that province to the latter country. A project for purchasing it from the Mexican Government was entertained many years ago; and it was understood to be one of the main objects of Mr. Poinsett's mission to Mexico, in 1827, to effect an arrangement of that description. The American minister was thwarted in his scheme by the *Scotch* party, which at that time was stronger in Mexico than the *Yorkinos*, to which latter sect he was attached, otherwise there is little doubt that in the then impoverished state of the Mexican treasury, four or five millions of dollars would have absolutely secured its cession. From the period of Mr. Poinsett's recall, Mr. Austin, the son of Colonel Austin, founder of the colony, has been indefatigable in his endeavours to promote the same object; but as the sale or purchase has now become definitively out of the question, the present commotion has evidently been got up as the only means left to accomplish what has been for such a length of years a favourite scheme generally throughout the Union, and especially with those states watered by the Mississippi and its tributaries.

So far as regards the mere question of the right, as assumed in the present instance, of foreigners to levy war against a government to whose soil they have emigrated, and under the protection of whose laws they are bound to live, there can be neither doubt or dispute. The Texian colonists are grossly in the wrong, and it is impossible that they can be avowedly supported by the American government. That government, in our opinion, cannot even stand neutral, as some of the American journalists (not jurists) contend, or witness the flagrant contempt of international law committed by its citizens, without making an effort, or an apparent effort at least, to put a stop to them. That the power of the central government of the United States may not be sufficient for the purpose is probable enough.

#### PORTUGAL.

It appears that the Queen of Portugal, backed by some of her ministers, had objected to sending the expeditionary army into Spain, as agreed upon by the Cabinet. The Marquis of Saldanha, therefore, immediately tendered his resignation. Accordingly Donna Maria attempted to form a new Administration, but her efforts proved unavailing. She had, therefore, no alternative except to recall Saldanha, who is now reinstated in office, it is believed, more securely than ever. Much discontent exists in the garrison of Lisbon, and strong doubts are expressed of the wisdom of the ministerial policy.

#### SPAIN.

By the new Election Law, introduced by Mendizabal to the Cortes, the franchise is given to those who pay a certain amount of taxes, to advocates, doctors, professors of sciences, and to retired officers of the army, navy, and militia; also to a certain class of state-pensioners. There will be a Deputy for every 50,000 souls. The number of electors is estimated at 150,000, out of a population of 12,000,000; while France has little more than that number, with a population of 30,000,000. The qualification for a Deputy is a revenue of 60*l.* a-year, or 2400*l.* in capital; if he is a member of a profession, an income of 100*l.* a-year will suffice,



## BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

JAMES HOGG, THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

WE extract from the "Athenæum" of Dec. 5, the following interesting memoir of this excellent and highly-gifted man:—

Hogg was, we believe, in his 63rd year; we might add, on his own authority, that he was born on the 25th of January, 1772, the birth-day of Robert Burns; but there has been so much harmless mystification on this subject, that we are by no means certain that it is the fact. Hogg, as he delighted to tell the world, was born a shepherd—the son of many generations of shepherds—yet, humble as was his parentage, it was not below the reach of misfortune; and, at six years of age, "Jamie the Poeter," as he was subsequently called, was obliged to get his own living, and, for that purpose, engaged himself to herd cows for a neighbouring farmer—an occupation which he describes as the lowest in Scotland, yet not without its romance, as some of the anecdotes of his early life can bear witness; here is one worth repeating:—

"That summer, when only eight years of age, I was sent out to a height called Broad-heads, with a rosy-cheeked maiden, to herd a flock of new-weaned lambs, and I had my mischievous cows to herd besides. But, as she had no dog, and I had an excellent one, I was ordered to keep close by her. Never was a master's order better obeyed. Day after day I herded the cows and the lambs both, and Betty had nothing to do but to sit and sew. Then we dined together every day at a well near to the Shiel-sike head, and after dinner I laid my head down on her lap, covered her bare feet with my plaid, and pretended to fall sound asleep. One day I heard her say to herself, 'Poor little laddie! he's joost tired to death;' and then I wept till I was afraid she would feel the warm tears trickling on her knee. I wished my master, who was a handsome young man, would fall in love with her and marry her, wondering how he could be so blind and stupid as not to do it. But I thought if I were he, I would know well what to do.'

As to learning, it fell not to his share, nor came within the compass of his thoughts, except, indeed, learning the fiddle, which seems to have been an early passion. "It was in my eighteenth year," he observes, "that I first got a perusal of 'The Life and Adventures of Sir William Wallace,' and 'The Gentle Shepherd;' and though immoderately fond of them, yet (what you will think remarkable in one who hath since dabbled so much in verse) I could not help regretting deeply that they were not in prose, that everybody might have understood them; or, I thought if they had been in the same kind of metre with the Psalms, I could have borne with them. The truth is, I made exceedingly slow progress in reading them. The little reading that I had learned I had nearly lost, and the Scottish dialect quite confounded me; so that, before I got to the end of a line, I had commonly lost the rhyme of the preceding one; and if I came to a triplet—a thing of which I had no conception—I commonly read to the foot of the page without perceiving that I had lost the rhyme altogether. I thought the author had been straitened for rhymes, and had just made a part of it do as well as he could without them." It was six years after that he attempted to write. "I had no more difficulty in composing songs then than I have at present; and I was equally well pleased with them. But then the writing of them! that was a job! I had no method of learning to write save by following the Italian alphabet; and though I always



stripped myself of coat and vest when I began to pen a song, yet my wrist took a cramp, so that I could rarely make above four or six lines at a sitting."

Indeed, with the exception of a few songs and ballads, Hogg was four or five-and-thirty before he was known as a writer, but then he burst forth at once with "*The Mountain Bard*," and, to take his own (and we have no doubt correct) report, "that celebrated work, '*Hogg on Sheep*.'" He has, ever since, been constantly before the public. "Several of these compositions," says Mr. Cunningham, speaking of "*The Mountain Bard*," "were of great merit: '*Gilmanscleuh*' has much tenderness and simplicity, and the wild tale of '*Willie Wilkin*' aspires to rank with the '*Glenfinlas*' of Scott. The description of the spectre horses is surpassed by nothing in ballad verse. The hero of the story went to a meeting of warlocks, witches, and evil spirits, held in an old churchyard at midnight; his mother, a devout woman, followed, and was astonished at finding her son's horse standing in a rank of gigantic coursers, among which he seemed but as a foal. She stretched her hands out to stroke their mighty sides, and perceived, to her horror, that they were spectral, for every wave that she gave her arms a gap was left behind."

Hogg was, undoubtedly, a man of fine original genius. "*The Queen's Wake*," his most celebrated work, is full of fancy, and, though unequal, is studded throughout with beauties. We incline, however, to think that there is more truth than was intended in what Mr. Cunningham observes, that Hogg's genius "seems the natural offspring of the pastoral hills and dales of the border"—that there is, in fact, a national tone and feeling in his writings, with which we southerners do not wholly sympathize—that, in consequence, Mr. Hogg was more commended than read by Englishmen, and that much of his English fame is attributable to the fine things said for him, and the hearty cordial spirit which always animated him in the dramatic scenes of the "*Noctes*." At the same time, let us acknowledge that this hearty cordial spirit was characteristic of him. It was our good fortune to meet him frequently during his visit to London, and a more simple unaffected man we never associated with; he carried his heart in his hand; he had the trusting confidence of a child. From many scattered passages in Hogg's autobiography, it would appear, that he kept a somewhat voluminous journal; if so, it will now, no doubt, be published, and we may, therefore, be allowed to express a hope that a discreet friend will be permitted to look over the manuscript—that it will not be sent "unhousel'd, unanointed" before the public. Hogg was too open-hearted, and too much the creature of impulse, to rest with confidence on his momentary judgment.

#### VICE-ADMIRAL EYLES.

This officer commanded his Majesty's ship *Pomone*, of 44 guns, in 1796, which frigate, through the ignorance of a French pilot, was run ashore near Nantz, and with great difficulty got off again: she was at the time cruising under the orders of Admiral Sir John B. Warren, and, although in a very leaky state, he could not spare a ship to accompany her to England. By great exertions of the officers and ship's company, she was got into Plymouth. For his conduct herein, Captain Eyles was thanked by the Admiralty. Capt. E. subsequently commanded the *Canada*, *Téméraire*, and *Renown*, ships of the line. In 1801, Capt. Eyles was appointed Flag-Captain to the late Admiral Sir George Campbell, in his former ship the *Téméraire*, and was ordered with six ships of the line to the West Indies, to watch the motions of an armament which had recently sailed from France for the ostensible purpose of reducing the Blacks in St. Domingo to obedience. On the receipt of these orders, the crew of the *Téméraire* broke out into violent and daring acts of insubordination; but, by the spi-



rited firmness of Capt. Eyles and his officers, the mutiny was suppressed, and twenty of the ringleaders were secured, and conveyed to Portsmouth to be tried by Courts-martial, which lasted from the 6th January, 1802, to the 10th, thirteen of the mutineers being sentenced to suffer death. Only six were executed at Spithead; the others received 200 lashes round the fleet. On the 14th of January, six more of the mutineers were tried, five of whom were sentenced to suffer death, and the sentence was carried into execution; the other was punished with 200 lashes round the fleet. On the 7th of the following February, Rear-Admiral Campbell, with six ships of the line, a frigate, and sloop, proceeded to the West Indies, but returned again to England in June, their presence not being required. In 1809, Capt. Eyles had the *Plantaganet*, and in 1813 the *Royal Charlotte* yacht, and on the 4th of June in that year was promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral of the Blue. In May, 1825, he was made Vice-Admiral of the White. Vice-Admiral Eyles never hoisted his flag.

#### CAPTAIN COLLINGWOOD.

At Tralee, on the 15th of November, died Commander Francis Edward Collingwood, R.N. This gallant officer served as midshipman on board the *Victory*, at the battle of Trafalgar, and, being stationed on the poop, shot the man who had just inflicted a mortal wound on the heroic Nelson. The circumstances are thus described by Dr. Southey:—"Within a quarter of an hour after Nelson was wounded, above fifty of the *Victory's* men fell by the enemy's musketry. They, however, on their part were not idle; and it was not long before there were only two Frenchmen left alive in the mizen-top of the *Redoubtable*. One of them was the man who had given the fatal wound; he did not live to boast of what he had done. An old quartermaster had seen him fire, and easily recognised him, because he wore a glazed cocked hat and a white frock. This quartermaster, and two midshipmen, Mr. Collingwood and Mr. Pollard, were the only persons left on the *Victory's* poop. The two midshipmen kept firing at the top, and he supplied them with cartridges. One of the Frenchmen, attempting to make his escape down the rigging, was shot by Mr. Pollard, and fell on the poop; but the old quartermaster cried out, "That's he!" and pointed at the other, who, coming forward to fire again, received a shot in his mouth from Mr. Collingwood, and fell dead. Both the midshipmen then fired at the same time, and the fellow dropped in the top. When they took possession of the prize, they went into the mizen-top, and found him dead, with one ball through his head, and another through his breast." Commander Collingwood received his first commission as Lieutenant, on the 18th of January, 1806, three months after the battle of Trafalgar; but his second commission was not conferred upon him until the 15th of January, 1828, twenty-two years after the Lieutenancy, although he was constantly employed during the remainder of the war, and had been the avenger of Nelson's death. Commander Collingwood was a son of the late Captain F. Collingwood, R.N., and nephew of the late Admiral Sir W. Parker, Bart., and the late Captain Richbell, R.N., many years a magistrate at the Thames Police-office.

---



## MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

*Married.*—At St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Rt. Hon. and Rev. the Earl of Guildford, Capt. J. Sidney Doyle, second son of Major-General Sir Charles Doyle, to Lady Susan North, daughter of the late Earl of Guildford.

At St. George's, Bloomsbury, Joshua Scholefield, Esq. M.P. of Edgbaston Grove, near Birmingham, to Mary Ann, daughter of the late T. R. Swaine, Esq., of the Grove, Highgate.

At the British Embassy, Paris, Sir Charles Payne, Bart., late of Tempsford Hall, to Sophia Maria Creighton, daughter of the late Major Robert M'Crea.

At Brighton, the Hon. John Boyle, eldest surviving son of the Earl of Cork and Ossory, to the Hon. Cecilia de Roos, sister to Lord de Roos.

*Died.*—At Belvoir Castle, aged 54, Lord Robert Manners, brother to the Duke of Rutland, and M.P. for the northern division of Leicestershire.

At Nantes, in her 42nd year, the Countess de Mondreville, the eldest daughter of the Marquis of Ailesbury.

At the Pavilion, Hans-place, in her 69th year, the Right Hon. Lady Charlotte Denys, only sister to the last two Earls of Pomfret.

At Gibraltar, suddenly, of dysentery, Lord Vernon, aged 56. His Lordship was of liberal politics, unbounded beneficence, and a great friend to the arts.

At Pope's Villa, Twickenham, of apoplexy, aged 73, the Baroness Howe, daughter of Admiral Richard Earl Howe, and wife of Sir Wathen Waller, Bart., G.C.H., Groom of the Bedchamber to his Majesty, also mother of the present Earl Howe, Lord Chamberlain to the Queen.

At Lapsanne, aged 52, from dropsy of the chest, the Princess de Montfort, consort of Jerome Bonaparte.

At his house in Camden-town, Mr. George P. Reinagle, artist, youngest son of R. R. Reinagle, Esq., R.A.

At his house, in Grosvenor-place, Lieut.-Gen. Lord Hartland, aged 69.

At Singapore, the Hon. Charles Robert Lindsay, of the Bengal Civil Service, second son of the late Earl of Balcarras.

## PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES

IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND,  
AND IRELAND.

## LONDON.

*Antiquities.*—The remains of ancient architecture are at present visible in London, where excavations are being made for new streets and sewers. One of these is in the centre of Newgate-street, and consists of very strong foundations of rubble work, eight or ten feet below the surface. Another is near Finsbury-square, and is a portion of the old wall of London.

## CORNWALL.

*Discovery of an Ancient Church.*—At Perranporth, Mr. Michell has recently removed the sand from the oldest church in the parish, which appears to have been overwhelmed by it, according to tradition, faintly supported by records, 500 or 600 years ago. This church is probably one of the most ancient ever laid open, and wants nothing to render it complete as when first erected, except

its roof and doors. The length of the church within its walls is twenty-five feet; without, thirty. The breadth within, twelve feet and a half; and the height of the walls the same. At the eastern end is a neat altar of stone, covered with lime, four feet long by two feet and a half wide, and three feet high. Eight inches above the centre of the altar is a recess in the wall, in which probably stood a crucifix; and on the north side of the altar is a small doorway, through which the priest entered. The chancel was exactly six feet, leaving nineteen feet for the congregation, who were accommodated with stone seats, twelve inches wide and fourteen inches high, attached to the west, north, and south walls of the nave. In the centre of the nave, in the south wall, is a neat Saxon arched doorway, highly ornamented, seven feet four inches high by two feet four inches wide. The key-stone of the arch projects eight inches, on which is rudely sculptured a tiger's



head. The floor was composed of sand and lime, under which bodies were unquestionably buried, the skeletons of two having been discovered. It is very remarkable that no vestige of a window has been found, unless a small aperture of inconsiderable dimensions, in the south wall of the chancel, and which is ten feet above the surface of the floor, should be considered one: it must therefore be presumed that the services were performed by the light of tapers. Around this interesting building lie thousands of human bones exposed to desecration, the winds having removed the sand in which they were deposited.

## DEVONSHIRE.

*The State of Agriculture.*—The following has been handed us as the result of the tillage of ten acres of land near Littleham, in this county. It is a small piece of ground in which persons having a joint interest, it was agreed that one of them should plough and till it to corn: this was accordingly done, the charge for ploughing, &c. being 6s. an acre, which is considered reasonable. The total of charges or costs was 58*l.* 10s. It is well known that the late harvest was a bountiful one: the wheat grown upon it has been sold, and the utmost price enabled to be obtained for the produce has been 56*l.*! thus leaving the proprietors, or those having an interest in it, 2*l.* 10s. minus!!—*Treman's Exeter Post.*

## GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

*Bristol and Gloucestershire Railway.*—The tonnage on this railway (which has been open three months) is satisfactorily increasing, as will appear by the following statement:—

In the month of August.....	2087 tons.
September .....	3377 „
October .....	5395 „

*Roman Remains.*—It is stated that the remains of three columns have been recently discovered on the north side of Westgate-street, Gloucester, the architecture of which seems to indicate that this might be the site of the pretorium of that Roman station.

## SOMERSETSHIRE.

*British Association.*—It has been finally fixed that the above important institution shall hold its anniversary in this city the third week in August next. The Marquis of Lansdowne has been

appointed President; the Rev. W. D. Conybeare, Dr. Pritchard, and J. S. Harford, Esquire, Vice-Presidents; and Dr. Daubeney, Mr. G. Clark, and Mr. Hovendon, Secretaries.—*Bristol Mercury.*

A company is now forming in this city, for the purpose of establishing a steam communication by vessels of large burthen, and of efficient power, between Bristol and New York. More than a twelvemonth since, when treating of the prospects which the obtaining the Great Western Railway would hold out for Bristol, we urged, amongst other advantages, the eligibility of this port as a station for packets to and from the United States. It therefore affords us considerable gratification to find that the project has been taken up with that spirit which augurs well for its successful completion. The proposed establishment of cotton and other manufactories in this neighbourhood would remove this obstacle, and go some way to place us on a footing with Liverpool.—*Bristol Gazette.*

## SUSSEX.

Fourteen farmers of the parish of Eastbourne are now trying on half acres the following plan of spade-husbandry, for which premiums were offered by the Highland and Lothian Agricultural Societies. The cost is at 3*d.* a rod, 40s. per acre, whereas ploughing three times costs 30s.; and if digging it answers as well in South as North Britain, to the extent that human labour can be obtained, the food of horses may be saved and given to cattle stall-fed, as in Germany, Holland, Switzerland, &c., to produce *manure*, on the abundant supply of which the success of farming depends. Many of those farmers are also trying dibbling wheat, which costs 6s. per acre in Hertfordshire, and 8s. at Eastbourne. The work being new, this saves full a bushel and a half of seed, and by leaving space to hoe, thus provides work in removing the weeds which now rob the soil, and accounts for the distress of both tenants and landlords.

## YORKSHIRE.

The eleven whale ships, with their crews, 594 in number, beset in the ice at Davis' Straits, now attract deep attention throughout the country. Before the final determination of Government was known respecting these ill-fated vessels, the Dundee Union Whale-fishing Company intimated to the owners of the



missing whale ships belonging to Hull their readiness to contribute to the scheme of sending provisions, &c., to Davis' Straits. The following particulars relative to the whale ship Dundee, of London, Captain Duncan, shut up in the ice in Davis' Straits in the winter of 1826-7, will likely prove interesting at the present period:—The Dundee was beset in August, 1826, in lat.  $69^{\circ}$ : she afterwards drifted to lat.  $74^{\circ} 30'$ , and before she got clear, in April following, she had been carried as far north as lat.  $83^{\circ}$ . The crew suffered much from want of provisions, but in the course of the winter they killed several seals and bears, and in the month of February they caught two whales, the flesh of which they preserved in a frozen state. The ship was several times in danger of being wrecked by huge icebergs breaking through the fields of ice by which she was surrounded; but she was happily preserved, and on the 1st of April she was fallen in with by the Lee, Captain Lee, of Hull, by whom she was supplied with provisions. The Dundee got clear of the ice on the 16th of April, and arrived at Shetland on the 2nd of June, having lost only two of her crew while she was beset. The safety of the Dundee, as well as that of the Active, of Peterhead, which was abandoned a few years ago, and found next season uninjured, gives ground to hope that the crews of the vessels at present missing will be restored to their wives and families. Captain Duncan is of opinion that an attempt should be immediately made to forward provisions to the crews of the missing ships. His advice is, that they should be sent out in a well-fortified Greenlandman, and he entertains no doubt that the vessel would be able to reach some of the settlements, from which the provisions might be conveyed over the ice.

## WALES.

*Coal Field in South Wales.*—Mr. Bakewell, in his "System of Geology," states that in South Wales, adjoining the Bristol Channel, an almost inexhaustible and very valuable supply of coal field extends over about 1,200 square miles, and that there are 23 beds of workable coal, the total average thickness of which is 95 feet, and the quantity contained in each acre is 100,000 tons, or sixty-four millions of tons per square mile. Each square mile of the Welsh coal field would yield coal for 100 years' con-

sumption, and as there are from 1,000 to 1,200 square miles in this coal field, it would supply England with fuel for 2,000 years, after all our English coal mines should be worked out.

## SCOTLAND.

*Sir John Malcolm.*—The foundation-stone for a columnar monument to this distinguished man has been laid by Sir James Graham (attended by the neighbouring gentry, and with due masonic ceremonies) on one of his native hills, near Langholm. There his admiring countrymen will have a conspicuous object to excite them to follow his bright example, and remind them of a family whose elevation is an honour to Scotland and the Scottish character.

## IRELAND.

*Poor Laws for Ireland.*—We have received the Official Report of 'Selections of Parochial Examinations relative to the Destitute Classes in Ireland, from the evidence by his Majesty's Commissioners for inquiring into the condition of the Poorer Classes in Ireland;' and the mass of evidence contained therein only tends to confirm the opinion we have on several occasions expressed,—that a compulsory provision for the Irish Poor is demanded upon every principle of humanity, reason, justice, and good policy,—not only for the sake of Ireland, but in order to prevent the annual influx of labourers into this country, by which the hire of the English workman is reduced or destroyed, and the amount of our Poor Rate considerably increased. We find that distress exists in Ireland to an enormous extent,—that human beings linger out a miserable existence, till starvation puts a period to their misery; that the widow, the orphan, and the fatherless, are frequently left destitute, and perish for want of the common necessities of life. It is also admitted that, to a very great extent, these deplorable evils exist, in consequence of the low rate of wages, and the want of work, rendering it impossible for the labouring population to make provision against sickness or distress, or to lay up the least provision for their wives and children, in case of death. What further evidence, then, can be required, to convince every individual of right feeling that one of the first measures of real "justice for Ireland" must be a Legislative provision for the Poor?



A decision of some importance to the holders of Bishops' lands has been made by the Privy Council, on an appeal from the Archbishop of Dublin against an adjudication of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, who ruled that, in a purchase under the Church Temporalities Act, there should be no allowance for engrossing leases and other fees, amounting to 6*l.* 10*s.* The Council dismissed the appeal. The Master of the Rolls observed in the course of the discussion, that the object of the Legislature was to abolish the expense of annual renewals and all fees applicable to periodical renewal; but it never was their intention to augment the Bishops' income.

A day patrol, like the London police establishment, has been formed in the city of Limerick, the first in Ireland which has adopted the plan.

---

We are enabled to state that the Commission which was appointed in March last, for the purpose of inquiring into the system of military punishments, had, previously to the close of the last Session of Parliament, made considerable progress in the investigation of this important subject, in taking evidence from persons of all ranks in the army, from the general officer to the private, as well as from others; and their labours were nearly completed, when the absence from England of an officer, whose testimony was very essential, necessarily compelled the Commission to suspend their inquiry. They will, however, re-assemble early in January, and the report will be made to his Majesty previous to the usual period of introducing the annual Mutiny Bill into the House of Commons.

That Government have in contemplation some measure respecting the general settlement of Tithes is evident from a circular lately issued by authority, containing a long list of questions as to tithes taken in kind, tithes compounded for on view of each crop, tithes taken under composition for a money payment, or on a corn rent, and land subject to

any modus, composition, real, or prescriptive payment.

The "Hull Observer" states that the Cove, commanded by Captain James Ross, for the purpose of carrying provisions, &c., to the seamen detained by the ice at Davis's Straits, has been put in commission. Captain Scoffin, of the Duncombe, which has succeeded in getting clear of the ice, had an interview with Captain Ross, and described to him the positions of the vessels in the ice when he got away. From his description Captain Ross is of opinion that the ships are further in the ice than Captain Scoffin supposes. The Trinity House has subscribed the sum of 1000*l.* towards fitting out the expedition, and liberal contributions have been received from other quarters. The Mayor and Corporation of Hull have subscribed 100*l.* It is estimated that the sum required, independently of the Government aid, will be about 4000*l.*

The first annual Report of the Poor Law Commissioners for England and Wales contains much curious information respecting the operation of the old Poor Laws. In the books of Hampton Boyle, for instance, are the following items of parochial expenditure:—Paid for men and boys standing in the pound six days, 7*s.* And in every week's payments a list of these labourers, thus:—W. Wheeler, standing in the pound, six days, 8*s.*; J. Cartwright, standing in the pound four days, 6*s.* The explanation of this is, that the overseer obliged the pauper to stand regularly in the parish pound, like cattle. If they absented themselves they were not paid; and the reason assigned in such case was, that they might not cheat the parish by going to work when they said they could get no employment. The same plan has been carried into effect in a parish in Warwickshire.

The estimated consumption of potatoes weekly in London and its environs, at the present period, is equal to 1230 tons. Supposing half the population to consume each one potato, weighing a quarter of a pound, daily, the average cost is upwards of 44,300*l.* weekly.

---



# THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

---

## LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH.

### LETTER XI.

AN unpleasant report has prevailed here for several days that the cholera has come over from Europe to Oran. For that city it was my intention to have taken shipping by the first good opportunity, as travelling by land is out of the question; but I thought, in the event of the news proving true, that it would be imprudent to go out, as it were anticipating a meeting with so redoubtable a personage as the cholera, which would be interpreting rather too strictly the medical maxim, "*venienti occurrere morbo*." In order to ascertain what credit the rumour deserved, I called on General Voirol, and finding that he did not believe it, I requested his assistance to obtain for me a passage on board of the first government steamer that might be going to Oran. "*That*," he said, "is not so easy as it may seem, there are so many applicants for passages; however, we must see what can be done for you. Come, if you please, and dine with me to-morrow; you will meet General Demicels, who is to embark the next day as commandant for Oran, and I hope he will be able to take you with him." I went accordingly, and we had a very pleasant party, everybody agreeing to despise the report of the cholera having come to Oran. General Demicels told me he could not give me a passage unless I was invested nominally with some office in his suite. "Then, make me your Latin Secretary," I said, and it was agreed to *instantly* that I should write all the Latin letters he might have occasion to send to the Arabs. After a cheerful evening, however, I awoke to hear serious news in the morning. I called at an early hour on General Demicels—his countenance was very serious; the intelligence of the pestilence having broken out at Oran had arrived at Algiers about midnight. "It is my duty," he said, "to go to the infected place, but if I were you I should not go." I told him that such was my resolution, not merely from apprehension of cholera, but from the fear of being shut up in Oran for an indefinite time by the embargo that would be imposed upon the place. I took leave of him with pain, to see a brave man going off to the chance of an inglorious death\*.

Well, but the cholera at Oran is but a prelude to its being at Algiers, and Heaven knows how soon that itinerant performer may be leading the dance of death amongst our alleys of darkness and dense population! His revels here will be frightful; shall I fly from the infection and return to Europe? Nay—no, I thought, in communing with myself; curiosity brought me hither, and fear shall not drive me hence, with my

---

\* The General looked as if he had anticipated calamity, and one of his family, I believe his nephew, was carried off by the malady.



curiosity baulked. In this mind I called at the house of the Intendant-Civile, the Baron Bondurant, and found his lady in her drawing-room, surrounded by all the world. She showed her friendly interest in me, by inquiring what were my intentions as to remaining at Algiers? I told her I meant to stop; but instead of complimenting my courage, as I expected, she replied, "*You are a perfect madman.* As for me, I must remain, as in duty bound, by my sick husband, but if you have a grain of sense left, get off immediately to Marseilles." Hem, I thought, you are perhaps in the right. After her lecture I turned round to Madame de Verger, the wittiest and the most musical of Frenchwomen. "And what do you think of me, Madame de Verger?" "I think," she said, "that you are a poltroon." "Why so?" "Because you did not go to Oran. Oh, how I admired your '*beau-courage*' when we dined at General Voirol's, but where is it all now?" She added, with laughing compassion, "Pray take Madame B.'s advice, and get over to Marseilles." If Jem Smith had seen me under her quizzing, he would have said that I looked more like a *Sheepio* than a *Leo Africanus*. I said, "Ladies, you are really too hard upon me, but I am neither a madman nor a coward—I belong to the *juste-milieu*."

To be serious, I am not insensible to the danger of remaining here; but it provokes me to think of having come so far and of going away after seeing so little, and thus my crossness performs the part of courage; so I shall stop here, waiting for a chance of visiting other parts of the Regency. Boujiah and Bona, on the sea-coast, I am sorry to say, are the only accessible places at present, and into the interior there is, alas, no hope of safely penetrating beyond twenty miles from Algiers; for though the French once took possession of Belida, Coleah, and Medea, they were obliged to quit them, after learning from the natives some hard lessons in the tactics of retreat.

I find the society of the French very agreeable; but it would be more so if they would not so constantly and ignorantly boast of their resemblance to the Romans. For the present, at least, nothing can be more unfortunate than this comparison, in as far as relates to Numidian colonization; both Rome and France have left ruins here, but those of France are the work of destruction, whilst the Roman ruins are vestiges of what they created. About the distance of fourteen miles from Algiers, on the side of the river Aratch, there are still visible the ruinous traces of a Roman city, which is supposed to have been the Rustonium mentioned by Ptolemy, and named Rusucrum by other geographers. Here, scarcely emerging from brushwood and brambles, there are fragments of walls, vaults, porticoes and arches, and trunks of columns, bits of Etrurian pottery, and sprinklings of mosaic pavement. There are traces also of a jetty which sheltered the shipping. To judge by its remains, Rustonium must have been a mile in length, and about half as broad. The Emperor Claudius bestowed on it the privileges of a Roman city; but what a shadow is human existence!—the hyæna now laughs at the fallen glory of Rustonium, and the tortoise crawls over its tessellated floors.

There is a stone with a Roman inscription in Algiers itself, which I do not find mentioned either by Shaw or by any other traveller. It is a part of the outside wall of the mosque nearest to the Marine. I can make out upon it the words "*Sulpicius Rufus Donum Dedit.*" Other



letters are irretrievably obliterated ; what remains, however, proves that the existing mosque was built partly with stones which had been formerly used by the Romans, and it probably stands where a Roman temple once stood.

Among the antiquities near Algiers may be mentioned some large unhewn stones, erected evidently by the hand of art, a few miles to the west of the city, in the direction of Sidi Ferruch. They stand by threes and fours, with a stone of equal size surmounting the rest. The French call them Druidic tombs. That these erections may be Phœnician I can imagine, though their being Druidic is a different question. I remember no mention of Druids in any ancient author, either Cæsar, Strabo, Mela, Diodorus Siculus, Tacitus, Lucan, Pliny, or Ammianus Marcellinus, which alludes to stones of this description forming their sepulchres. We have all concurrent testimonies that they performed their religious rites in the depth of groves, and cemeteries have had among all people more or less of a religious character. Around erections given out to be Druidic, both in France and Britain, we have no tradition of woods having ever existed ; and if such stones be Druidic, it is strange that there should be none in the isle of Anglesea. It has never been more than dimly conjectured that Druidism came from Phœnicia, and it may be no more than conjecture that such stones, whether in Africa, England, and elsewhere, are of Phœnician erection. The data for reasoning are so faint and few, that although the sage in the academy can say a great deal more about the matter, he knows in reality little more than the child in the nursery. Still, if you let me choose one guess more feasible than another, I should follow the opinion of those who ascribe such monuments to the Phœnicians. Stukeley, the most rational of our old antiquaries, thinks so with regard to the piles at Stonehenge, and I have heard my friend Gwilt, the learned translator of " Vitruvius," maintain the same opinion.

From the table-land containing these supposed Druid tombs, you may ascend in an hour's walk or ride (though a horse's footing is scarcely secure on these steep, stony pathways), to the top of Mount Bouzaria, which is 1000 feet above the level of the sea, and behind it commands a view of the Metedjah plain, as well as of the whole range of the Lesser Atlas. This bird's-eye prospect gives wings to the imagination, leading it by sea over the waves that roll to Spain and Italy, and overland to mountain-tops that overlook the path of the caravan towards the zone of our planet. It is merely a prospect, however, and not a landscape for the painter. Looking down to the Metedjah plain, I said to M. Descousses, who was riding beside me, " See, there ; there are seven—eight encampments of the Arabs ;—I can spy their tents, and the smoke ascending from their fires. How I long to see them nearer ! Will not you, who were a captain of Napoleon's cavalry, accompany me down to the plain and risk a visit to them ? Could we not reach them in safety ?" " Aye," said Descousses, " we might reach them in safety, but our coming back is a different question."

On the summit of Mount Bouzaria, there are the ruins of two small villages containing some forty houses, out of which, however, only a dozen seemed to be inhabited. On the brow of the mountain, towards the east, a commanding military position, the French have built a large block-house, which is guarded by several pieces of cannon ; the pathway



back to Algiers is so precipitous and rocky, that I had serious apprehensions for my neck.

Along all the roads about Algiers the French have established cabarets, where songs reach you without which indicate jollity within, and the soldiers sometimes circulate the bottle so quickly, as to throw it at each other's heads. Very different from these haunts of revelry are the quiet coffee-houses of the natives, which are generally placed in some sequestered ravine, and embosomed in a grove of orange or other fruit-trees. In the porticos and orchards of these coffee-houses, the Moors of the neighbourhood will come to while away an entire day, squatted on mats of reeds, and drinking coffee or playing at drafts ; you will see them also counting their beads, an act, which with the Mussulmans as with the Catholics, is supposed to be accompanied by devotion. I was passing one of these cafés the other day in company with a French officer, who recognised and spoke to an elderly native. The Moor was resting beneath a fig-tree, with a rosary in his hand ; his beard and turban white as snow, and his gravely placid countenance made him seem to me the most venerable man I had ever seen. An interesting looking youth sat beside him, whom I took to be his son, and I recognised in the few words that passed between them, the tones of paternal and filial kindness. When we left them, I said to the Frenchman, " How respectable are these cafés of the Moors, compared to our dram-shops of Europe ; their pleasures are indolent to be sure, but they are innocent. Is it not pleasant to see your temperate old friend passing the day with that boy, who seems to be his son, and the comfort of his age ? " " Boy—son—bah ! bah ! " cried the Frenchman ; " that companion of his is neither his son nor one of the male sex. "

I should avoid alluding to the profligacy of the Moors, like any other impure subject, if it were not illustrative of an important moral truth. I have heard untravelled philosophers defend polygamy, as a safeguard against the grosser licentiousness which fills our streets with degraded women ; but Algiers is a proof that this is not a fact. At the occupation of the place by the French, there was found a greater number of such women than could be reckoned, in proportion to its population, in the most profligate town of Europe. The wretched females of this description were not, to be sure, so much incarcerated as the married women ; but they had habitations allotted to them under the surveillance of a magistrate, called the Mezuar, who let them out to Mussulmans, and who punished them with death if they admitted Jews or Christians as their admirers.

This shows that polygamy is no antidote to profligacy ; and, indeed, how can it be so ? It is true that the Moors, like all frugal Mussulmans, seldom have more than one or two wives at a time, though they can easily divorce them ; but can the wife thus married for a moment imagine herself more than a mistress, or can the husband say to her, like Brutus to Portia—

" You are my true and honourable wife,  
And dear to me as are the ruddy drops  
That visit this sad heart " ?

The Mezuars often treated those public women very cruelly. When the French came, it was wonderful how soon they learnt the politics of the day. Though shut up in their houses, they set up yells of joy at the



French military music; they were thumped and threatened, but they snapped their fingers at their gaolers, and were finally emancipated.

I fear you will think me an incurious traveller, when I tell you that I have not yet seen any Moorish funeral, except that of a poor person; it is only at the interment of the better orders, that the honours paid to the dead are performed with any imposing solemnity. But it is not so easy, as you might imagine, to get admitted to such a spectacle. Since the cemetery adjacent to the gate of Babel Oued has been desecrated by the French, and its tombs destroyed, the rich have ceased to be buried in that quarter, though there is a ravine in the same direction stretching upwards to the south, and remote from the high road, where graves are still dug for the poor. There is one burial-ground, and there may be more for aught that I know, within the walls of Algiers: but the Moors, who have country-houses, generally inter their friends in their vicinity. Formerly it was advisable for Christians to keep out of the way of their funerals, and they are still averse to any but the faithful being present at them. I extracted a promise from a young Moor who has been in France, and is no bigot, to help me some day to the sight of a native burial; but he has not kept his word, probably apprehending the prejudices of his countrymen.

I understand that the first ceremony performed over a deceased Moor or Mooress is to wash the corpse all over. Cotton steeped in camphor is then put into the mouth, ears, and nostrils; the body is dressed out in the best attire that can be found, as for a festive day, and is finally wrapped in linen. Those who can afford it, purchase linen that has come from Mecca, and is therefore supposed to be consecrated. By the time that the toilette of the corpse has been made, all the female friends of the family have assembled, and they join in a loud lamentation over the defunct. The men take no share in these howlings, and it would be thought weakness if they either sighed or wept, although their countenances often express a deeper grief than that of the noisy complainants. The dead are never kept more than twenty-four hours, indeed sometimes for a much shorter time; so as to make it but too probable, that persons interred prematurely have often awoke in their graves only to struggle and be suffocated. The biers of females are curtained, those of males have no covering but the shroud. Women never accompany a funeral to the grave, except in rare instances when female slaves have been emancipated by the will of the deceased. The procession is attended by an Iman or priest, and it generally stops on the way to the grave at the nearest mosque, where verses of the Koran are chanted choral-wise. At the place of rest the same chanting is repeated, at least I was told so; but I should think that a sepulchral requiem is a luxury appropriated only to the rich—for at the poor man's funeral which I witnessed, the Arabic words uttered over him were rather a growl than a chant. The corpse is laid in the grave, resting on one side, and having the face towards Mecca: flags of slate or planks of wood are laid over it, to prevent the jackals from making a night's entertainment of it; the earth is then thrown in and the grave is covered with turf and branches of trees, unless the family of the individual be rich, and then his tomb has marble slabs at head and foot, and a regular building over it. The private burial-grounds of the wealthy are kept



with extreme care; they are surrounded by walls mantled with ivy and vines, and the graves are shaded by palm-trees or cypresses. Often within the walls there is a covered gallery of white marble pillars, under which there are carpets spread, for those who come to mourn and pray. The Moorish women, otherwise so closely immured, can always repair to the tombs of their relations; and those places, so says report, are resorted to sometimes for assuaging other passions than grief. Mendicants always follow the funerals of the rich, and alms are distributed to them. Finally, the friends and relatives return home and have a social meal, with plenty of couscousou, fowls, and mutton. Your English refinement, I dare say, revolts at the idea of a feast after a funeral; but remember I am a Scotchman, and if you abuse these poor people for this custom, you will cast a reflection indirectly on the recent barbarism of my native land. Alas! I fear these Moorish festivities after burials are decency itself, compared with those which I have witnessed with my own eyes in Scotland. Not very long ago a Highland funeral, or *dregy* as it is called, used to be followed by a regular supper to the company and a ball,

“Where hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,  
Put life and mettle in their heels.”

I have heard a young Highlander in the rank of a gentleman say, that he never spent a pleasanter day than at his grandmother's *dregy*; for the mourners had as much whisky and dancing as they could set their faces to. At his death, the Laird of —, in Argyleshire, left a beautiful young widow, of course inconsolable for his loss. After the burial and banquet, clansmen and clanswomen, attended by the piper and fiddler, convened for a dance in the castle-hall, resolving to mitigate their grief with the Highland fling—when unexpectedly the widow herself came in, all weeds and tears, with the tip of her nose scarcely peeping from her crape cap—and she seated herself mournfully on a bench. The gentleman who was to lead down the dance thought that he could not in good breeding ask any other lady than the mistress of the house to stand up with him, and with a deep sigh she consented. He then asked the disconsolate woman to name the spring, *i. e.* the tune she would wish to be played. “*Oh,*” she said, “*let it be a light spring, for I have a heavy heart.*”

The epitaphs of the Moors are generally brief and simple, unlike those sepulchral rigmaroles where—

“So very much is said,  
One-half will never be believed,  
The other never read.”

Mr. Tulin, Vice-Consul, who is an excellent Arabic scholar, favoured me with the translation of two inscriptions on a tombstone within Algiers. At the head are two lines of verse on an erected slab of slate, meaning as follows:—

“There is but one God, the Master of all things, the all-just and all-powerful.

Mohammed is the Envoy of God, the executor of his will, and the believed.”

At the feet there is another upright slab, inscribed to this effect:—



“ This is the grave of the deceased,  
By the charity of the Ever-living and Ever-lasting,  
The Hadgee \* Mobarek, son of Mohammed, son of Baset.”

The graves of eminent men are surmounted by marble turbans designating their rank. When the French made their road through the great burial-place at Bab-el-Oued, they suffered the soldiers to carry off those turbans. I have just returned from an apothecary's shop where one of them stands inverted on the counter, and is used as a mortar by the man of rhubarb.

### LETTER XIII.

I cannot say that my friends the Israelites are so free from verbosity as the Moors in their sepulchral inscriptions; yet still I am glad that the conquerors have spared them. Farther west from Bab-el-Oued than the demolished Moorish tombs, and happily out of the line of the great road, lies the Jewish cemetery. It has neither flowers nor trees; but it is, to my taste, a picturesque and interesting place: it contains, I should think, though I cannot say I have reckoned them, hundreds of graves, covered with large slabs of pure white marble, with the Hebrew characters beautifully engraven and coloured black, and here and there surmounted by sculptured hands, denoting the tombs of rabbis. I need not apologize to you for my interest in the Hebrews; the very characters of their language beget reverence in my heart. Most ancient and ill-used people! it is some comfort to see their ashes undisturbed in a country where they have suffered so much. I often visit this cemetery by clear moonlight, when the many tombs contrast their foreground splendidly with the blue amphitheatre of hills above; and here, as if the ground inspired my memory, I can vividly recollect the brightest passages of that prophet-poet Isaiah, who painted futurity like a present scene.

Fifteen years ago I applied, with some earnestness, to the Hebrew language; but my knowledge of it is now so much decayed by disuse, that I could only transcribe some of the inscriptions in this cemetery, whilst imperfectly understanding them. I can make out that some of the tombs are those of martyrs who suffered for the Jewish faith, and I think it is indicated that they suffered death by fire. I got a Jew, who speaks a sort of English, to translate them for me, and he agreed with me that one of the epitaphs conveys that meaning. But the Jew's English version is scarcely more intelligible than the original Hebrew; I can perceive, however, that these epitaphs are all in verse, and even in rhyme †.

---

\* The appellation of Hadgee is given to those who have made the pilgrimage to Mecca.

† Since returning to England, I applied to Mr. Hurwitz, Professor of Hebrew in the London University, to translate the epitaphs which I brought home, and he very kindly took the trouble to do so. He tells me that the style is modern, or corrupted, Hebrew, which has its difficulties to the best Hebrew scholar.

#### I. *Epitaph on a Female.*

Call forth the lamenting women (*a*) to prepare a mourning, and to weep over the graceful and lovely lady (*b*) who was smitten with the plague in the day of anger,

(*a*) Women whose business was to raise cries of lamentation over the dead.

(*b*) Literally, a graceful chamois or wild goat; a form of endearment among the Israelites here, however uncouth it may seem to us. It reminds me of a compliment paid to the ladies of



Neither the Moors nor Jews wear black in token of mourning for the dead; but the latter always attend funerals in their worst attire, to

and descended into the lonely grave through the wrath (of God). She buried her husband after the death of her husband (*a*). She was of fair form and stature,—agreeable in her deeds to those who knew her. Hannah her name was called, the consort of the Rabbi Joseph, of the family Buleis. In the month Sivan (*b*), in the year of the creation 5517, her blameless soul ascended to the highest heaven.

## II. *On a Young Man.*

(This is) the tombstone of a lovely, upright, and worthy young man—Joseph, the Levite, of blessed memory, who was slain for no crime, but in consequence of false imputations raised against him and his seven companions, who were all killed with him on the same day, on account of an unjust sentence that was pronounced against them by their enemies concerning something. May God, in his mercy, avenge them and the innocent blood which was shed in the land.

Be amazed, ye heavens, at this! How have the righteous thus ceased, and come to an untimely end! Woe to the eyes that have seen this, and woe to the ears that hear this! On the 4th day of Tammuz (*c*), in the year of the world 5500, their souls went into the upper Paradise, where they will find rest.

## III.

Crown of the Law! faithful Judge!—the crown is fallen from our heads.

Woe unto us that we have sinned!

The tombstone of the sage, the perfect, the distinguished Judge, the holy Rabbi, who was slain for the sanctification of the law (*d*)—our instructor and rabbi, Isaac. The memory of the holy and just be blessed! Learning weeps over him, and sheds the bitter tear. With wailing she reproaches reckless, faithless Time (for being) the perpetrator of a wicked deed:—"How durst thou pluck up a monument so fair? There is, indeed, a time to unroot a plant, and a time to plant it (*e*). How shall we drink the bitter cup, or how couldst thou give it to so pious a man, whose mental taste was sweet, like honey and manna—whose extensive wisdom was as that of Asaph and Hymir (*f*)?"

He was renowned amongst those who possess wisdom and knowledge, filled the chair of instruction, and judged a people not forsaken (*g*). Noble-minded, generous, and merciful, he often shed agonizing tears for his congregation, whose sorrows touched his feeling heart as if they were his own; for they (the people) had been delivered over to destruction as the destruction of Shalman. At last the enemy spread the net for him, and smote him with the well-known scourge of his tongue, and tore his neck with the sword. Isaac, of the family of Abulchir, was his signature. On the 28th day of the month Ziv his soul departed to enjoy the bliss which God had prepared for him.

## IV.

The tombstone of the worthy, esteemed, charitable, pious, and wise Rabbi Jacob Zeror. He rested in glory in the month Nisan (*h*), 5500.

The stone upon this grave awakens a weeping and a bitter lamentation for a man of a noble and honourable mind. How beautiful and glorious were his works! Faithful in his dealings, of the strictest integrity, a great benefactor to the poor of his congregation, a shield to his numerous offspring, the crown of a good name; treasurer, at first, to the Society (denominated) Nōs'ai Mittah (*i*), and at last their associate; of a holy family, his good name being well known in the cities.—And after all his endeavours in this world, there arose against him the sons of

England by a mulatto servant whom I hired at Algiers, after my faithful Kabyle left me to return to his native mountains. My mulatto—a cunning, flattering knave—had been in England, and could speak the language. "Ah, mystar," he used to say, "show me de land like London for good cheese and porter. And den de English ladies—dey are all like she-goats,"—he meant Goddesses.

(*a*) That is, she had the two-fold calamity of being deprived of her husband and children.

(*b*) The third month of the Jewish ecclesiastical year.

(*c*) The fourth month of the year.

(*d*) That is, he fell a martyr to his religion.

(*e*) This line Mr. Hurwitz thinks was introduced merely for the sake of the rhyme.

(*f*) Names of two celebrated Levites. 1 Chron. vi. 18; vi. 24. Ps. lxxiii. 88.

(*g*) Jeremiah xli. 5.

(*h*) Name of the first month of the ecclesiastical year, corresponding with March and April.

(*i*) That is, the carriers of the bier—a society, I suppose, whose business it was to see the dead properly interred.



denote their grief. The Jewish men weep plentifully at interments. The women sometimes attend them; but not always. When they do, you may be sure their grief is not silent.

A discourse, long or short in proportion to the importance of the deceased, is preached at some little distance from the grave; prayers are chanted; and collections are made for the poor. One extraordinary superstitious custom still remains. When a man dies, they believe that the devil stands in ambush before the house, in order to get possession of the corpse on its way to its last abode. As the rabbis, however, surround it all the way to interment, his infernal majesty is cowed by their presence; but still he follows the procession, in hopes of finding some favourable opportunity, or of slipping into the grave along with the defunct. When the body, therefore, is near the opened grave, the bearers suddenly retreat with it to a certain distance, and a rabbi attending them throws some gold pieces as far as he can in different directions. The devil, who is by this time either in the grave or near it, is tempted by his avarice to go and pick up the money; and whilst he is thus employed, the corpse is hurried back to the tomb, and earth thrown over it. One day that I talked about this custom to a Moor, who has a bigoted hatred of the poor Israelites, I asked him if it was not unlike a Jew to throw away his money? "Ah, yes," he said; "but it is very like a Jew to cheat the devil." In the burials of females this scattering of money is never practised: Satan, it is alleged, has trouble enough upon his hands to wish getting hold of a woman.

On certain days families go out to weep over the tombs of their parents.

To start a livelier subject than tombs and epitaphs—I have transcribed for you a few Algerine melodies. I expressed to you a mean opinion of the native music, and if you heard it fiddled and flageoleted by the minstrels here, I think you would not blame me for fastidiousness. They certainly execute their tunes like executioners. At the same time, I imagine I have undervalued the intrinsic merit of their music, from the wretchedness of its performers; for incomparably better judges than myself tell me, that many of the native airs are expressive and pleasing.

---

Belial, and raised a false imputation against him, for which he was condemned to die an uncommon death. At the hearing of this the ears tingle, and the eyes that saw it weep blood. Be amazed at this, ye heavens! How they have shed the blood of a righteous man, on account of the wickedness and falsehood of his accusers! His bones will seek vengeance before God, who dwells on high. As for him, he is gone to Paradise, to dwell in the dew of light. May his soul be tied in the bundle of life!

V.

This stone cries as a woman that bringeth forth her first child to all that pass to and fro, saying thus:—"Alas! all ye that fear God, raise a lamentation with a bitter heart. Put on sackcloth instead of costly garments for the death of R. Abram, of the family Leon, who was an upright and glorious man. He departed this life on the 14th of Kislev, in the year 5441, in a ruin and a burning fire."

VI.

Alas! all ye virtuous women, come to mourn for Sarah, and to weep for her. She was the wife of R. Abram, of the family Leon. She died in the ruin of her own house, in the year 5445, the 14th day of the month Kislev. May God, in his abundant mercy and great kindness, gather her soul in Paradise, with other righteous women!



Madame de Verger says so, and such is the opinion also of my inspired and valued friend, the Chevalier Neukomm, whom I have met at Algiers. Of all happy incidents, that which I least expected in Africa was to meet this great man—the nephew of Haydn, worthy of his uncle—the composer whose touches on the organ are poetry and religion put into sound. He has crossed the Mediterranean merely to visit his friends the De Vergers. Colonel De Verger called on me the other day, bringing the Neukomm with him; I need not tell you how I greeted him—we talked about Algerine music, and he told me that he found something in it which he liked for being natural and characteristic. I said, “You surprise me, Chevalier; then I suppose you can admire even our Highland bagpipes?” “Nay,” said Neukomm, “don’t despise your native pibrochs; they have in them the stirrings of rude but strong nature. When you traverse a Highland glen you must not expect the breath of roses, but must be contented with the smell of heath: in like manner, even Highland music has its rude, wild charms.”

Well, upon reflection, his words seemed to confirm me in the opinion that the greatest artists are the ablest discoverers of merit, be it ever so rude and faint, in works of art. Our poets, Scott and Gray, could discover genius in barbarous ballads that had eluded the obtuseness of common critics. Our sculptor Flaxman walked among the uncouth statuary of old English cathedrals, where defects of drawing and proportion are obvious to the eyes of a child. A surface critic would have derided those monuments; but Flaxman’s eye penetrated beyond their shape into their spirit—he divined what the sculptor had meant, and discovered tender and sublime expression. I send you a few native airs. The words are not even an attempt at poetry—but mere nonsense verses to point out the measure.

*Moderato.*

Give me ro - ses, and en-twine Ro - - - sy

wreaths, - - with eg - - lan - - - tine.



*Allegretto.*

Joy to - day! ba - nish

sor - row; Let us laugh till to - mor - row.

*Allegretto  
Moderato.*

Noo - shi - na, come, and with thee

bring, The cas - ta - nets, the pipe, and string,

And let us laugh, - - - and dance, and sing.



*Allegro.*

Piano introduction in 2/4 time. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *pp* (pianissimo).

Vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a *p* (piano) dynamic. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in the left hand.

Come! let us haste a - way, Night's fled, be -

Vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with a *p* (piano) dynamic. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in the left hand.

hold, 'tis day. All to the fields re - pair,

Vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with a *f* (forte) dynamic. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in the left hand.

Whe - ther black, or brown, or fair.

Vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with a *p* (piano) dynamic. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in the left hand.



## MARTIAL AIR.

The foe is quick ad - vanc-ing, I

hear the horses prancing: Now to arms! Let all be

rea - dy, *fz* Be bold, be cool, and stea - dy. Be

*mez.* bold, be cool, and stea - dy.

NOTE.—Since my return to England, I gave the above airs to a friend who is a thorough master both of the science and history of music; he has set them to European accompaniments. Though Madame de Verger had the goodness to transcribe these tunes for me, I never had the good fortune to hear her sing or play them, and could judge of them only as they were performed on the wretched native instruments. But when my friend A—— had set a bass to them, and played them on the piano-forte, I could at once discern that they are not without beauty. They remind me of Scotch tunes, though not of those of the first order.

My friend says, in a note to me, “You must have misunderstood what Madame



de Verger said about the rhythm. Bad execution might obscure it to your ear, but it could not to hers. No. 4, however, is a little faulty, strictly speaking, in rhythm."

"The Arabians," my friend adds, "never had harmony in their music. They doubled their instruments and voices, and sang and played in octaves; but of that which constitutes the charm of modern composition, they seem to have been as ignorant as the Greeks.

"There is a remarkable resemblance between the Arabian and modern scales, and this is still more striking on examining the three Arabic characters by which each interval of the scale is marked. Their characters or symbols the Arabs called *dourr mofassal*, *i. e.* pearls separated."

#### A THOUGHT SUGGESTED BY THE NEW YEAR.

THE more we live, more brief appear  
Our life's succeeding stages:  
A day to childhood seems a year,  
And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth,  
Ere passion yet disorders,  
Steals, ling'ring, like a river smooth  
Along its grassy borders.

But, as the care-worn cheek grows wan,  
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,  
Ye stars that measure life to man!  
Why seem your courses quicker?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath,  
And life itself is vapid,  
Why, as we reach the Falls of Death,  
Feel we its tide more rapid?

It may be strange—yet who would change  
Time's course to slower speeding?  
When one by one our friends have gone,  
And left our bosoms bleeding.

Heaven gives our years of fading strength  
Indemnifying fleetness;  
And those of youth, a *seeming length*,  
Proportioned to their sweetness.

T. C.



## SONGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES."

## 1.

BROOM glowed in the valley  
 For William and Sally,  
 The rose with the rill was in tune ;  
 Love fluttering their bosoms  
 As breezes the blossoms,  
 They stray'd through the woodbines of June.

Oft, oft he caress'd her,  
 And to his heart press'd her,  
 The rose with the woodbine was twined ;  
 Her cheek on his bosom,  
 Like dew on the blossom,  
 Enchanted the tale-telling wind.

Poor Sally was bonny ;  
 But Mary had money,  
 Aye, money and beauty beside ;  
 And wilt thou, sweet Mary,  
 'Thou fond and unwary !  
 Deprive the wise fool of his bride ?

Yes ; bee-haunted valley !  
 Poor heart-broken Sally  
 No more with her William will stray ;  
 " He marries another !  
 I'm dying !—Oh, mother,  
 Take, take that sweet woodbine away !"

## 2.

His hand clasp'd in hers, she look'd up in the face  
 That once gazed as fondly on me ;  
 Two boys and a girl, in their butterfly chase,  
 Ran before them with laughter and glee.

He saw me, he knew me—his brown cheek turn'd pale,  
 " Oh, still doth he love me ?" I sigh'd ;  
 But my heart, how it sank ! and I felt my knees fail,  
 As I look'd on his beautiful bride.

In their comely attire, and their calm, thankful air,  
 The tale of their virtues was told ;  
 While childless and mateless, in want and despair  
 Was the woman who spurn'd him for gold.







## PRECEPTS AND PRACTICE.

## THE MAN AND HIS MASTER.

---

“ A master I have and I am his man.”—*O’Keefe*.

---

To what follows, being essentially dramatic, what name can I better prefix than that of *O’Keefe*?—a man of more genuine and original oddity and humour than any writer of his time. The higher flights of George Colman the Younger, the gaieties and pleasantries of Morton and Reynolds, the quaintness and raciness of Kenny, and the voluminous playfulnesses of Thomas Dibdin, distinguished as they all are by their peculiar claims upon the attention and patronage of the theatrical public of some half or quarter of a century standing, are not so remarkable as the whimsicalities of *O’Keefe*. His inventive powers in the construction of odd phrases and quaint burdens for songs, his extraordinary combinations of strange fancies, and the contrivance of a sort of significant gibberish, without meaning in itself, but fashioned so as to convey the most accurate and vivid idea of what he himself meant to express, are matters beyond the powers of analysis: yet his farces are obsolete, and, with the dramas of Foote, lost to the stage and the public, because the popular taste has become so refined that it shrinks from broadness of humour and sharpness of wit, into the safe refuge afforded by prancing horses, flying horses, masked assassins, and simmering Jewesses. I make no apology, however, for quoting *O’Keefe*.

I have said that what follows is purely dramatic—it is of French construction—and so completely characterized by theatrical qualities, that I think it best to give the dialogues and conversations which occur in it, in the dramatic form. Although I do not hope to find it flourishing at the Victoria, or receiving the immortal honours of the Olympic, it may, perhaps, in its present shape, be of use in private theatres—the managements or mismanagements of which establishments, James Smith, the all-accomplished, so well describes. I will, at all events, be brief in my prologue, which

precedes my verse,

As undertakers walk before the hearse;

and which merely proposes to observe, that a certain middle-aged gentleman, of the name of Meek, possessing an independent fortune, with a somewhat delicate constitution, and therefore, perhaps, more a creature of habit than his healthier neighbours, had been blest for many years with a faithful, careful, attentive, and excellent domestic, who had, in fact, lived with him from his youth upwards—or rather, as Mr. Meek found it, downwards—including a period of twenty-one years.

For the first seven of these years, James Grab—so was he called—had been an excellent servant; for the next seven, a considerate friend; and for the last seven, a very hard master; and at the period this “ tale of real life ” begins, Mr. Meek, in the enjoyment of a competence, the society of a few fond relatives, and a most agreeable circle of friends, had not a will of his own—James Grab was the ruling power, the *primum mobile*. Meek was no longer master of his house, or anything that was his; but he still went on, feeling the importance of such a faithful, confidential creature as Grab; and being perfectly satisfied that if he were



to leave him, he should at once sink in the fathomless ocean of society, and be lost to all eternity. Of this feeling Grab was naturally aware—he saw his influence, and exerted it; to what extent, and with what effect, we shall presently see.

Mr. Meek's establishment—*en garçon*—consisted of this worthy,—literally *maitre d'hôtel*,—a cook, housemaid, coachman, and groom, and a sort of housekeeper,—pert and pretty,—called by Grab and his master Jenny—by the rest of the servants, Mrs. Widgeon; and this *corps* was so constantly changed by the management of Grab, who took in and turned out when he pleased and whom he pleased, that one administration scarcely lasted entire, as first formed, more than a month. These changes were matters of little moment to Meek—he heard of resignations and retirements, of negotiations and acceptances, but as Grab was premier, and took the whole responsibility, Meek, whose temper was proverbially excellent, taught himself to believe that nobody but Grab could serve him or keep matters together; that if he threw up his place, he should be wretched; and so he went on living in the dark, hoodwinked by the knave, who made him believe that he was the most popular man in the neighbourhood, at the very moment when he was most coarsely abused for suffering himself to be led by the nose by such a consummate cheat and hypocrite as Grab.

Mrs. Widgeon was to Grab what the fighters call an “ugly customer,” although to anybody else she would have appeared a remarkably pretty one;—she had a pair of sparkling black eyes, a well-rounded figure, curls like jet, and a forehead like snow; she had been well educated, and was somewhat over-accomplished for her sphere in life. Grab had engaged her in hopes of finding her gratitude for his patronage take a more tender form in the course of time; but six weeks' experience—and that, it must be confessed, is quite time enough for such an experiment—had taught him that all his hopes in that quarter were vain. Mrs. Widgeon, besides a dislike for Grab's personal forwardness, had a certain regard for honesty, and she saw with a disgust which increased with his importunities the manner in which he “ruled the roost” in her master's house. This perception on her part led Mr. Grab to give her notice that her stay there would not be permanent, if she did not shut her eyes to what was going on, even if she did not choose to open her ears to his addresses, which I need not say were of the most honourable character, but which made little effect upon her heart, which either was not hers to give, or which she had resolved not to give *him*.

In this state of affairs our little drama opens. Meek coming out of his dressing-room into his library, where his breakfast is—*mirabile dictu!*—ready for him. He enters, and begins the scene by calling loudly for Grab.

*Grab.* Well, Sir—here I am—what's the use of calling so loud?

*M.* I—I'm sure I didn't call loud, Grab; it hurts my lungs.

*G.* Then why don't you learn to be patient, and wait till I come?

*M.* I'm sure you do all you can to teach me that virtue.

*G.* Well, then, it is no fault of mine if you don't learn it.

*M.* If you would but have the bell of my dressing-room mended, I need not be forced to call you at all.

*G.* Yes—that would be a good joke; why, you'd be ringing for me every quarter of an hour. I should not have a minute to myself.



*M.* Don't I pay you for waiting upon me?

*G.* Why, yes, you pay me—but not to kill me with over-work.

*M.* Work! Why, Grab, you don't do half the things I tell you to do.

*G.* That is because you ask me to do too many by half.

*M.* Too many!

*G.* To be sure, Sir; Lord bless your heart, don't you think I know what you want a great deal better than you do yourself?

*M.* I do not think you do; why, here now, you never get my breakfast ready till an hour after the time I want it.

*G.* That is to give you a better appetite, and consequently more pleasure.

*M.* Ah! there it is—he is always right—that's very true. Well, Grab, go directly and inquire how Mrs. Trotman is.

*G.* How she is! What's the use of that, Sir? She is very well—much better than you; and she doesn't send to inquire after *you*.

*M.* She was very ill last night.

*G.* Not a bit of it;—I know—wasn't I in the housekeeper's room. She quarrelled with her husband, was out of sorts, and then told you she was ill.

*M.* She is too clever and too candid to do any such thing, Sir.

*G.* Oh! you think you know a great deal about her.

*M.* Know! why, Sir, do *you* not know that she is *my* niece?

*G.* I should think I did; you have told me so a hundred times. I know all your relations a great deal better than you do.

*M.* Well, go and inquire, Sir.

*G.* I am going to get my breakfast, Sir.

*M.* Well, then, go afterwards.

*G.* Yes, I will if I have time.

*M.* Grab?—

*G.* Sir—

*M.* I cannot bear this; you grow more impertinent every hour.

*G.* Ah, that's what you have been saying every day for the last twelve years.

*M.* This will end in a break up.

*G.* Why, I'm sure I don't wish it.

*M.* Upon my word you are very good!

*G.* Better than you, as I think, Sir, upon this point.

*M.* What do you mean, Sir!

*G.* Why, I mean to say, Sir, that you scold and grumble, and put me out of sorts, and yet for all *that* I don't want to desert you.

*M.* Indeed! that I really do believe.

*G.* And yet I've got money enough to live upon—property of my own; and if I did not choose to live upon that, I could better myself any day in the week.

*M.* Pray do, Sir, if you think so: you have my free will.

*G.* And if I did do so, what would become of you? You don't know what to order in the house. I am the acting man; everybody knows *me*; they never see *you*. They know that *my* will is *yours*; they therefore obey me, and so you get everything you want of the best.

*M.* What, Sir, do you want to make me believe?—

*G.* I know at heart you are an excellent gentleman. I say so to everybody; but you have your oddities and your whims. Who would study your crinkums and your crankums like me?



*M.* This is really carrying the joke too far; you are the——

*G.* Don't, Sir—don't put yourself in a passion. Remember what the doctor said—mind your head; don't begin scolding—it does no good.

*M.* Do you laugh at me, Sirrah?

*G.* No; but you will laugh at yourself in ten minutes. I don't want to quarrel;—of course if you think you can do without me I can go, but then I don't want to put you to any inconvenience. I am going to get my breakfast; and here comes Mrs. Widgeon, a nice body in her way. She likes to show her pretty face in the streets, Sir; send *her* to your niece with the message;—I have a great many little odd jobs to do below. [Exit Grab.]

*M.* He shall go; I cannot bear this any longer. I am resolved——

*Enter Mrs. WIDGEON.*

——Widgeon, I am determined——

*Mrs. W.* About what, Sir?

*M.* To turn that insolent fellow, Grab, out of the house.

*Mrs. W.* No, indeed, Sir, you will not; you have said so not less than four times during the last week, but the moment your little passion is over, all his impudence is forgotten, and you decide to keep him.

*M.* But, Widgeon, he pities me—tells me that, in his great kindness to *me*, he does not want to turn me off; that I don't know what to order in my own house, and that if it were not for him I should be absolutely lost and destroyed.

*Mrs. W.* I have no doubt he wishes you to think so; he tells us all down stairs that we are only to mind *him*, and he swaggers about, and, saving your presence, Sir, curses and swears in a manner most abominable.

*M.* He does—does he?

*Mrs. W.* Yes, Sir; and when you have ordered your dinner, and I go about as busy as a bee to hurry the cook to get things up comfortable—not a bit of it, says he, till *I* am ready.

*M.* Oh!

*Mrs. W.* And then, Sir, he scolds everybody in the house except me; calls the cook names that would make your hair, if you had any, stand on end like porcupine's quills, and goes the length of kicking the groom-boy about like a foot-ball.

*M.* Oh, he is civil to you, then, Mrs. Widgeon?

*Mrs. W.* Too civil by half, Sir. He is always offering me presents of one sort or other, Sir; thinks wine would be good for my health—tea and sugar always at my service, all of which *he* keeps locked up, although, Sir, *I* ought to have them in my cupboards; and many's the time, Sir, when he has told you to go to bed without eating, because suppers hurt you, he has pressed me to take part of a dish of *pantaloons* cutlets, or a *perdu o' shoes*.

*M.* What, after I have been in bed?

*Mrs. W.* Yes, Sir; but believe me, Sir, I never accepted his offers. I wanted none of his shoes, nor his perdoos, nor his pantaloons neither. Oh, Sir, it does not become me to say it, but he is a bad man, Sir.

*M.* Why hav'n't you complained of him before?

*Mrs. W.* La, Sir; we all of us know it is of no use, you think so highly of him; and we were quite sure that if he knew we had whispered a word against him, we should all have been bundled out of the house, *nolus bolus*, whether we would or no.



*M.* Why, then, Mrs. Widgeon, it seems that he has succeeded in making you think me a particularly foolish person?

*Mrs. W.* No, Sir; not foolish—kind—good-hearted; and, as he says, led by him——

*M.* Oh, led by him; you have settled it. I am not going to have all my excellent, hard-working, civil servants, and especially you—eh, Widgeon—you, too, ill-treated by him. No, he shall go; but then what upon earth shall I do? he is so accustomed to my ways, knows all the people I visit—all the people I like and all them I hate;—knows who to let in and who to keep out;—he is a capital servant, Jenny, when he pleases.

*Mrs. W.* I dare say he is, Sir; but then he pleases to be so, so very seldom.

*M.* That's true, Widgeon; and the proverb, or the poem, or whatever it is, says—

“Those who live to please  
Must please to live.”

*Mrs. W.* You may depend upon it, he is very well pleased to live here; but, in my mind, the worst servant in England would suit you better, and do your work better than he, and with less wages too.

*M.* I don't object to wages; I would give the same to any man if I could find such a one as Grab.

*Mrs. W.* Wages, Sir; his wages is, as I say, nothing with him—that isn't the way he makes his money, Sir.

*M.* What do you mean, Widgeon?

*Mrs. W.* La, Sir, he charges you double what he pays for what you have—there, Sir—that's the truth.

*M.* Cheats me? What! this flower of honesty, this paragon of affection.

*Mrs. W.* All I know Sir, is, that the shopkeepers come with their bills, and make a great noise in the servants' hall.

*M.* Oh, I suppose then they are read before they are passed.

*Mrs. W.* They may be read and passed too, Sir; but Grab does not pay half what he charges you.

*M.* But I have receipts to all the bills.

*Mrs. W.* That may be, Sir: I say no more. All I do say is, that the people who serve you serve him, and that you pay just twice what you ought.

*M.* Eh, Widgeon, are you sure. I'll send him off—if *that* can be proved, he must go; but then, Widgeon—where shall I ever find a servant like him?

*Mrs. W.* Lord bless your heart, Sir, it is no such difficult matter. Why now, Sir, I—I'm sure I don't mean to say one single syllable about myself, or anybody belonging to me—but I have a brother, Sir—a remarkably nice young man, and so civil. If you saw him, you would be surprised at the difference between the two.

*M.* And has Grab ever seen him?

*Mrs. W.* Yes, Sir—he has—and—I'm sure, Sir, I am quite ashamed of what I am going to say, Sir—it makes me ready to cry, Sir—but—it is the truth, Sir. Mr. Grab, Sir—I have told you before—is—at least so he says—I know you'll excuse the truth—very—very fond of *me*, Sir.

*M.* Ah, well, I don't wonder at that, Widgeon;—he! he! and you, eh, very fond of him?



*Mrs. W.* No, Sir, no ; but only just to show what he will do, and says he will do, to make me think better of him, Sir—he has promised me to get Tom a place—my brother Tommy, Sir, through *you*. Yes, Sir, it is true ; he says you must and shall provide for my Tommy.

*M.* Why !—what have I to do with your Tommy, Mrs. Widgeon ?

*Mrs. W.* Nothing in the world, Sir—nothing upon the face of the earth, as the Doctor says : but so Grab says—and swears that you shall provide for him ; and when *he* is provided for, he says I can't refuse him.

*M.* Refuse him what, Widgeon ?

*Mrs. W.* Marrying him, Sir. He thinks, Sir, because my dear husband died six months after our marriage, that I have forgotten him, Sir (*cries*). Indeed, indeed I have not ; and I do believe, that when they are carried off in the middle of their first tenderness, one is less apt to forget them than if they lived longer.

*M.* But does he say *I* am to provide for your Tommy ?

*Mrs. W.* He does, Sir ; and says, if *you* cannot provide for him yourself he will force you to make one of your friends provide for him, or else he'll be—I can't tell you what.

*M.* Mrs. Widgeon, you are a sensible woman—I think I *can* confide in you. I shall just go into my own room, and look over the accounts of my establishment, which I have kept for many years, and if I find a difference—

*Mrs. W.* Oh Sir, Sir, don't say that I have said—

*M.* Not a syllable, Mrs. Widgeon—do you think I would ? He goes—if what you say is proved, he goes—

*Mrs. W.* Unless, Sir—I beg your pardon—your anger goes before hand.

Here Meek retires to his sanctum to compare the bills and look at the receipts, and, in short, to justify himself in an attempt to get rid of his excellent servant Grab ; and just at this period arrives Mrs. Widgeon's Tommy.

“ Oh ! ” cries Mrs. Widgeon, “ Tommy you are here.”

*Tom.* I have called to see Mr. Grab.

*Mrs. W.* He is a very nice gentleman I don't think !—what is your notion of him ?

*T.* I know nothing of him ; all he says is, that out of regard to you he'll get me a good place somewhere, and where it is I'm sure you know I don't care.

*Mrs. W.* But now, Tom—do you put faith in what he says ?

*T.* Yes, I do. I think he likes *me* ; I'm sure he likes *you* ; and there is only one condition he made with me if he got me a place.

*Mrs. W.* What is that, Tom ?

*T.* Why, to tell him everything that goes forward in the house where I may happen to live—if it is a good one—because he is what they call—Editor, I think, of a fashionable periodical, whatever that is ; and so I am to furnish him with the little I pick up for his paragraphs once a week.

*Mrs. W.* Psha ! *he'll* never get you a place—not at least in a family where there's any secrets worth knowing.

*T.* Do you know, my dear woman, I am very much of your opinion ?

*Mrs. W.* Tommy, I think I have got a snug thing for you, that would suit you to a hair ; but, if you get that, you must positively give up your dear friend Grab.



T. Give him up—I wish nothing better for both our sakes. I'm not blind, Titty—eh, I wish he was at the bottom of the Red Sea.

Mrs. W. Well, leave me to think of *that*; but take this piece of advice—don't copy Grab, get into whose service you may—however, here he is, don't let us be seen together.

Saying which Mrs. Widgeon, a nice creature in her way, flitted out of the room, leaving her brother Tom, or, as she familiarly called him, her Tommy, to receive the impudent Grab, who it is to be supposed had just finished his breakfast.

“Oh!” cries the Major domo, “here you *are*.”

T. Here I am.

G. So I perceive. Why didn't you stay at the coffee-shop at which I told you to meet me.

T. I did call there, but they said you was gone.

G. What of that? I am constant in my attendance there to take my coffee and read the unstamped. You know something of politics, Tommy?

T. Yes; I know I refused to go to Spain to be flogged and not paid. I was offered what they call the commandery of Charles the something, whatever that is; to be a bullock-driver to the queen; but I found out there were no bullocks to be driven; and so I said to myself, poor buffer as I am, I won't take a fine ribband and star without having done summut to deserve it.

G. You were wise and foolish at one *coup*;—wise not to go, foolish not to take. Never refuse anything. However, having given up the military, you are now in the civil service. You are a liberal?

T. Uncommonly liberal. I have nothing to lose, and everything to get.

G. That's it. Now, your sister Widgeon is a very amiable, plump, sentimental creechur,—well made, as Nature did it; as the song says,—

“All without hurry, or bustle, or care.”

I have a regard for you, Tom; you shall be *posé*.

T. Posy! Ah, I don't know what that means, Mr. Grab.

G. Don't you, upon your soul?—You shall be what we call provided for. I cannot at present offer you even an Assistant-Commissionership of Poor-Laws, but if I had known it a little earlier, I think I might have settled you into five hundred a year on the Charity affair.

T. Why you have great influence.

G. Yes; I *do* a little for the Whigs, Tommy. I told you, you must undertake to pick up—you understand? But you have been in place before?

T. Yes.

G. You know your business?

T. Yes.

G. And I presume you know how to keep a place when you have got it;—that is the great secret, after all.

T. I hope so; by doing my duty, and——

G. Duty be ——. I beg your pardon: I wou'dn't shock you by swearing; but it is enough to make a bishop swear, to hear a man talk of duty in these days. Your duty, Tommy, is to make your master do whatever you wish him to do.

T. Yes; but then masters have a knack of kicking servants out.

G. Out! Psha, Tommy, you are an ass! Never let the man who pays you your wages be your master. He may abuse you, and call you



all sorts of names, at first, but you'll do him at last, and abuse *him* just as much as he abused you in the beginning.

*T.* Ah! but now I don't like that sort of life.

*G.* Well, Tommy, all I can say is, that if you behave in any way to permit your master, as he calls himself, to have any sort of authority over you, you become a slave—worse than the niggers were before we—I say we, because I have a snug freehold of my own—gave *their* masters twenty millions of money, Tom, to change their name and not their condition. *We* are not slaves, Tommy—we can't be; but, rely upon it, nothing is so bad for a servant as to keep changing places: it is almost as ruinous as ratting in government,—that, I suppose, you don't understand. “*Jamais esprit*,” as the Dutch say,—you may depend upon it you must stick, whether your master—as the man who pays you is constitutionally called—likes you or not. Stay in—stop where you can. If you are *chasséed*, as the Spaniards say, from one house to another, you will just end—excuse me for saying it—by being a footman to an old maid, and have to curl poodles and wash pugs.

*T.* Ah! you see you have so much the advantage of me. I don't know all these little odd-come sorts of management.

*G.* Tommy, my boy, I repeat the lesson, begin by making your master your servant.

*T.* That, Mr. Grab, seems to be more easy to say than to do.

*G.* Does it? Look at *me*! Meek, the exemplary person who calls himself my master, is my flunky, as the Persians have it. I hold up my finger—he obeys. You just watch me; see how I carry on the war. Follow *that*.

*T.* Ah!

*G.* The whole establishment is at my feet, except perhaps indeed, your sister Jenny—the young widow—eh? She might have her share of rule. You have seen King William and Queen Mary on a shilling—eh?—you understand?

*T.* Yes; but what is it to me what you do *here*? You told me that you would get me a place.

*G.* Not I, Tommy; but that poor, dear curds-and-whey gentleman, my master, who lives in the full belief that if I left him, no other servant could ever discover Boodle's club, to which he belongs, or ascertain where his cousins live, who inhabit a house somewhere near Manchester-square. I keep up the delusion—poor dear twaddle—I blind him and lead him; and the very first thing he does is—as I go—to get you a good place.

*T.* Ah! but how can he do so!

*G.* How can he!—I shall tell him he must. He will perhaps say he can't; and you'll see the result.—The patient is coming: just stand inside that door; he is as blind as a bat. I'll give you a practical lesson; and at one *coup* secure you a situation, and give you instructions how to keep it when you have got it.

At this period, Tommy, as we have gotten to call him, goes just outside the appointed door, which is open; and the all-suffering Squire Meek walks into the room, where he finds Grab lounging and whistling *comme à l'ordinaire*.

*Meek.* Well, Grab, have you been with my message to my niece?

*G.* No; I haven't had time.

*M.* What have you had to do, Sir?



*G.* Anxiety has kept me occupied—anxiety to get a situation for a young friend.

*M.* Well, Sir, there is no such difficulty in that, I should think, in London.

*G.* Ah, that's your opinion. There would be no great difficulty if you would assist him.

*M.* Me!

*G.* Yes; you, Sir. Find him a master like yourself; and I never asked a favour of you before. Get him a place—there, now.

*M.* I don't know one single friend who wants a servant.

*G.* Nor a married one?

*M.* Don't quibble, Sir; I tell you I know nobody who wants a servant.

*G.* Well, but if you have the regard you ought to have for me who have lived so many years with you, you ought to make some one of your friends turn off his servant in order to get Tommy a place.

*M.* Can I, as a gentleman, do such a thing? Suppose anybody were to ask me to turn *you* away, to make room for a new comer?

*G.* Oh! that's quite a different affair—that's fancying an impossibility—the moon of green cheese, or something of that sort. I am, Sir, as you know, your indispensable.

*M.* You fancy so.

*G.* I don't fancy, Sir, because I know that I am the oak by which the ivy lives; however, never mind that, get me a place for Tommy.

*M.* I will if I can—I will think of it.

*G.* Don't think, Sir—it is what you are not used to—there's Sir Gregory Grindle—now you can do anything with him—remove *his* slavy—put in Tommy; or there is that Doctor Snick—he perhaps may want a sort of a dandy fellow to look after his patients—I'm sure you'll find somebody who wants Tommy—in short, you must.

*M.* By Jove, Grab, I do recollect a man, and a man whom I esteem particularly, who wants a servant.

*G.* I thought you would—umh—now you are reasonable—always reasonable, when you come to the scratch—he—

*M.* But he wants a prudent, steady, honest man, who will not presume upon kindness, nor take liberties upon forbearance,—obedient in all things, and, above all things, civil.

*G.* I like that;—do you think I should recommend a servant that had not all these qualities—I don't even know such fellows.

*M.* I know one who has none of them, though.

*G.* Who is that?

*M.* Yourself, Sir.

*G.* Ah! there you go—now you are beginning again.

*M.* Beginning, Sir—I not only begin but go on—and add to all I have implied, the words impertinent scoundrel.

*G.* That's it—that's the way; but, Sir, I will not bear it any longer—you and I had better part—you are tired of me—I see that plainly. I *will* go Sir—I have always treated you well and honestly, but I must leave you—I will leave you.

*M.* No, you shan't leave me, Grab.

*G.* I must.

*M.* (*At last in a rage*). No, Sir, you shall not go—I dismiss you.

*G.* Dismiss! you have said so a hundred times.



*M.* Who is this? (*Seeing Tommy*).

*G.* That is Tommy, Sir; for whom, if you please, you will get a place.

*M.* That I will do.

*G.* I told you so; I knew the cloud would blow over—I thank you. Now don't you see, Sir, you say one thing one minute, and another another—you are so unsettled—quite a giraffe, as the Italians have it.

*M.* You have deluded me.

*G.* I know I have, and that's just it. You said a minute ago you could not get Tom Teal a place, and now you can, and that you call decision—I suppose I may tell Tom?

*M.* You may, Sir; here he is.

*Enter Mrs. WIDGEON and TOM.*

*G.* Tommy, your affair is settled. What d'ye say to that, Mrs. Widgeon? my excellent master has a place in his eye for him, and if I know my master, he will not offer a young man of my recommending anything but a good place.

*M.* There is nobody better able to judge of the value of the place I mean to give him than yourself, who have filled it so long.

*G.* Me—oh dear! how now!—you are merry this morning. What, at your old tricks, Sir—going to turn me off, are you?

*M.* I *do* turn you off, Sir, and with the greatest pleasure rid myself of so insolent a cheat.

*G.* A cheat, Mr. Meek—let me tell you, Sir, there is such a place as the Court of King's Bench, Sir—the law, even in these days, is open to the lowest as well as the highest.

*M.* Luckily it is, sirrah; and I think the chances are that you will find the salutary effects of it. I have looked over your books, Sir—compared them with my bills, and I find that you have been at one and the same time grinding my tradesmen out of per-centage and perquisites, and loading me with debt in due proportion. Walk off, Sir—your wages are paid up to the end of the quarter; so abscond, and never let me see your impudent face again.

*G.* You are a nice man, I don't think; so you really have plucked up a spirit at last?

*Mrs. W.* And high time, too.

*G.* Oh, Mrs. Widgeon, what, you must have a finger in the pie.

*M.* Go, Sir!

*G.* I say, Tommy, I'll not forget *you*, you may depend upon it.

*T.* And I say, Grab, go and wait upon old maids, and curl poodles, and wash pugs—eh?

*G.* I'll do myself the pleasure of calling and seeing you sometimes.

*T.* No, Mr. Grab; I don't want to be enlightened.

*G.* I am off; I shall retire from public life—rent a villa, and keep a cab—I can afford it—let them laugh that win—it's all right; only, Mr. Meek, be quite sure that Tommy Teal is that lady's *brother*!—eh, you understand? No, no, adieu, *au revoir*, as the Venetians have it. [*Exit.*]

*Mrs. W.* I never thought to see this day; now, indeed, Sir, we may hope to live in peace.

*M.* It shows that insolence should not be too confident, and that kindness is not always presumed upon with impunity. I think, Mrs. Widgeon, I have aptly exemplified the proverb, that "THE PITCHER GOES OFTEN TO THE WELL, BUT GETS BROKEN AT LAST."



## THE BURIAL OF THE HEIR.

BY MRS. ABDY.

I stood in silence by the vault, I saw it open'd wide,  
 And the lovely infant heir was laid his ancestors beside.  
 I sigh'd not for the blessed child, removed from pain and woe,  
 My sighs were for the living ones who still remained below.  
 With lingering and reluctant steps I sought the ancient hall,  
 The gray-hair'd servants came in tears to answer to my call;  
 And when I join'd my mourning friends, and strove to speak relief,  
 My very heart was wrung by their intensity of grief.  
 The stately father's head was bow'd—that voice was faint and weak,  
 Whose words assembled senates oft in reverence would seek;  
 His eagle-eye was dimm'd with care, dishevell'd were his curls,  
 And a stranger scarce had deem'd him one of England's proudest earls.  
 But I marvell'd not to see him; for I knew how sorrow brings  
 A stern and cold indifference for life's most costly things;  
 And I thought of royal David, who, when told the fight was won,  
 Pour'd forth a wail of bitterness, and sigh'd "My son, my son!"  
 The grandsire, who had watch'd the boy with all a parent's care,  
 Blamed the behest of Providence as far too hard to bear;  
 And dark repining words, that it would grieve me to repeat,  
 Fell on the fair young daughter's ear reclining at his feet.  
 She was a girl with sunny hair, and spirit gay and wild,  
 Who from morn till eve had frolick'd with her sister's only child;  
 But now the tears were falling from her azure eyes like rain,  
 And her lip was pale and parch'd, as though it ne'er would smile again!  
 Yet one was tranquil and resign'd within that mournful room,  
 Her look was soft and serious, yet wore no sullen gloom;—  
 Apart from all the mother knelt before her Maker's throne,  
 Nor could I wonder at her strength,—that strength was not her own.  
 In silence I approach'd her, and I heard her meekly say,—  
 "Almighty Lord, 'tis thine to give, and thine to take away.  
 Oh! let me on thy grace alone my rebel thoughts employ,  
 And grant me in thy own good time to meet again my boy."  
 A year passed by—again I sought that sad and childless hearth;  
 The gay saloon was bright with lamps, and fill'd with sounds of mirth.  
 There stood the host with noble mien, and accents kind and bland,  
 Surrounded by the gifted and the great ones of the land:  
 And there the grandsire, too, conversed with many a sprightly guest,  
 And ready was his apt retort, and pointed was his jest;  
 While gaily his young daughter smiled amid the festal throng,  
 And none were lighter in the dance, or sweeter in the song.  
 Yes, changed, indeed, that scene appear'd; yet one unchanged was there,—  
 The gentle mother still preserved her look of patient care.  
 Her firmness had supported those who shrunk from Heaven's decree,  
 And now her pensive brow reproved their wild and eager glee.  
 Though courteously she spoke to all, I saw she bore no part  
 In dazzling pomp—the dart of grief had enter'd in her heart:  
 She dwelt upon her absent son with strong, unalter'd love;  
 And her spirit yearn'd to quit the earth, and live with him above.  
 Again I stood beside the vault;—the mother, young and fair,  
 In the dark chambers of the grave rejoin'd her infant heir.  
 Her kindred have forgotten both—they shine amid the gay;  
 But I envy not their feelings—she is happier far than they.  
 I loved her well; but yet to me a soothing balm is given,  
 For the eye of faith enables me to see my friend in heaven,—  
 Her earthly trials sanctified—her earthly labours done—  
 And welcomed to those mansions by her dear and precious son.



## LAST WORDS TOUCHING THE BARBARIANS OF THE NORTH.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

TALKING of tying up a man's wig to a tree, that reminds me of an execution of the sort which took place, not in the Tsaritzena Gardens, but in St. Mary's Wood, another favourite promenade of the Barbarians, in the immediate neighbourhood of Moscow. The victim was a Mr. Vonderpup, a German, a bachelor, and a man well to do in the world, who had passed his tenth lustre, although he never would plead guilty to more than nine. He was a great beau, and cultivated, with the assiduity of a Persian, a head of hair such as had rarely been seen before in this quarter of the world.

It is the custom of the German students—descended to them from their early ancestors—to wear their hair hanging in a cloud about their shoulders; but most of the Germans in Moscow being persons in business, this kind of capillary attraction had not been frequently tried upon the sensibilities of the natives before Mr. Vonderpup came in, which was a little earlier than Halley's comet. He became at once the lion of the week. He was asked out everywhere. "Did you ever see such a head of hair? Have you seen Vonderpup's hair? In which room is the man with the hair?" Such were the questions that echoed through the salons of Moscow.

The stranger, it is to be supposed, was much flattered by the notice he excited; and the more so, as his hair had been the darling object of his affections ever since he left the university; that is to say, for a period of about thirty years. Vonderpup had neither chick nor child belonging to him. Father, mother, grandmother—all were dead. In such circumstances, there are bachelors who fall in love with their cooks, or betake themselves to other fancies quite as extravagant. Some have their favourite leg, which they would not give for two of the other; and some conceive a passionate attachment for their fingers. The idol of Mr. Vonderpup was his hair.

It is a well-substantiated fact—but one which I could not be so indelicate as to hint at, were it not necessary for the purposes of my story—that the hair of gentlemen who have passed their grand climacteric, has a tendency to assume a lighter, paler hue; to become a little grey, as it were. Some people indeed are admirers of golden hair; but silver hair is justly reckoned of less value, and more especially by middle-aged bachelors. As for Mr. Vonderpup, who had been for several years in the case alluded to, he was only preserved from sinking under the visitation, by the hope that he might be able to stop the disease by plucking out, root and branch, the infected hairs. All, however, would not do. He nearly decimated his hair; but still, by some unaccountable fatality, the process of change went on. At this epoch, he formed an acquaintance with a Persian family residing at Moscow, and his troubles were at an end.

The Persian family consisted of a son, a father, and a grandfather; all with jet-black hair, finer, softer, and more exquisitely beautiful than the most delicate silk that ever came from the entrails of a worm. Their countrymen who visited them—every individual of the nation in Moscow—were adorned in like manner. Sometimes the intense blackness of the colour softened, as it approached the whiskers, into a divine auburn;



and sometimes the auburn, as it came near the mouth, received a brighter tinge, till the whisker terminated in a warm and glowing point. But however modified the colour of the hair might be, by the taste, or whim, of the individual, in not one single instance, from the age of nineteen to ninety, did he (or I) observe a grey hair! Mr. Vonderpup purchased the secret. His stay in Moscow, which he had intended to terminate in a month, was insensibly prolonged to nearly two years, and during this time his hair was dyed by a Persian every six weeks, at an expense of two days of time, and twenty-five roubles in money, or about one guinea sterling.

But the extreme pains he took had an unforeseen effect, of which, however, he himself remained in happy ignorance. The formality with which his hair was arranged, the nice precision with which each individual hair was retained in its appointed place, and above all things the sudden change in colour, gave the Muscovites the idea that their admiration had been misplaced—that art, not nature, was entitled to their praise—that Mr. Vonderpup wore a wig! The ladies now began to discover that he was indeed an old bachelor. They quizzed the slowness of his walk, the stiffness of his motions, the length of time he stood in one posture, and the difficulty with which he appeared to make up his mind to change his position—all habits induced by the one idea uppermost in his brain, that whatever might become of him otherwise, his hair was to be kept in order. Still he was a man of considerable fortune, and in the first society in Moscow, and no one ever presumed to reproach him to his face with the fact of wearing a wig.

At a promenade in St. Mary's Wood, just at the close of the scene, when the multitude had nearly all melted away, a party of fashionables, tempted by the delicious coolness of the hour, continued to explore the mysteries of the groves. When just about to emerge into the open drive where their carriages were waiting, they saw Mr. Vonderpup, stuck up, in his usual fashion, like a wooden image, under one of the trees, listening to a group of singing gipsies. Now, for the misfortune of this gentleman, there happened to be of the party the young and beautiful Princess Barbaroffinofskoff, a lady who hungers and thirsts (or rather, who did hunger and thirst, for she has now sacrificed both her whims and her title on the altar of Hymen) after the ludicrous, with an eagerness rarely exhibited by persons of her rank and sex. This malicious little angel immediately called a council of her companions, to consider what they should do to Mr. Vonderpup; and she at length succeeded in forcing a resolution through the meeting, that it would be proper and expedient to tie up the distinguished wig to the branch under which its owner was standing.

The execution of the plan was intrusted to a Russian servant; and, after receiving his instructions, Ivan, coasting round his victim, approached the spot with an air of solemn determination, which might have befitted an assassin. As he drew near, he pulled out a piece of whipcord from beneath his belt, and made a noose at one end large enough to receive a man's head.

"Good God!" said one of the party to the princess, "are you sure he has not mistaken your orders? It would be carrying the joke too far to hang Mr. Vonderpup, and you know that would seem a trifle to Ivan."



In another moment, however, the entire bush of hair depending behind was in the embrace of the noose ; and Ivan, whilst taking the most delicate care that no warning should be conveyed to the seat of sensation, was seen straining the cord, and fastening it upon its prize with a double knot, as gravely and earnestly as if he was mending his horse's tackle in the midst of a journey. He then threw the other end over a thick branch of the tree about two feet above Mr. Vonderpup's head, and made all fast.

By this time the Princess Barbaroffinofskoff and her party were shuffling away to their carriages as fast as they could go without appearing to run. Had their agent taken a single lock of the hair, and fastened it delicately to the tree with a bit of twine, they would no doubt have stood their ground, and carried the joke to its conclusion—which was to have been the fact of their seeing Mr. Vonderpup, on being suddenly called, walk out of his wig. But the solemnity of Ivan, his unconscionable grasp of the whole capillary machine, and the apparently eternal knots with which he had secured his workmanship, filled them, they knew not why, with alarm ; and each individual, as he left the ground, determined within himself, that however he might applaud the deed, he was as innocent of the knowledge as a babe unborn.

Ivan, observing the flight of his employers, whispered something to the gipsies, who, breaking off suddenly in the midst of their song, flew with wild screams after the carriages. The few remaining promenaders, unable to account for this phenomenon, pursued them in a body to see what was the matter ; and thus, in almost as short a space of time as I take to relate the fact, St. Mary's Wood was left to solitude and Mr. Vonderpup.

This gentleman stared with extreme surprise at such evidence of a sudden frenzy, from which he alone of all the world appeared to be exempted ; and, when he had seen the last of the rabble-rout disappear among the trees, he poised the precious burthen on his head and shoulders, and stepped forth. It is in vain to describe his astonishment, alarm, and fiery indignation, when instantly " brought to " by the rope. At that moment he could have imbrued his hands in human blood !—he could have crossed his pistols, like the pirate Black-Beard, and fired, right and left, into the mass of mankind ! In vain he pulled at the rope, with the intention of bringing down branch and tree bodily, a sacrifice to his wrath ; in vain he tugged at the knot ; in vain he even tried to extricate his locks, hair by hair, from the fatal embrace. The fashionable tightness of his coat perhaps impeded his motions—he doffed the garment without a moment's hesitation, threw it violently away to some distance, and renewed, as fruitlessly as ever, his exertions. He then determined, like another Alexander, to sever the obdurate knot with his knife—the knife was in the pocket of his coat !

The sun set upon his disaster ; the shadows of the grove became colder and colder ; the perspiration dried upon his limbs ; his teeth began to chatter. Mr. Vonderpup, however, had one prospect of release, if only one. He knew that it was near the hour when a party of Mujiks returned from the city to their village, passing along the carriage-drive. He drew his legs, therefore, closer together, in order to economize his animal heat ; dug his bloodless fingers into his trowsers' pocket ; and stood thus in desperate tranquillity—although ever and anon his



voice arose spontaneously in a wild and wailing cry, which echoed like the shrieks of a spirit through the wood. At length he heard the approach of the Mujiks, and saw them, as they turned the corner of a clump of trees ; but no sooner had these barbarians cast eyes upon the stiff, corpse-like figure of Mr. Vonderpup, suspended, as it seemed, from a tree, than, believing him to be either a suicide, or a murdered man, they turned tail, and fled in all directions from the spot.

In Russia the same thing, I may observe, would have taken place, even in the more enlightened portions of society ; for such is the awkward mode in which the laws are administered, that the witnesses of a murder, or the finders of the dead body, are put to almost as much inconvenience as the assassin himself.

Had this incident occurred in the German's own country, which I believe is the Black Forest, I should have had to close the relation by saying that Mr. Vonderpup remains there to this hour, and that his shrieks are still heard by the belated peasant, as he threads his way darkling through the wood. But they manage these things otherwise in Russia. The same evening a report got abroad in Moscow that the corpse of a man had been seen on such a spot suspended to a tree, and the guilty imaginations of the conspirators, and in particular of the Princess Barbaroffinofskoff, took the alarm. Ivan was despatched to see who the victim was ; and in another hour he returned with Mr. Vonderpup on a droski, half dead with cold, terror, and fatigue.

One more circumstance attended this affair which deserves mention, as being curiously characteristic of the country. Here the accidents and offences which form the domestic history of other nations do not appear in print, but are delivered up to the *transmogrifying* power of oral tradition. Thus Mr. Vonderpup's adventure, although he left Moscow only a month previous to my arrival, was related to me in twenty different ways before I had an opportunity of taking it down, as above, from the lips of one of the parties too deeply implicated in the conspiracy. The story most current, however, and believed by two-thirds of the city, was, that the unfortunate beau, on being publicly convicted, by the stratagem I have described, of the fact of wearing a wig, actually hanged himself on the same tree, out of shame and despair !

In these days, when almost every shop around me in Paris offers to the passer-by a hair-dye, *à l'instant*, for six francs the bottle, perhaps it may appear superfluous to give the Oriental recipe ; but I never saw a Frenchman, or an individual of any other country, with half such beautiful hair as the Persians, and the subject being one of mighty interest, I run the risk.

Let the reader, therefore, who is dissatisfied with the colour of his hair, mix some fine powder of henna with water, till it acquires the consistence of a paste. This being got ready, let him scrub away at his head with soap and warm water, and then with warm water alone, till the hair is completely clean, and every particle of the soap removed. Daub then the head with the henna paste, in such a way that every individual hair receives its full share ; and, having allowed this application to remain on for an hour or two, wash it off with warm water, and clear away the dust with a fine comb : your hair then, courteous reader, will be a beautiful red. Next apply, in a similar manner, a



similar paste of indigo leaves, dried and powdered; and after it is washed off, your hair will be a deep and delightful black. The Persians usually perform this operation when in the bath; and they renew it every six weeks or two months.

Dyeing the hair is a practice little known in Russia, notwithstanding the example of the Persians; and the ladies have recourse to borrowed (or bought) locks much more rarely than my own fair countrywomen. When a lady, however, wears her own silver tresses, they are in general curled and arranged as fashionably as if they were golden. This is also the case in France. The women there, although in the article of stays and stuffings they certainly maltreat nature most abominably, are not quite so much ashamed of God Almighty's handiwork as they are in England. They know that beauty has its seasons, and they wear the colours of autumn as openly and gracefully as those of summer. They would think it as absurd to hang around their aged brows the ringlets of youth as to hide with the green branches of May the sear and yellow leaf of October.

Hair brings me to hats, both alphabetically and by the rule of association; and I have at this moment in my mind's eye a sturdy John Bull, standing in the midst of a crowd at the Holy Gate of the Kremlin, and demanding, with feverish pertinacity—"But what is that for?—that is the question. I want to know what it is for?"

This gentleman had travelled from London to St. Petersburg, to visit, on some affair of commerce, his associates in business; and when in the new capital, at any rate, he had determined to see something of the old, before quitting the country. I cannot tell how he made his way upon the road, being profoundly ignorant of every language but his own; and even that he spoke, not as knowing it, but instinctively, as it were, just like Molière's gentleman, who produced prose without being aware of the fact. However, he had that morning arrived safe and sound in the famous city of Moscow; and being an habitual economist of time, had set out on the instant to visit the Kremlin.

On reaching the walls, he coasted round a good way, in order to discover the most eligible entrance; but observing the population go in at all the gates indiscriminately, without let or hinderance, he at length chose the nearest. This was the Holy Gate; and he had no sooner passed through the arch, in the midst of several other loungers like himself, than the sentry, singling him out, marched up to him with true Russian gravity, and deliberately taking his hat from his head, carried it away into the guard-house!

The stranger looked on at this transaction, foolishly enough, no doubt. He conjectured at first that foreign hats might be contraband; but if this were the case, his would have been seized at St. Petersburg. Without giving utterance to his thoughts, however, he continued staring at the man, who had merely handed in the article at the door, and resumed his solemn walk. At length, thinking the matter went a little too far, he walked up to the sentry.

"I say, Mister," said he, "what is that for?" The soldier's moustaches moved so as to show his teeth; his small, round nose curled like a pug-dog's; a sedate growl proceeded from his lips; and, turning his shoulder upon the applicant, he continued his march.

"But I want to know what it is for?" persisted the stranger angrily,



whose choler had been hitherto kept down by wonder. “I say, what have you done with my hat?” and, striding up to the guard-house, he was just about to enter unceremoniously, when the point of a bayonet projecting at the door made him pause. A crowd had by this time gathered round him, looking on with imperturbable gravity, and in profound silence.

“Gentlemen,” said he, turning fiercely round, “I am a free-born Briton, and am not to be used in this way, I can tell you, without knowing what it is for. Where is the nearest magistrate? Does any one here understand me?”

“My dear Sir,” said a countryman, going up to him, “your heat will do no good, and the police will not interfere. It is a custom they have—that is all I can tell you.”

“D—— their customs! I want to know what it is for.”

“You should have uncovered of your own accord, like the rest, while going through the arch, and all would have been well. Even now, if you will tip the fellows a few roubles——”

“Why should I tip? Answer me that. What have I done to lose my hat? Am I to be robbed without rhyme or reason?” It was in vain to advise or console him. He put his handkerchief over his bald head, and tied it under his chin, and walked hastily away to his inn, muttering, at every step, “What a —— country! All I want to know is what it is for!”

I had the curiosity to inquire what became of this *homo* afterwards, and I learned that he got his passport *viséd* that very morning, and left Moscow the next day. Even in going to the Governor-General’s office, he was at the extra expense of a close carriage, as he would not give the barbarians the satisfaction of knowing that he had seen one inch more of their infernal city.

The custom of uncovering while passing the gate of Spaskoi, or the Holy Gate, is rigidly enforced, as we have seen, to this day; but the odd thing is, that no man can answer with certainty the above question—“What is it for?” Some think it originated at the termination of the last pestilence which desolated the city; but the general opinion refers it to the epoch of one of the Tatar invasions. For my own part, like all persons accustomed to travel, I take especial care to accommodate myself to the usages and prejudices of the land of my sojourn for the time being; but on one occasion I traversed the Spaskoi without uncovering, through mere absence of mind. The sentry’s head, however, happened to be turned another way, and I escaped a penalty which my negligence richly deserved.

The next gate, that of the Nikolskoi, presents, in a lamp hung up before an image of St. Nicholas, a commemoration of a more modern and more remarkable event—the burning of the city in 1812. An inscription informs the passer by that when a great part of the gate and adjacent buildings was blown up, not even the glass of this holy lamp was broken! So much, however, has already been written on the subject of the invasion of the French, that I have avoided as much as possible alluding to it, either here or elsewhere; yet I cannot help mentioning an instance of the coolness of the invaders in the extremity of their misery, which (although this may proceed from my ignorance of military matters) appears to me to be something extraordinary. To the



very last the books of the different companies were kept with the same precision as in a period of profound security, and at a moment when destruction must have appeared inevitable—which it really was—the officers kept a minute journal of the conduct of their men!

A portion of one of these documents, which was presented to me by a friend, is ruled in columns, headed as follows:—"Names of sub-officers, corporals, and privates—grades—particulars of services, campaigns, and wounds—conduct, steadiness in battle, and how they have distinguished themselves—progress in military instruction—in private instruction—morality, steadiness, and exactness in doing their duty—for what they are fit—private observations of the commander of the company." This paper, which is minutely filled up, and certified and signed by the captain, is dated 28th September, 1812, when the French had been encamped for *a fortnight* among the smoking ruins of Moscow, and when Napoleon, surrounded by fire, famine, and the sword; and horrified by the approach, under such circumstances, of the tremendous winter of the north, had become aware of the full extent of that frenzy which eventually sacrificed the lives of nearly half a million of the bravest soldiers in Europe.

I have already mentioned the most popular promenades of the citizens of Moscow, and have elsewhere led the reader to Yalomensk, the palace of Alexis, where his son little Peter, afterwards Great Peter, received his lessons under a tree. There is another classic haunt, however, of much higher interest, and one which, if my recollection of books serves me, has been very little, if at all, noticed: this is Ismailoff, the only legitimate ruin of time in this part of Russia; for Potemkin's palace of Tsaritzena is merely an unfinished house, falling into decay from neglect.

On my way to this monument of the olden time, I visited the villages of Préobrajenski and Semenovski. Peter lived much at the former place during the regency of his mother, playing at soldiers with his court. This great man had an extraordinary propensity for "beginning at the beginning." He did not think himself qualified to possess a fleet till he had served his time as a journeyman in building a ship; and at Préobrajenski he commenced his military career in the post of drummer, from which he was duly promoted to the honour of being a full private. He afterwards divided the regiment into two, well known as the Imperial Guards, giving them the names of the villages where they were formed. Among their exercises they were taught to attack and defend a fort; and so eager did they become in the amusement, that on one occasion they forgot that it was a sham fight, and much blood was shed, and several lives lost.

The third village is Ismailoff, where some persons suppose Peter was born: I say suppose, for no one can tell with certainty where Peter the Great was either born or married. Rummaging one day in some storehouse of the palace, he found a small English boat, and tried it on the little river Yousa. Growing bolder, he launched it on the little lake, or wide ditch, whichever it may be termed, which surrounds the palace. Thus gradually he acquired a passion for the *sea*, exchanging—in that graduated scale which he loved—the river for the lake, the lake for the ocean. The origin of all was perhaps nothing more than idleness and boyish curiosity; for, till his fourteenth year, he is said to have been so



terrified at the sight of water, that he could not be persuaded to cross a river, except in a close carriage. However this may be, the idea of naval greatness took possession of his mind to the exclusion of almost every other; and, determined one day to be master of a fleet, he appointed an admiral before he possessed a single vessel!

The country round Ismailoff is very beautiful; and the ruined palace itself—which no one would suspect to have been a palace—arouses, by its singularity, a strong feeling of interest and curiosity. The lake, if it can be called a lake, in the midst of which it stands, forms an irregular circle of the purest and most limpid water that can be imagined. In the middle of this circle of water, there is a low island, the greater part of its surface occupied by a mouldering wall of vast extent, forming a square figure, and here and there shadowed by trees, and hung with the plants which love to creep over tombs and ruins. At one of the sides of the square, but not midway, or as if placed in order to form in any manner a *point d'appui*, there is a church, presenting the usual peculiarities of a Russian temple; and without the walls, near the entrance gate, another, of a much more striking and original character. These two buildings, in a state of ruin like the other objects, dominate the scene; and in such neighbourhood, the palace of Alexis looks like the walls of a vast and dreary churchyard, where the footsteps of Time had crushed the monuments to the earth, and mingled in one mass the dust of the forgotten dead.

The singular effect of the church near the gate, I think is chiefly owing to the great magnitude of the domes in proportion to the building, and to the close manner in which they are planted, almost stuck together, throwing their shadows upon each other. On entering the gate, however, all architectural speculations were forgotten, and the immense square, carpeted with the long grass which flourishes in churchyards, and bound in by a circumvallation of low buildings—or rather by a low broken wall, containing ruined chambers in its interior—filled me with a kind of awe. At first I imagined that the wall could only have held the offices, or inferior portions of the palace, and that there must have been at least a donjon in the middle for the state apartments; but this does not appear to have been the case. Some of the rooms are well sized, and all are vaulted. There is no second story; and an extraordinary degree of uniformity prevails throughout the whole.

The quiet village of Ismailoff presents itself on the main land, and harmonizes well with the scene. Close to the water's edge is an estate, the property of Mademoiselle Baring, sister of the military governor of Hanover, and a relation, I believe, of the English family of that name. In the time of Alexis, the place was part of the imperial domain, and in the garden there is a tree which was planted, as tradition relates, by the emperor's own hand. Thereby hangs a tale, which was told me by Mademoiselle Baring with great vivacity; and I trust his imperial majesty (who, like every other sensible potentate in Europe, reads the "New Monthly") will give heed to it.

The place, it seems, was too large for its fair owner; and, instead of calling in the assistance of a husband, which any lady of common humanity would have done, she determined to sell it. But to whom? The whole estate was an historical monument—its very atmosphere was full of imperial memories. She resolved to offer it to the present em-



peror ; and she did so, at a sufficiently moderate price. All now was expectation ; but a kind of expectation which might be called certainty. She busied herself with plans of removal ; she made farewell visits to every inch of the territory ; and at length the day came when the reply was to be received. It was a day of elemental strife ; and the imperial answer was delivered amid storm and thunder. It was a refusal. At the moment she read it, a blaze was seen, and a crash heard in the garden. The indignant spirit of Alexis had passed by ; and the tree planted by his own hand became a pile of charcoal !

Taking leave of Mademoiselle Baring, and her two fair and amiable wards, I pursued my way across the country, by a picturesque valley, crossed at length by an aqueduct, hardly inferior in magnitude and solidity to the Roman monuments of a similar kind. The aqueduct, which is covered over, forms part of the road from Moscow to the New Jerusalem and Troitsa ; and on the present occasion was scattered with pilgrims, wending their way to those Mecca and Medina of Muscovite faith.

The pilgrims were chiefly women, dressed in coarse drab-coloured cloaks, bound by a girdle, from which hung a pair of bark shoes, and a stone pitcher. Some of them lay in groups upon the grass, resting in the odd posture of Russian pedestrians : that is to say, lying upon their knees and breast, with their feet forming a perpendicular with the sky. This, they say, and I believe it, gives great satisfaction to their soles, inasmuch as the blood descending to the level of the heart, leaves these important extremities cool and comfortable. Nor is the attitude in the slightest degree indecent ; for, in fact, with their ample cloaks, and the endless and omni-coloured wrappings fastened round their legs with strings, by way of stockings, the fair travellers look like so many copies of the mendicant phenomenon known in Scotland by the name of Life-and-Clouts.

Some were seated round openings, resembling wells, left here and there in the aqueduct, and were regaling themselves with black bread and water. One of them was provided with a long rod, with a crook at the end, to enable them the more easily to fill their pitchers. Some religious feeling appeared to mingle with the satisfaction they felt at enjoying such a luxury ; they crossed themselves devoutly, prostrated themselves upon the earth, and, as if thanks to the Supreme were not sufficient, dropped a two-kopek piece (about two-fifths of a halfpenny) into the water. When they went away, I drew near, and saw thirty or forty of those coins lying at the bottom, where a child might have gathered them. My first idea was, that if a store like this were left on a public road in England, traversed daily by hundreds of persons, to whom a few kopeck pieces would be a treasure—but hold ! “ comparisons are odious,” saith the copy-book, and as for the Russians, they are barbarians, and there’s an end.

Some of the pilgrims appeared to be of a better class than the others ; but, however high their rank, they all walked. Occasionally I saw a kibitka trundling along after them, with mattresses, pillows, and a tea-urn for the journey. The ultimate destination of all was Troitsa ; but most of them intended to turn aside for the purpose of visiting the monastery of the New Jerusalem, forty versts from Moscow.

This religious edifice is finely situated, and not a little remarkable in itself. It was founded by Nikon, the sixth patriarch of Russia, who



was born in 1605 of obscure parents. He separated from his wife, that he might become a monk and she a nun; and by the force of his talents, and the elevation of his character, rose, step by step, to be abbot of Belozersk—archimandrite of Novo-spaskoi—metropolitan of Novgorod—in fine, patriarch. In the year 1654, when in his pride of place, he founded on this spot the monastery of the Resurrection, which the Tsar called accidentally the New Jerusalem; and Nikon, taking the hint, determined that it should resemble in every respect the old. He sent a priest into Palestine for a model of the church at Jerusalem, and constructed a fac-simile within the inclosure of the monastery.

This temple is in the form of a cross, with a cupola in the centre. The length of the interior is 560 feet; the width 140; and the height 212. The cupola is 231 feet high, surrounded by three galleries, and lighted by 75 windows. Here Nikon fixed his residence; and when no longer under the immediate influence of his talents, the heart of the Tsar was speedily turned against him by his enemies. The fact is, the power of the patriarchs had become by this time so immense, that they were the rivals rather than the subjects of the prince; and the fall of Nikon—who was eventually deposed—was perhaps the consequence of his ambition. His body lies on the right of the master altar.

But everything must have an end—even the endless *maundering* of a traveller, who has just returned from a little known and most interesting country. With regard to the people, their character and prospects, I differ, it seems, from the rest of civilized mankind. Let us see how it is.

An enmity, still more bitter than that of the English and Scots, subsisted from time immemorial between the Russians and Poles. The latter were as frequently the conquerors as the former; they repeatedly carried fire and sword through the country; they at one time held entire possession of Moscow; and little more than a century ago, they deposed the Russian sovereign, and kept him in captivity till his death. The Poles at length changed their character, and sunk gradually into moral and political degradation:—but when I say the Poles, I mean of course the trifling number of nobles; for the Polish PEOPLE were, and are, in a state of the most brutish ignorance and slavery. The sagacious and unprincipled Catherine took advantage of this new position of her ancestral enemies. She commanded them to receive a creature of her own as their sovereign; and they did so with less difficulty than the Scots allowed their country to be incorporated with England under a king of their own. She entered into a conspiracy with Austria and Prussia, divided the country among the three powers, and annexed a portion of it definitively to the Russian empire, although permitting it to retain the name of the kingdom of Poland.

Russian Poland was very differently situated from that of Austria or Prussia. The instinctive hate of the two nations, which did not exist in the other cases, not only remained unabated, but was embittered on the part of the Poles by a sense of insult and humiliation. Intrigues, therefore, conspiracies, revolts, succeeded each other in rapid succession, to the present moment; and were repressed, or returned, with all the vindictive violence of a conqueror who has at length his knee upon the breast of the enemy of a thousand years, and who feels him writhing, and struggling, and striking in his grasp.

---



## THE ALIBI ; AN ASSIZE ANECDOTE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS."

A COUNTY town in Ireland during the assizes, is a scene of "most admired disorder." It would seem as if the personified presence of Justice, in the figures of the two ermined and white-wigged individuals, who sit in either court, was the virtual license for every breach of the law ; while the gyrations of the sheriff (and the satellites who revolve in his orbit) in hopes of catching a culprit or two, resemble very much the merry-go-round of a dog coursing his own tail.

Justice is (really) lame as well as blind among *us*. She has not the least chance in the game of hide-and-seek, at which she is constantly playing with crime, in my "unhappy," "unfortunate," "mis-governed," and otherwise over-epitheted country.

In the very teeth of the judges, and in the very precincts of the Court, the most flagrant outrages may, or at least used to be, seen. Murder was sometimes, riots, robberies, assaults and battery, and every minor offence in the calendar were, at all times, rife, on those half-yearly Saturnalia of idleness, litigiousness, and debauchery.

About half a century ago, when there was no armed police, and a very scanty provision of public conveyances from town to town,—when five-sixths of the population laboured under the yoke of political degradation,—when a judge cracked jokes on the bench and made puns on the prisoner he was condemning to death—when deeds, commonly called "of night," were as frequently done in open day, the state of things was no doubt much worse than it is even now ; and it was as far back as between forty and fifty years ago, that a circumstance very much in unison with such social disorganization took place, and which I am now about to narrate.

About noon on a fine day in July, in the year 1791, the chief town of a southern county of Ireland was just beginning to warm into the various excitements which are self-generated by the beed-and-whiskey heats of the assize season. The judges had gone in solemn state to the court-house, attended by the high sheriff with his white wand, the sub with his horsewhip, the mounted constables halberds in hand, and scarfs over shoulder, and the bailiffs on foot with staves and sticks of varieties of head-breaking capability. The two cracked trumpets of the volunteer cavalry corps had sounded their discordant *fanfarre*, and some almost as unharmonious shouts from the mob, gave the final salute to their "riverences the joodges," and "his honour 'Squire Flaherty the sheriff, a fine man an' a rale jintleman, long life and good luck to him, hurra!"

The solemn business of pleading and prosecuting, the battle for life and death, the tricks of chicanery, over-reaching, and false swearing, were soon in full play within the courts ; while the whiskey shops and tap-rooms had already begun to reap the early harvest of intemperance.

The host of "The Flaherty Arms" was up to his eyes in business, serving customers at the bar, superintending the dinner-dressing in [the kitchen, running up stairs after the chambermaid, and down stairs after the cook, seeing that the ostler "whisped down" the horses, that the



waiter "rubbed up" the spoons, knives and forks, and glasses; that "the boy" was cleaning the boots; "the girl" plucking the poultry; thus duly keeping himself in practice for his own supereminent vocation of plucking the customers. In the midst of this bustle—but I cannot vouch for the landlord's particular locality at the moment, whether kitchen, pantry, or scullery, he was attracted by a loud ringing at the outer bell, and vociferous bawls for the ostler, passed through a straggling crowd of servants and retainers, in his various titles of "Tim!" "Carney!" "Tim Carney!!!"—and by such soft inducements as "why thin, bad luck to you Tim, why don't ye run to the bell?" "To the devil wid you Carney, can't you come whin they're callin' you?" "Tim Carney, you brute, why do you keep the jintleman and his sarvint and the other bastes waitin'?"

"Pray, thin, mister Timothy Carney," at last said the landlord, seeking in his own person the dilatory functionary in the darkest recess of the stables, "by what manes do you daar to keep the qwallity stannin' in the street while you are snorin' under the manger? It's a nate patthorn of an ostler you are, is'nt it? Why, thin, the curse o' Cromwell on you, Tim Carney, this blissed day, but it's a broth of a boy you are, an' mighty fit for an ostler at the head inn of a county town in the 'sizes! Bad scratch to ye, Tim, an' the likes o' ye for a lazy, limpin', ould, good-for-nowthin' thief o' the world!"

To all this abuse, and the loud shouts of laughter which accompanied it from all the "by's" and girls, old and young, who lounged in the yard and under the gateway, old Tim only muttered, as he hobbled along, his opinion that some one out of all those who took such pains to call him might themselves have taken hold of the horses and led them into the stable. To the justness of this opinion my readers will no doubt give their assent. But the division of idleness is a too well established principle of political economy in Ireland to run any risk of being violated, by any one individual doing any thing that is'nt "his place."

"Why thin, my gracious! Dinnis Murphy," exclaimed mine host, reproachfully but pathetically, as he encountered the waiter with an arm full of plates and dishes, and flirting with the kitchen maid in the passage, "could'nt you have thrun down thim crockery, and helped the jintleman to get off his horse, while he was waitin' in the sthreet for that draamin', ould hop-an'-go-constant of an ostler of ours?"

"Indeed, Mister Mulligan, I don't think that's the business of a head waither entirely. Any how it's not *my* place."

"An' you, you sthreelavally, that stands there grinnin' and laughin' wid your coarse arms a-kimbo, could'nt *you* have caught hold of the bridle an' led a customer into the house?"

"The Lord save us, how cross you are this mornin', mister Mulligan! By my fecks, it wasn't to hould horses that I hired myself to your sarvice—an I'd have you to know that it is'nt my place."

"Go 'long, thin, and feed the pigs, you imp'rent hussey!"

"Oh, that's another thing entirely—I'm never above my business," replied the bare-legged slattern; striding off to her elegant occupation.

The landlord found no greater satisfaction from the boot-boy, or the cow-boy, or the cook, in arguing and disputing with whom he lost a good quarter of an hour of his own and their time, while the gentleman



in the tile-floored and sand-covered parlour was waiting with great seeming patience, first for the waiter and then for the host, who were respectfully roared after and hallooed for, in modifications of the same kind of summonses as were addressed erewhile to the ostler.

When Mr. Mulligan at last bowed himself into the parlour, he was not a little struck with respect, and somewhat with admiration, at the presence of his new customer. He was a fine-looking young man, that is to say, of about thirty, tall and well-built, his athletic shape shown to great advantage by the skin-tight leather breeches reaching half-way down the calves of his legs, where they were met by a pair of brown-topped boots, and they were joined at the waistband by a double-breasted and broad-flapped scarlet kerseymere waistcoat; a blue coat with broad fancy-gilt buttons, a profuse white muslin cravat, and a frilled and ruffled shirt completing his costume, the whole style of which showing that he could not have ridden more than a very few miles that morning, and that he had taken his journey very easy indeed. The powder, to be sure, was a good deal shaken out of his hair and scattered over the low collar and wide lappels of his coat; but this added to the careless grace of his whole appearance.

"I am your honour's most humble servant to command, and will be proud to resave your honour's orders"—for dinner, would have added Mr. Mulligan, in his usual style of anticipating the wishes of his customers; but there was a military air and a sternness of brow about the stranger which repelled a too great familiarity.

"Pray sit down, Mr. Mulligan," said the latter, with a most relaxing smile, which at once put the landlord much more at his ease; but he only just sat on the edge of the mahogany-painted deal-bottomed chair, holding it at each side as if he was as much afraid of falling forward as he seemed to be of reclining backwards.

"I want to ask you a few questions," continued the stranger, "about the road to Ballymagarry."

"Is it to Ballymagarry, your honour? I suppose, thin, Sir, you'r goin' to dine and sleep with his lordship the Marquis?" said poor Mr. Mulligan, rather annoyed at the prospect of losing his customer so soon.

"Don't be in a hurry, my good landlord; I may ride over to see his Lordship to-morrow or next day, perhaps; but for this day and night, at any rate, I promise you I am your guest."

"And proud I'll be of the honour of entertaining sich a jintleman, an' its the first of thratement that's to be found at 'The Flaherty Arms,' Sir, for man and baste. An' what 'ud your honour choose to be after orderin' for dinner, Sir? An' for supper in the evenin'? or by way of snack now, Sir? we have ivery thing quite convanient, your honour."

"That 'll do, that 'll do," said the stranger to his groom, who now came in, in a fine, lace-covered livery, and was busily placing saddle-bags, riding-eloak, and two brace of pistols on a side table; "but stay, Robert, for fear of accidents, you had better shake the powder out of the pans and draw the bullets, as we shall remain in this comfortable inn for a day or two."

"Thin, perhaps, Kurnel, I had better ride across the country and



warn the Marquis that you're not coming to-day?" said the groom, awkwardly saluting his master like an undrilled recruit.

"No, no, his Lordship does not quite expect me to-day; but if necessary, you can provide me a messenger, Mr. Mulligan?"

"Is it a messenger, your Honour? By my soul—savin' your Honour's presence—an' it's myself that can do that same; for I'll back my b'y, Mat Quinlan, to trot from here to Ballymagarry Park and back again, before your honour's sarvint that's here to the fore could well find his way to the cross roads at the fut of Kil-goblin mountain."

"Why that would greatly depend on the horse Mat Quinlan was mounted on," said the stranger, smiling; "but never mind, we can talk of that by-and-bye."

"The horse! what horse, Kurnel, is it you're talking about? why it's on his own two legs, an' the feet that's hanging to them, that my b'y Mat goes his messages; an' its thrue enough for me."

"Well, well, no more about that now," said the stranger sharply, and his original expression of countenance returned.

"Yis, your honour—no, your honour!" exclaimed the host, rising from his seat abruptly, confused by his customer's look; and his eyes were in the meantime fixed on the groom, who coolly extracted three bullets each from the two brace of pistols, and placed the dozen missiles on the mantel-piece.

"Upon my word, Kurnel, an' it's well provided your honour was, Sir, in case you met any bad company on the road; but there is'nt much fear o' that in 'size time," said Mulligan sneakingly, being quite brow-beat by the stranger's military frown.

"I don't know that, landlord; I've known daring fellows take the very presence of the judges as the time for their exploits, and I am sure I rode through as ill-looking a set of fellows coming up to your house as ever infested the highways."

"Indeed, Kurnel, its thrue enough for your honour, we have plinty of bad ones an' to spare in town this fine day, an' that's the rason that I think the road so safe."

"The assizes have brought all the country together it seems?"

"Why, yis, indeed, your honour, there's a great throng o' the qwallity as well as plinty o' blackguards to the fore. An' it's the greatest luck in the world that I've a dacent bed to spare for your honour, an' that's only bekase of Squire Flaherty Cavin, afther the ball to-night, to go home and sleep at Castle Flaherty, an' it's very proud I am intirely to have the bed for"—

"How far off is Castle Flaherty?"

"Jist five short miles, Kurnel."

"In what direction?"

"Oh, straight on to the say side, your honour—every one knows Castle Flaherty. An' what 'ud your honour be orderin' for dinner, Sir?" was the winding up of the landlord's speech, for he heard anxious calls for him throughout the house, and the waiter was beckoning him outside the window.

"Whatever you like, landlord; whatever you can spare from your numerous guests."

"Oh, by Jimini, there's lashins, your honour, for every one; for the Gran' Jury, an' the Joodges, an' the Counsellors, an' the whole kit o'



them,—an' all sorts for your honour into the bargain. Comin', Comin'! I beg your honour's pardon; but there's no tellin' you the confusion o' the house at 'size time whin I'm not every where" —

"To make confusion worse confounded?"

"Jist so, indeed, Sir, it's thrue enough for you, Kurnel," exclaimed the unconscious landlord, sidling away towards the door, until the stranger waved his hand in token of permission that he should retire. When he was gone the traveller talked for a short time with his servant, and having soon dismissed the latter, and then examined all the framed daubings which disfigured the walls, and read carefully all the effusions in prose and verse cut on the window panes, he betook himself to the repose of an arm chair, and the refuge of thought.

Scarcely had he so sat, when a gentle tap at the door announced an intruder.

"Come in!" cried the traveller, in a voice loud enough to have manœuvred a battalion, and he instinctively clapped his hand on one of the pistols on the table beside him (forgetting that the balls were extracted and the priming out) as though he expected an inroad from the rough company he had observed in the street. It was only Mr. Mulligan, who reappeared, and who said, in his most submissively coaxing tone,

"I was jist thinkin', your honour, that in regard of a snack, jist a damper as a body might say, that there's a fine round o' beef, or a fillet o' vale, or a could turkey, or a slice o' ham, or some rashers and eggs, or any little thing o' that kind quite at your sarvice, Kurnel, in the larder; an' in the mane time I made bould to bring your honour a little recreation in the way of a book or two, for I'm sure you must be lonesome, Sir."

"You are very obliging, Mr. Mulligan; send in the whole stock of your larder if you like it"—

"An' a bottle of Madary, may be, your honour? It's of the right sort, Sir—or Tinareef, or sherry, Kurnel, or a thrifle of cherry brandy, by the way of a relish?"

"Bring a bin full of whatever you please, Mr. Mulligan; and let me see those books—what are they?"

"Why, Sir, they're jist a few books for the 'size jintlemen, the counsellors, and the gran' jurors, and the likes; there's the Justice's Vaddy-makem, an' the last Turnpike Act, and the Newgate Calendar, an' the last new Life of Captain Quilty the highwayman, with his picture in front."

"A nice collection, indeed! Faugh! don't show me that," exclaimed the traveller, giving a kick to the Newgate Calendar. "Nor that stupid stuff," added he, tossing the law-books upside down. "Let me look at this Life of Captain Quilty, there may be some fun in that."

"Is it fun, your honour? By Gorra, thin it's quare fun that's in it, for it's nawthin' but murthers, an' rapes, an' robberies from first to last; an' it's well for you, Kurnel, that you didn't meet him on the road this blessed mornin'; or well for him, may be, for by my sowl, I think thin bull-dogs, with the three bullets a-piece in 'em, might make even Quilty look crooked."

"He's a fierce fellow, if this is like him, landlord."

"Och, thin, sure enough it's him it is, Kurnel,—at laste all the world



says so ; an' it's wicked enough he is ; an' by the same token, there's one of his min to be tried for a robbery and murther to-day ; an' the devil's cure to him and the likes of him, says I. But I'll go an' order the snack, your honour, and maybe then you'd go out an' take a taste o' the frish air an' get an appetite for dinner?"

"What is there to be seen in this town of your's, Mulligan?" said the stranger, flinging aside the book. "One can't read before dinner in the dog-days."

"What is there to be seen in it, Sir? Why, there's plinty. There's the calf with five legs, an' the horned cock, an' the two-headed dwarf in a bottle of whiskey, all for tuppence a-piece, your honour ; an' there's the rope dancin' in the Market-square by-an'-bye, and the tumblin'—"

"Well, that's quite sufficient, Mulligan. I'll go out and look about me a little."

"Maybe your honour 'd like to sthrole into the coort-house and listen to the thryals? I'm tould by the joodge's cryer that there's some lively business comin' on: three min for murther wid spades and pitchforks, an' a woman for pisonin', an' two girls for stranglin' their childer, to say nothin' of manslaughter and burnin' and housebreakin' and the likes."

"You make out a tempting list, landlord, but those lively horrors have no pleasure for me. Yet, let me see, I think I should be inclined to look in at the court, if I thought there was any chance of getting a decent place."

"Is it a place, Kurnel? Och, thin, it's that you shall have, one beside the very joodge on the binch. It's rare that so fine-dressed an' ginerous a jintleman as yourself axes a sate there,—barrin' the gran' jury, an' the marquis, an' the other noblemen or jintlemen of the county ; and far it be from me to say a word in disparagement of sich ginerous customers as they are iv'ry one o' them."

"And how can you get me this seat, landlord?"

"Nawthin' aisier, Kurnel ; I'll jist send a bit of a note to the clerk o' the crown, that sits under the joodge, on the tip o' the cryer's white wand——"

"A rather uneasy seat," said the stranger with a smile.

"Not at all, your honour ; it's wide an' comfortable, but it hasn't a stuffed cushion on it like the joodge's binch, that's God's truth."

"Well, and what'll you say in your 'bit of a note?'"

"Why, jist that your honour, Kurnel O'Carroll, of the Royal Irish Dragoons, an' long life to them! is on your way to the Marquis's at Ballymagarry-park, an' was steppin' in promiskis into the Coort-house——"

"So my servant has told you my name, I see. Incautious rascal!" (muttered the stranger aside.)

"To be sure he did, your honour, an' a fine name it is, an' a fine man it is that's the owner of it, an' that's yourself, Kurnel jew'l, so it is," said Mr. Mulligan, waxing gayer and more familiar every minute, and paying no attention to his guest's dissatisfied looks, nor to the ill-tempered exclamation.

But the "Kurnel" cut short his compliments, by telling him to send in "the snack ;" and accordingly a most overwhelming display of viands soon appeared, over which the traveller long lingered without eating much. It appeared as if he felt as little appetite for the encoun-



ter of all the labours of sight-seeing so profusely recommended by the landlord. But after two or three hours had been in one way or another gone through, the traveller, and well he might, in very weariness determined on a lounge. He therefore once more summoned his host, who produced his "bit of a note," ready written; and under his guidance the stranger was soon in the market-place, his broad-leaved hat carelessly placed on one side of his head, and his large knotted stick carried with a rakish flourish in his hand. Mr. Mulligan bowed and scraped at every question of his guest, who seemed amazingly inquisitive regarding every building, whether public or private, and appeared to take particular interest in the various squabbles that arose among the straggling and half-drunken vagabonds who reeled about the town in all directions. But none of the shows enumerated by Mulligan, nor the attractions of the court-house itself, could draw him from those out-of-door observations, until his servant, who seemed also to have been killing his hour in the same manner, was seen walking briskly towards the inn, and as he passed by his master he saluted him in his usual awkward way, but he attracted no notice from the Colonel.

"Now, Mr. Mulligan, let us go to the court-house," said the latter at length; and they were soon accordingly at the building.

The moment the handsome and flashy-looking stranger entered the criminal court, he attracted considerable attention. The "bit of a note" duly passed over to the clerk of the crown, on the tip of the cryer's wand, was handed up to the Judge, who, immediately on perusing it, gave orders to have Colonel O'Carroll conducted to the bench, on which, close beside his Lordship, he was soon seated, fulfilling Mr. Mulligan's prophecy to the letter, and to the no small gratification of the latter, the value of whose patronage was thus proved in a very eminent manner; and who, having seen his *protégé* snug cheek-by-jowl with the judge, hurried off to the Post-office, at the colonel's request, to inquire for letters which he expected, somewhat impatiently, by the mail, which passed through the town about that hour.

There was a kind of *interregnum* in the court at this moment, the jury having just retired to consider the verdict in the case of a highwayman (the one alluded to by Mulligan), who had been tried for the robbery and murder, committed about six months before, on the person of an unfortunate traveller. The trial had been very short. The circumstantial evidence was of a nature to leave no doubt as to the guilt of the accused man on the minds of any one in court. He had made no defence, except most solemn protestations of innocence, and positive assertions that if he had money enough to pay the expenses of bringing witnesses from a considerable distance, he could have clearly proved that he was not in Ireland at the time the offence was committed. But this produced no effect in his favour. The judge's charge was (as usual with his Lordship, who was called familiarly "the hanging judge") all against the prisoner. He was moreover an ill-looking fellow; an example was called for; and to be accused of belonging to the band of the notorious Quilty was enough to hang almost any one in those days. His fate was therefore considered as quite decided, and the clerk of the crown was busily employed (not to lose time during the retirement of the jury) in reading over some new indictment, and the judge was conversing merrily to the fox-hunting—or clerical—or both fox-hunting and clerical—magistrates who occupied the bench beside him.



His Lordship was a bluff, boisterous-looking, red-faced man. He wore a shooting-jacket under his robes, and he had the reputation of considering the prisoners who had the misfortune to be tried before him as subjects of sport rather than in any more serious aspect.

After a few minutes the jury entered, and the foreman announced a verdict of "Guilty."

"To be sure! to be sure!" exclaimed the Judge, searching beside him for his black cap. "No twelve honest men could suffer such a scoundrel to escape. Thank you, gentlemen of the jury, thank you. Bring up the prisoner Gahagan for judgment."

And accordingly the culprit was led up by the gaoler, and placed at the front of the dock, where he stood with a most dejected air, his head leaning against his hands, and his eyes cast down.

"So! Go on, Mr. Clerk of the Crown. Let's see, what's the fellow's Christian name? Where are my notes?" said his Lordship, fumbling among his papers, while the official Register beneath him turned over *his*. But he thought it better to cut the matter short, by applying to the prisoner himself.

"Holloa, Gahagan, my fine fellow! what's your Christian name?"

"I wint by two names in the family, my Lord," replied the culprit, in a melancholy tone. "My mother christened me Terence; but my father always insisted on calling me Pat."

"Your father was a fool, Gahagan: he should have humoured your mother. By calling you Terence pretty often, he would soon have had your name *pat*, and then both had been satisfied; but it's no matter now. Go on, Mr. Clerk of the Crown, and quick, if you please; there is a good deal of business to be done yet."

"What have you to say, Terence Gahagan, why sentence of death should not be pronounced against you?" hurriedly asked the Clerk of the Crown,—the prisoner not quite relishing or understanding the joke which had set every one else laughing.

"Why, that I don't deserve it, Sir; an' that I'm kilt and murdered intirely by false swearin'; an' that I'm as innocent as the child unborn," replied the prisoner, with disconsolate tone and downcast looks.

"Pooh, pooh!—nonsense, nonsense!" exclaimed the Judge, adjusting his black cap on his head, and puffing out his red cheeks. "That's the old story with every hardened offender." And then, proceeding in the most expeditious technicality of the case, he was beginning to pronounce sentence of death, when the prisoner suddenly lifting his eyes towards the bench, they rested on the face of Colonel O'Carroll, who seemed already tired of the proceedings, and was reading over, for the second or the third time, a couple of letters handed to him by Mulligan some minutes before.

"Oh, Jasus! is it possible?" exclaimed the culprit, and he instantly fell back in a kind of fit. Considerable bustle was excited by this incident. The Judge, however, went on with the formula of sentence-passing, until stopped by the sheriff, who whispered him that the prisoner was insensible. It became absolutely necessary—for decency, if not for justice' sake—to pause awhile; and as soon as the gaoler announced that the culprit had recovered sufficiently to hear the rest of the sentence, he was again placed at the bar, the compassion of the audience overcoming, in a great degree, the general repugnance to the



criminal. Even the Judge was forced to a semblance of humane consideration for the unfortunate sufferer, and he asked him what was the cause of his sudden emotion, and the exclamation he had uttered.

Oh, my Lord!" replied he, "my life is saved! There's thim in Coort, and convanient to your Lordship's honour, that can prove my *allybee*."

Every look was fixed on the bench. None of the three or four gentlemen who sat there, including Colonel O'Carroll, seemed to understand the prisoner's remark as applying to them.

"Oh, it's throe for me, your Lordship! That handsome jintleman in the red wescut, on your Lordship's right-hand, knows me well enough, an' 'll swear to my innocence."

The Colonel, on being thus absolutely appealed to, looked intently on the prisoner for some seconds; and then, in answer to the Judge's question as to whether he knew anything of him, replied that he was sorry, for the poor wretch's sake, to be obliged to declare that he had not the least recollection of having ever seen him before."

"I thought as much;—a common trick, Colonel, to excite compassion, and stave off the sentence of the law. These rascals impose on my good-nature sometimes; but it won't do now. No, no, Mr. Gahagan, you shall *not* escape the vengeance of the offended laws."

"Oh, my lord! it's as throe as that your honour has a wig on your head that the jintleman knows me, if he'll but give himself time to consider. He can save me by one word."

Again the Colonel protested that he did not know the man, and again the too-long baffled Judge was resuming the awful sentence: and then again did the poor prisoner, bursting into tears, protest that the strange gentleman could save his life, though he might have forgotten his face; but he was quite sure of bringing it to his recollection, if he might be allowed to ask him three questions. The interest and curiosity of all present were now strongly excited: the Judge waxed impatient for the result, but could not refuse his consent to let a drowning man catch at a straw; and the Colonel declared himself ready, and indeed anxious, to reply to the poor devil's questions.

"Why, thin, let me ax your honour if you did not land at Dover from France jist six months ago last Saturday fortnight?"

"Upon my word," said the Colonel smiling, "I cannot, at a moment's notice, remember the day so exactly specified; but I certainly did land at Dover from Calais in the early part of last January."

"In troth, it's throe for your honour, you did *so*. And don't you remimber the man in the sailor's jacket that carried your honour's two thrunks in a wheelbarrow from the beach to the head inn, and lifted your honour clane through the surf on the shingles?"

"I really do not remember the face of any particular porter on the occasion," was the disheartening reply.

"Ah, thin, sure an' it isn't possible that you forget, Sir, this wound in my head, which I showed you honour that same day, and tould you all about the action wid the Frinch priveteer, in which I got the same." And as the prisoner earnestly spoke he took off his wig, and displayed a deep scar high upon his forehead.

"Good God!" exclaimed Colonel O'Carroll; "I do indeed perfectly remember the circumstance, and the very remarkable wound; and I



have every reason to believe this to be the very man, though his face had escaped my memory, altered as it was by the wig. But I can put the time of this transaction quite beyond doubt, for I have a memorandum of the day I crossed over from Calais in my pocket-book."

Upon examining the pocket-book with the Judge,—and even *he* became melted with compassion, and almost rejoiced with all the other witnesses of this almost miraculous escape from an ignominious death,—the date of the Colonel's landing was found noted with various other memorandums, and it was found to be exactly the same with that laid in the indictment for the double offence for which Terence Gahagan had been tried:

The impulse of astonishment and delight at this providential discovery was irresistible. The Judge gave permission to the Jury to reconsider their verdict. The Colonel was put into the witness-box, and he clearly testified on his oath to the facts he had already admitted. The verdict of "Not Guilty" was hailed with joy: a subscription for the lucky prisoner was immediately made; a handsome sum was thus put in his pocket; and he was set at liberty, and left the Court amidst the noisy acclamations of the crowd.

Colonel O'Carroll, the happy instrument of this result, was congratulated by all the gentlemen present at having, under Providence, been the means of saving the life of an innocent fellow-creature. He was invited to dine with the Grand Jury, pressed to go to a ball in the evening, and loaded with civilities; but, as though he were overpowered by this excess of notoriety, he declined all the attentions thus heaped on him, declaring that the letters he had just before received made it absolutely necessary that he should proceed forthwith to Ballymagarry Park, to dine with his friend the Marquis. The Judge, the Sheriff, and the other gentlemen saw him depart with regret; but consoled themselves with the certainty of meeting him at the Marquis's the next day, at a grand entertainment to be given to their Lordships the Judges and the first people of the county.

Colonel O'Carroll settled his bill at Mr. Mulligan's, both for what he had consumed and what he had ordered, but did not wait to enjoy; and he soon rode out of town, followed by his servant, but finding it difficult to make his way through the drunken, rioting, and fighting rabblement.

That same night 'Squire Flaherty, the High Sheriff, was stopped in his carriage, about a mile from his own house, returning from the assize ball, and robbed of his watch and a large sum in money and bank-notes. But just as he was thoroughly rifled, a party of mounted constables came up to the spot, a rather dilatory escort to the magistrate, and between them and the three highwaymen who perpetrated the robbery a severe scuffle ensued. The latter, after a desperate resistance, were overpowered, all of them and several of the constables being badly wounded; one of the highwaymen died of loss of blood on the way back to the county town. On examining the faces of the other two, and stripping them of their disguises, they were recognized to be the *soi-disant* Colonel O'Carroll and the acquitted prisoner, Terence Gahagan; and the former was the next day fully proved to be no other than the famous and terrible Captain Quilty, who was put into the dock with his hardened associate, and his sentence was joyfully pronounced from the very bench he had so lately sat upon, by the very Judge he had so



successfully mystified ; and he suffered the extreme penalty of the law with all the daring and swaggering hardihood to be expected from his character.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the whole getting-up of the *alibi* was a preconcerted plan, through the management of some accomplice admitted to see the prisoner (under pretence of relationship, or some other as plausible) before his trial ; and that the Colonel—or the *Captain*, more correctly speaking—had waited to make his appearance in Court for a signal agreed on with the fellow who acted the part of his servant (the man afterwards killed by the constables) as to the moment at which his false testimony might be most likely to excite the compassion of the Judge and the Jury.

---

### MARTIAL IN LONDON.

#### *Neat Wines.*

At Brompton I, when winter reigns,  
*Great-coated* quaff my wine,  
 But when red Phœbus tans the plains,  
 I under *canvass* dine.  
 My glass I to each season shape,  
 Nor keep, in either, Lent.  
 My drink, when winter frowns, is *Cape*,  
 My summer beverage *Tent*.

---

#### *Lamentation on the Coast of Africa, 1st January, 1836.*

Alas ! we're undone,  
 Our season of fun  
 All doleful and wintry appears ;  
 The lord of misrule  
 May to-night play the fool,  
 But where is our Day of All-jeers ?

---

#### *To an Irish Bookseller.*

Vesuvius and you should be bound in a yoke,  
 Both *craters* are sending out volumes of smoke.

---

#### *The Poet's Pate. Addressed to Mrs. M——.*

I cannot join you, valued friend,  
 To Leamington—I therefore send  
 My portrait in my stead ;  
 You've often seen my head in print,  
 And now, engraved in mezzotint,  
 I tender you my head.  
 I, gay and careless in my prime,  
 Ne'er by the forelock caught old Time  
 By chance or by design ;  
 Survey my front, and you'll agree,  
 That now (whate'er his malice), he  
 Will ne'er catch me by mine.



## THE ELEMENTS OF CONVERSATION—NO. II.

HAVING opened our instructions to young teachers, showing the facility with which any word in the English language may be made the root and germ of an agreeable and instructive discussion, we shall proceed to illustrate the system by examples taken at random from the ordinary run of common-place conversation.

“ Oh,” says my lady, “ the alderman is a great patron of the arts—not so much from its being his natural taste as because he thinks it the rage with the aristocracy.”

Here is a mine for you, Tyro. The word alderman, I admit, does not at first sight appear to promise much; and yet there is fruit to be gathered even here: of course you begin by the derivation of the word—tell your fair or brown companion, as the case may be, that the title of alderman was, amongst the Saxons, equal to that of earl at present; that aldermen, in King Edgar’s reign, were judges; that, according to Spelman, the Aldermannus totius Angliæ held the place of our present Lord Chief Justice; and that the Aldermannus Comitatus held a middle rank between what was then called the earl and the sheriff, and that in trying causes he was the Assessor of the Bishop, the one proceeding according to the ecclesiastical and the other to the common law.

You may hint, without impropriety, that in Shakspeare’s time aldermen generally wore agate rings upon their fore fingers, whence you may naturally glance off into a geological disquisition into the character and attributes of that extensive genus of semi-pellucid gems—tell her of all the varieties, from the pale dendrachates to the phossacates and the hæmachates, the cerachates, and the jaspachates. Just touch upon the curious natural representations which they sometimes present. Speak of Kircher, De Bott, and the Prince of Gonzaga, all of whom either possessed, saw, or described various curious specimens of the anthropomorphous agates; and then contrive to bring her back to the starting-point by reminding her of the dresses assigned to the aldermen of London—that their vesture is to be made of honourable furs; and that any one assaulting an alderman in the city is liable to lose his hand: which punishment was actually inflicted upon John Cote in the tenth year of the reign of King Richard.

This may lead you to relate anecdotes of the more modern aldermen: begin with Wilkes and Number 45; mob popularity, how fleeting; go on with Waithman and Wood; contrast the oblivious forgetfulness of the former and the quiescent respectability of the other with the puddle-dock pomp and parade of the days of Queen Caroline. Don’t forget the story of the alderman just past the chair who left his cards in Paris as “ le feu Lor Maire de Londres;” and having cursorily glanced at the glorious reform recently effected in Municipal Corporations, just take the trouble to point out how completely the measure has annihilated what is called “ self-election” in such bodies, by a reference to the fact that in nine cases out of ten the councillors under the new-fangled Act have elected themselves aldermen. Having done this, you may conclude your dissertation, and brighten the scene by telling your friend the story of the countess who, when her husband wanted to carry some point in the city, made a visit to the wife of one of the sheriffs. The sheriff not



being at home, his better half apologised to the peeress for his absence, and told her he had been obliged to go to Aldermanbury. "I hope," said the countess, meaning to be civil in the highest degree, "the alderman is quite well."\*

Patron, the next word in the sentence, admits of a very extensive examination—at least when coupled with its compound, patronage. Patrons are not now—taking the word seriously—what they were. We find within a hundred years a system of patronage existing of which we have had no vestige left. Not only the minister, but every man of high rank held his levees, which were attended by a crowd of dependents, who lived upon the smiles of their patrons and the hopes they inspired. You may of course introduce the story of the aspirant for political office, who, having constantly and continuously haunted the great red house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, while tenanted by the Duke of Newcastle, and had been from day to day fed upon expectation, at last said to the Premier, with a look of unclouded satisfaction, "Well, my Lord Duke, I have got a place at last." "I rejoice to hear it," said his Grace, pressing his hand affectionately, not ill pleased at having got rid of his periodical visiter; "what place is it?" "A place inside the York coach," said the suitor; "I'm tired of waiting for any other, so I have secured *that*, and am going home to my wife and family to see what I can do for myself."

Smollett, in his account of Bramble's dialogue with this very patron, describes the sort of conversational confusion which prevailed in his day as being the natural consequence of this sort of perpetual intercourse between askers and givers: the picture of the Duke's levee is one of his most powerful efforts. But in these times there are no originals whence to take such resemblances. In the golden days of Addison and Steele, and all the rest of them, a dedication to a patron secured a handsome present—that mark of patronage has now disappeared, and with it, in a considerable degree, the custom of dedication. Now the word patronage is used rather as a burlesque. A man "patronizes" a cook, or his cookery—a coachmaker, or his carriages—a hatter, or his hats, or even a watering-place, or a particular drive, or ride, or walk. But

---

\* Butler's description of an alderman, although, perhaps, too long to be quoted, or even remembered, in conversation, is quite worthy of recording in this place:—"An alderman," says Butler, "is a peer of the city, and a member of their upper house, who, as soon as he arrives at so many thousand pounds, is bound by the charter to serve the public with so much understanding, what shift soever he make to raise it. and wear a chain about his neck like a rein-deer: or, in default, to commute and make satisfaction in ready money, the best reason of the place; for which he has the name only, like a titular prince, and is so alderman extraordinary. But if his wife can prevail with him to stand, he becomes one of the city supporters, and, like the unicorn to the King's Arms, wears a chain about his neck very right worshipfully."

"When he sits as a judge in his court, he is absolute, and uses arbitrary power; for he is not bound to understand what he does, nor render an account why he gives judgment on one side rather than on the other; but his will is sufficient to stand for his reason to all intents and purposes. He does no public business without eating and drinking; and when he comes to be Lord Mayor, he does not keep a great house, but a very great house-warming for a whole year; for though he invites all the Companies in the city, he does not treat them, but they club to entertain him, and pay the reckoning beforehand. His fur gown makes him look a great deal bigger than he is, like the feathers of an owl; and when he pulls it off, he looks as if he were fallen away, or like a rabbit had his skin pulled off."



the word patron, except as applied to the fine arts, of which you will presently have an opportunity of speaking, in its real sober acceptation, exists not.

When you come to discuss the word “arts,” recollect the infinity of arts which are liable to observation; and how you may extend and ramify your speculations. I admit that Hume’s position is not likely to invigorate you in your discursive ramblings upon this subject; for he says, I think, “It is a great mortification to the vanity of man, that his utmost art and industry can never equal the meanest of nature’s productions, either for beauty or value. Art is only the under workman, and is employed to give a few strokes of embellishment to those pieces which come from the hand of the master, some of which may be of his drawing, but he is not allowed to touch the principal figure. Art may make a suit of clothes, but nature must produce a man.” Take courage, however, in your vindication of art, from the philosopher’s extraordinary comparison between nature and a tailor, and the objects to be achieved. Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his admirable lectures, says, “What has pleased and continues to please is likely to please again: hence are derived the rules of art, and on this immoveable foundation they must for ever stand.”

A glance at Oxford or Cambridge will permit you to get rid at a blow of Masters of Arts, as connected with the universities and your own subject. These masters of the “*ingenuas artes*” have nothing to do with the “arts,” as the word is now considered, any more than have the twisted ringlets, the bitten lip, the shattered fan, or the downcast eye, all of which come under the definition of little arts. Neither does the popular art of tormenting properly belong to your discussion, nor, indeed, anything foreign to the peculiar arts to which my lady first referred in her observation.

Of course you begin with the ancients. Expatriate on the mighty imagery of the Pyramids—speculate upon their founder—quote the best writers—and wind up by leaving the matter just where you found it. Show your accuracy as to local comparisons by telling your fair friend that the base of the largest pyramid occupies exactly the same space of ground as Lincoln’s Inn-fields here in London.

Then come to the Apollo Belvidere and the Venus de Medici; these I leave you to manage in your own way. Give your fair friend Phidias, Praxiteles, Apelles, and the “*in eternitatem pingo*” Zeuxis, of whom, nevertheless, we know as little as might be expected. Glance at the school of the land of cloudless skies in later days. Let your fair friend understand that half the long-worshipped relics of the Italian school treasured in our best of galleries, and purchased at the highest prices, are copies; and illustrate your discovery with the *naïve* remark of the lady who reproached the keepers at the British Museum for not having Oliver Cromwell’s skull in that great national establishment, since they had gotten one in Trinity College Library at Cambridge.

Run down Teniers as vulgar; call Hobbima dotty; denounce Rubens’s women as coarse; and then contrive to recollect the name of some extremely obscure Flemish painter, of whom nobody, perhaps, but Segulier ever heard, and ring that in her ears with a whole string of laudatory expressions in the best style of cant-technical;—talk of force, and breadth, and naturalness, and dep’h of tone, and vigour of outline;



teach her to worship a pewter-pot on the table; and go into a fit of ecstasies at the sight of a stream of curling smoke rising from a dingy pipe in your hero's mouth, with a bright bit of red just in the bowl.

Swamp all the French school. Tell her that the French artists were only fit to paint heroes in full-bottomed wigs and armour, escorted by angels blowing trumpets, and seraphim waving the lily-covered flag. Call David, the last of the tribe, a monster-maker; instance his huge pictures about Buonaparte. Moralize upon the uncertain footing of tyrants; pity Charles the Tenth, and praise Louis Philippe: in which last encomium, if she is fond of dancing, she will cordially join, in gratitude for his balls at the Tuileries.

Then draw her to our own dear, delicious Somerset House. Tell her that Shee—not she herself, but the President—is doubly armed, as poet and painter. Tell her, too, of that dear wife of a deceased baronet, who, when somebody in Sir Martin's presence, at one of those delightful re-unions which still exist in certain circles, proposed as a toast "The Pen, the Pencil, and the Lyre," demurred to the proposition, because, as her Ladyship said, although she admired writing and painting, she had an insufferable objection to Liars. Regret that even Beechey himself must grow old; praise Pickersgill's male portraits, especially those without cloaks; give Phillips the highest meed of approbation; and regret that Wilkie, the finest painter of his day in one style, should, for the sake of variety, have floundered into inferiority in another. Bid her go to the National Gallery, and look at his inimitable picture of the Blind Fiddler, and then weep—if she does not fear injuring her bright eyes—to see his portraits of lords about whom few people care, and those who do, care not to see them as he makes them. Wilkie is the greatest man of his day in his line; out of it—don't tell her what he is, for fear she may tell him again.

You may safely exalt Stanfield, one of the best and the most modest artists this country contains. Of Etty, speak highly as a draughtsman, doubt about his colouring, and advise your friend to go alone when she visits his pictures. His ladies are all so scantily clothed, if clothed at all, that it puts one quite in a fluster to look at them in company. Ancient sculpture comes before us in all its classical simplicity, and even a little clothing gives an indelicacy which the naked truth does not convey; but Mr. Etty's plump moderns are really alarming.

If your friend wishes to have her lover's or her husband's portrait painted, recommend her to Mr. Say, whose picture of Sir William Follett, in last year's exhibition, has stamped and secured his reputation. With the fidelity and truth of Lonsdale, it combines the ideality of Lawrence. It is a mental as well as personal likeness, and was one of the gems of the collection. Of course you will not lose the opportunity of suggesting that if Mr. Say should paint the picture, Mr. Doo ought to engrave it; whereupon you will, while expatiating as to the different duties of the two artists upon the same subject, observe that—

"It is one thing to SAY and another to DOO."

Ask your friend if she understands why Constable, with all his power, frizzles over his pictures before they are dry, and leaves them all rough and bristly. Advise her to buy up Collins's beautiful things wherever she can lay her hand upon them. Bid her purchase Knight's next picture,



if he asks less for it than he did for the last; and if she can get the Dukes and Lords to spare Lance for one month, advise her to lay out all she has got left, in a purchase of one of his fruit pieces in which he is inimitable.

This will lead you to the wonderful strides made in another branch of art within the last quarter of a century, and which have rendered England unrivalled in excellence as far as it is concerned—water-colour painting. Let your fair companion look at what were considered fine things of forty years old—Paul Sanby's, for instance—and place before her eyes the splendid creations of Copley, Fielding, Prout, Cotman, De Wint, and half-a-dozen others. Teach her to wonder and admire, if she can understand, or if she cannot, the daring flights of the all-accomplished Turner; let her laugh herself fat at the eccentricities of Hunt, or weep herself blind at the awful visions of the highly-gifted Cattermole; bid her be enraptured with the all-resplendent Calcott; bid her read Varley's astrological books, which will make her, more than before, reverence the works of his pencil; and then lead her to the delicate beauties of the Misses Sharpe, who, whether as copyists or originators, are, taking them altogether, an unparalleled family.

Of course, unless you happen to have a catalogue of the Exhibition, you cannot go regularly through the list of those who deserve attention; but the loss will be better borne when you recollect that the absence of that "record" prevents your lashing out in censure upon some hundred and fifty infatuated idiots, who, in a paroxysm of self-love, send their ill-shapen daubs to the different galleries, in which, to the great surprise of a discerning public, the Committee appointed to decide upon the merits of such works have them actually placed. Tell her, if she be really unaccustomed to the world, to look for such rarities in the very highest or very lowest rows,—such works "no cold medium know;"—and if, besides her innocence, she has a turn for fun, she may perhaps derive more amusement from the contemplation of these serious absurdities than from the ordinary run of indifferent performances.

You naturally carry on your companion to sculpture; own due allegiance to King Chantry; eulogize the Westmacotts, father and son; praise Bailey and Behnes, ridicule the absurdity of exhibiting busts of men with pug noses and double chins, and conclude by telling your fair friend that if ever sculpture should make progress amongst the uncivilized tribes of American Indians, the *Chippaways* would, in all probability, take the lead.

As to other arts generally, leave them to be discussed under their proper heads; and if you fancy you have run the artists,—in the ordinary acceptation of the word—dry, you have the most delightful relief at hand in the word "rage," upon which you may amplify to a much greater extent than I can be permitted to do in the limited space of an elementary treatise.

Rage, in its serious raging sense, will give you an opportunity of quoting Shakspeare, Otway, Rowe, and various authors, whose descriptions of its effects may, if judiciously administered, thrill your fair friend's heart, and give her imagination a fillip; but I do not recommend you to dwell too long upon the dark side of the picture;—to make a lively woman weep is not difficult—women's hearts are alive to every feeling and every impulse, and, as Moore says—



“The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers  
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns !”

But to make a grave woman smile, *is* something ; to see the demure-looking, cold, placid, acidulated countenance of a determined prude, or a decided saint, flickering with an expression of hesitating pleasure and amusement, and at last to find the peculiarly screwed-up mouth of one of that particular and peculiarly disagreeable genus relapsing into at first a simper, then a smile, and at length a laugh, gives evidence of a goodly triumph. I have heard a long and sensible lecture read upon this point by a lady of experience in such matters, therefore, Tyro, always make your play in melting snow, rather than in watering roses.

Take the word *rage* in its modern acceptation, and now diversify your observations, by a sort of catalogue of the various men, women and things, which have been the *rage* within your memory—remember, *your* memory, not hers, or else you may perhaps find my lady returning to a practical illustration of the word in its serious signification ; take the last fifteen years as a period. In one year velocipedes were the *rage* ; things now forgotten, upon which men of all sizes and stations were seen floundering and flying along the roads and streets to such an extent as to render the interference of the police absolutely necessary to public safety. The kaliedescope was then the *rage*, and every man, woman, and child in the empire was to be seen peeping into little tin pots full of broken glass, beads, and bits of tobacco-pipes, ever and anon shaking them, and looking again ; nobody ever sees a kaliedescope now. Then the devil—recently described in a lately-published novel—everybody played the devil ; now, except metaphorically speaking, nobody thinks of such a thing. The *rage* then was for Dr. Paris’s thaumatrope. Everybody sat twisting bits of cards glued to bits of string, and wondered at the strangeness of their own vision. To these succeeded fiz-gigs, and then *they* were the *rage*, and the highest in the land and those in the court which surrounded them, were to be discovered, as Aldiborontophoscophornio describes Chrononhotontologos, “unfatiguing” themselves from the affairs of state by fiz-gigging, with the greatest gravity and assiduity.

At one time it was the “*rage*” for ladies to make their own shoes ; at another it was the *rage* to make lace. A lady-cobbler would now be thought an extraordinary sight, and an amateur lace-maker would be stared at as a wonder. Transparent drawings were once the *rage* ; things badly copied from bad prints, and smeared over with varnish, to let the light shine through them. A pale moon beaming over the grey light of a lamp at a turnpike-gate, the lodge of which exhibited through its casement window a red blazing fire. And then was a *rage* for painting birds and flowers by means of holes cut in pasteboard, through which the ingenious artist smeared paint of different colours, which, when the pasteboard was removed, exhibited parrots, peacocks, primroses, and passion-flowers, all as natural as life.

Some things are always the “*rage* ;” a well-beau’d ball for young ladies, an India shawl, diamonds of all sorts and sizes set in all shapes, a pic-nic, and here you may tell your friend that when first this mysterious word was pronounced to the unlearned, the *rage* was in the people. Instead of comprehending its pure innocent meaning, now made easy to the meanest capacity, they fancied it meant some horrible



pursuit favoured and patronized by that terrible personage who is known by a familiar appellation, which sounds precisely similar to the last half of the ominous announcement; and the consequence was, that satire, libel, lampoon, and caricature were all arrayed against it. The world has discovered its error, and nothing are so common as pic-nics, which are now reduced to such a nicety, that the dandy, who brings nothing but himself to the common-stock, is amenable to the lady who *gives* the party, in the sum of two, or three, or four, or more sovereigns, as the case may be. While talking of giving, give notice to your fair friend that Signor this thing, or Signora t'other thing, either or both whom are the "rage," advertise with the most perfect complacency that they propose, on such a day, to *give* a concert, "tickets one guinea each." Draw a parallel between the *sang-froid* of the professionals and the excessive liberality of the Lady of the Pic-nic.

What your fair friend said of the Alderman's affected patronage of art, will give you an opportunity of explaining the justness of her remark upon the rage of the aristocracy for fostering genius: never was anything more true, than her description of the real feeling for the arts, and the anxious support of those which exists amongst the aristocracy. Look at the late Marquis of Stafford, look at the present Sir Robert Peel—look at Lord Egremont, nay, look at all the leading men, and see how readily and earnestly they enrich their collections, not only by purchasing the most splendid works of the most celebrated ancient and foreign masters, but by hunting out native genius and native talent, and being the first to draw it from obscurity, shelter and patronize it, until at length they have the pride and satisfaction of knowing that their exertions have added a new name to the list of British worthies, while they have, perhaps, rendered an individual wealthy, prosperous, and happy.

Take the opportunity of agreeing with her in laughing at the pretensions of the *parvenu*, who all of a sudden thinks it necessary to have a taste and be liberal, who consults a dealer and buys a fine picture, which as he himself is new, of course must be old; this he buys, and if not utterly cheated in the outset, gets an original. Why, what is his object? He is a sort of fellow who calls his Rembrandt a Remnant, who believes that each picture of a certain Flemish school took ten years to paint, because he hears they were pictures by Teniers, and who fancies the name of Vandyke to have been derived from the edge of his wife's petticoat, or the sippets which his cook sends him up round his English hashed mutton. His object is—and so you may tell her Ladyship,—to buy the gem in order to lend it to the British Institution for an exhibition, and so have his name printed and published in the list of his *pseudo* customers as contributing, not only in purse but in pictures, to the same exhibition and in the same ratio as they do. Pictures are not the rage with him—his rage is apeing his betters—jumping, in hopes to get upon the same standing—it is "an impotent rage," as the poet says of the Sea and the Cliff—but work this with the lady, because it only amplifies her own ideas, and at the same time gives the real state of the case.

Then come we to Aristocracy—there is a word—why you might make a speech upon it as long as Lord Brougham's, Wilkins's, or Tomkins's pamphlets—and I will answer for it, more effective, more lively, more just, and infinitely less laboured; of course, the lady with whom you are now holding gentle converse, is herself of the aristocracy—aristocratic—and knows what she means by the word—the million do not; and cer-



tainly neither Tomkins, nor Jenkins, nor Wilkins is likely to enlighten them. Ask not your fair friend, but ask anybody else to point out to you or to themselves any body of men and women in the world equal in intelligence, accomplishments, piety, virtue, charity, and benevolence, to the aristocracy of this our beloved but much damaged country. Make no political exceptions, although the Tomkins's and Wilkins's do. The aristocracy, taken generally, is your theme, and you may work it to your advantage. Show her if she hesitates, or thinks you are flattering *her*, that the reason why the levellers assume to have grounds for vilifying the nobility of the country, is because the aristocracy are placed upon a mountain, and all their actions are visible to all the world: if the whole community were similarly exhibited in their different degrees for the amusement of each other, what they did, would never be looked after or cared about. The aristocracy are closely watched, not only from a desire to make them out vicious and immoral, but because their very rank and eminence give an interest to all they say and all they do. Let any man make a circuit of the minor streets and suburban roads in Middlesex, and unroof the houses and open the hearts of all the inhabitants, from the clerk in the public office or the *calicot* quill-driver of the merchant's counting-house, down to the humblest tradesman or handicraftsman going, and he will find that the vices and failings which the lowest, for the basest of purposes, endeavour to fix upon the highest, are in the fullest vigour, while the compulsory absence of the *gentlemen*, or the unrestrained liberty of the *ladies*, afford opportunities for carrying on their proceedings, which, however, if they were as evident as the noon-day sun, nobody in the world would either take the trouble to notice or record. Tell her too, that as far as the plebeians are concerned, you have the authority of the Lord Bishop of London for denouncing *en masse* the immorality of the lower orders of females, always excepting servant-maids. If her Ladyship chance to frown at the severity of the Right Reverend Prelate's general rule, it is most probable she will smile at his Lordship's exception, and so you will come off upon what sailors call an even keel.

As to the cavillers against the aristocracy, you may furnish your friend with one overwhelming remark, which neither she nor anybody else will be able to gainsay, which is this—that the greatest decriers of distinctions are uniformly the most punctilious as to precedence in their own sphere, as the most *liberal* public men are uniformly the greatest tyrants in domestic life. Tell her what Shenstone says,—“There are no persons more solicitous about the preservation of rank than those who have no rank at all. Observe the humours of a country christening, and you will find no court in Christendom so ceremonious as the quality of Brentford.” And if you wish to afford her a living example of the existence of a man's thirsty desire for the very distinctions which he affects to despise, instance the case of Sir John Campbell, the present Attorney-General, who having harangued his present constituents not two months since upon the unconstitutional prerogatives of the House of Lords, and sneered at the hollowness of hereditary title, has within these ten days compromised the grossest professional affront ever inflicted by a ministry, by accepting, not a peerage for himself, but one for his lady; which, amiable as she may be, she cannot have deserved, and which (as one of the newspapers says) can only be enviable in *his* eyes *because it is hereditary*.



The moment you have made this thrust, apologize for having touched upon politics; you will be instantly forgiven, and then, having gained confidence by your display, wait your opportunity for another hit—for by this time, Tyro, you must begin to see how easy it is to “carry on,” as Captain Glascock says in his excellent book just published, called “The Naval Officer’s Manual.” The world does not require depth in conversation, and so I stated in the outset of my lectures, which I propose continuing through the whole of the present year—at least should I live so long;—and although for the present I have confined myself to general principles and ordinary topics, I intend, as the course proceeds, to let you take advantage of events as they occur, and, indeed, of anecdotes as they arise; so that, while you are always ready for the illustration of whatever word turns up, you may be also *au fait* with regard to the passing occurrences of the day. In short, Tyro, if you will bear with me in the outset, I think I will turn you out in the course of twelve months fit for the ordinary purposes of society.

Remember, if you really should possess yourself, through my instrumentality, of the means of fighting your own way, that there is much judgment required in the use of them. I have already given you many hints as to “who and what,” as the phrase goes; but never let your confidence in success induce you to put yourself forward. Consult your companion, feel your way, and see whether there be others about you who would rather talk than listen. It is Sir Richard Steele, I think, who says, “It is a secret known but to few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall into a man’s conversation, the first thing you should consider is, whether he has a greater inclination to hear *you*, or that you should hear *him*.” Mind this, and recollect if *he* likes to talk, it will save you a great deal of trouble; and more than that, recollect that you never can hear even a fool talk for an hour without picking up something worth remembering. This has been always said of a book, but a fool is equally profitable if you will but listen to him as if he were a wise man. Lord Chesterfield advises the beginner “to take rather than give the tone of the company he is in;” and Dr. Johnson sums up the qualities of conversation as represented by a bowl of punch:—

“Punch,” says the great man, “is a liquor compounded of spirit and acid juices, sugar and water. The spirit, volatile and fiery, is the proper emblem of vivacity and wit; the acidity of the lemon will very aptly figure pungency of raillery and acrimony of censure; sugar is the natural representative of luscious adulation and gentle complaisance; and water is the proper hieroglyphic of easy prattle, innocent and tasteless.”

Tyro, I have begun with the water. It occupies by far the largest space in the general composition; and when you know how to manage *that*, hot and cold, you shall be further advanced; and although I may never be able to teach you to administer the “spirit volatile and fiery,” I trust I may, during the next ten months, get you into “the luscious adulation and gentle complaisance” of the sugar; and if you be, as I flatter myself you are, an apt scholar, teach you to squeeze out the “pungency of raillery and acrimony of censure,” which the learned Dr. ascribes to the lemon. And so, as the eternally to be respected Izaak sayeth to Venator, “From this time forward I will be your master, and teach you as much of this art as I am able:” and so GOOD NIGHT.



## SOME PARTICULARS RELATIVE TO THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

[POOR HOGG! we remember him well; not, indeed, where Wordsworth, in a brief but beautiful tribute to his memory, describes him, on the “Moorlands by the Yarrow,” but in London, when he was made the lion of the time, and the Freemasons’-hall (where hundreds assembled to eat and drink to *his* honour and their own enjoyment) echoed with high-sounding compliments and Scottish songs!—we remember him, too, in the social circle, cheerful, kindly, and good-humoured; the centre of attraction to bright eyes and smiling faces; some delighting in his originality, others amused by his gentle satire, and all entertained by his wit and humour—we remember much more than we have now time to record—we remember him as a man of natural and vigorous genius; and we have had all our reminiscences placed in sudden and startling array before us, by the melancholy information communicated by one of his nearest relatives and dearest friends—“That by his death, his widow, his only son, and four infant daughters, have been left wholly unprovided for.”]

It is true there is a farm worth *thirty* (not, as has been stated, *fifty*) pounds a-year, given by his Grace of Buccleuch to the family; but time must pass, and money be expended, before the earth will yield its fruits for the sustenance of the widow and the orphans. Sir Robert Peel (whose brief premiership was marked by so many instances of judicious patronage) intended, it is said, to have granted a pension of 100*l.* a-year to James Hogg. Our correspondent states that “his friends are about to make application to the present Government to carry such intention into effect.” We hope such an appeal will not be made in vain—we *hope* it will not—but meanwhile the widow and children may want. Hope is more tardy in yielding produce than the stubborn earth in bestowing fruit; and what is to become of these five helpless creatures in the mean time?

About five hundred gentlemen met together at the Freemasons’ Tavern to *see* the Scottish poet—merely to see him, and hear him speak!—the dinner cost each of them either a guinea or five-and-twenty shillings (we forget which): so that the Londoners paid that day nearly six hundred pounds to *see* the Shepherd of Ettrick!—the glowing and cheerful countenance—the keen, penetrating eye—the rousing laugh—the fresh, *heathery* look of the Scottish bard were appreciated. We would that those *five hundred persons* recalled that day as we have done, and then we have no doubt they would willingly bestow other six hundred pounds to enjoy a far more delicious treat—a benefit for the Ettrick Shepherd’s family.

We insert the following interesting particulars relative to this extraordinary man; they have been supplied by the correspondent to whom we have referred.]

---

James Hogg—better known as the “Ettrick Shepherd,” an appellation which he derived from his native valley, and the humble but interesting employment of his early years—was born on the 25th of January, 1772, in a cottage on the banks of the Ettrick, and within a short distance of the church of that parish. The poet’s father was descended



from a race of shepherds who had inhabited that sequestered district from time immemorial; they had originally been retainers of the Scotts of Oakwood, and, if tradition is to be credited, had accompanied the chieftains of that warlike race on many of their predatory excursions across the borders of Scotland. The family name was, as we have been told by himself, formerly pronounced Houg,—and not Hogg, which is a modern, and by no means a pleasing change,—and had its derivation in an old Danish word, Hecco, meaning an eagle. James, the second of four sons, was, when little more than an infant, cast adrift upon the world in consequence of some misfortunes which his father encountered in a farming speculation, into which he had heedlessly entered; but under what master the future poet commenced his career of servitude we have not been informed. Although early deprived of the guidance and council of his excellent parents, the honourable and upright principles which they had instilled into his mind suffered no check; on the contrary, they increased with his years, they grew with his growth, and they strengthened with his strength. To his mother, the Ettrick Shepherd was more indebted for much of his after-celebrity than the world will perhaps be inclined to allow; in this remarkable woman he found a mental nurse, capable of fostering his rising genius, and of cheering him on in his earliest aspirations after fame. She soon discovered that her shepherd-boy had something within him not to be found in the common herd of mankind; to bring that out was her early and, as the world has seen, her successful endeavour. Margaret Laidlaw, in any station of life, would have been considered a woman of no ordinary kind. Like her more remarkable son she was almost entirely self-educated; when in her twelfth or thirteenth year, she had the misfortune to lose her own mother, and, being the eldest of several children, the care of a father's family wholly devolved upon her, and that at a period of her life when the children of the Scottish peasantry usually enjoy the advantages which the parochial schools of their country so widely diffuse over their land. Margaret Laidlaw early felt her inferiority to her more favoured brothers and sisters, and, with a zeal highly laudable in one so young, determined to overcome the disadvantages under which she laboured. To accomplish this, on the Sabbath-day, her only day of rest, she would wander out upon the mountains, a solitary being, yet not alone; her Bible was her companion. Her zeal soon accomplished the object dearest to her heart, and supplied many of the defects in her imperfect education.

At this period, somewhere about the year 1740, the race of minstrels was not altogether extinct on the borders of Scotland, and from the recitations of one of those wanderers, an old man verging on his ninetieth year, Margaret Laidlaw stored her memory, a most retentive one, with many thousand lines of the border ballads. To the knowledge of this aged individual, perhaps the last of his race, she was no unworthy successor; and from her lips Sir Walter Scott afterwards took down several of the finest ballads in the “Minstrelsy of the Scottish border.” The cottage in which Margaret Laidlaw was born, and under the roof of which she passed the first thirty years of her life, is situated in one of the wildest and most sequestered glens in the south of Scotland: to those who have been accustomed to the luxuriant valleys and richer plains of the south, Phaup might well appear a region of desolation; at best it is but the nursing-place of the storm, where thick mists and thunder-clouds



lord it over the surrounding mountains for the greater part of the year. During the long months of winter, little or no intercourse was to be had between the inhabitants of this dwelling in the wilderness and the more busy world: when we reflect upon such circumstances, is it to be wondered that the mind of Margaret Laidlaw was early filled with all the superstitious notions which were then so prevalent. She lived, as it were, at the fountain-head of superstition, and had drunk deeply from its troubled waters; a dweller in the lonesome wilderness, she had heard, or imagined she had heard—

“Those airy tongues, which syllable men’s names  
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.”

She was a firm believer in the existence of those spiritual beings with which fancy had peopled every hill and dale, and every running stream in her native wilds; in her day the shepherd, while tending his flock, had seen in imagination that playful race from fairy land, dancing in the dewy dell beneath the light of the broad harvest moon; the Brownie was no unfrequent visiter at the cottage of the peasant as well as in the hall of the lordly proprietor; the shriek of the Water Kelpie had been heard amid the rising storm, and the deceitful glare of the Will-o’-th’-Wisp had often allured the unsuspecting and homeless wanderer to an untimely grave. In after-years when Margaret Laidlaw became a mother, it was her practice to amuse her children, during the long nights of winter, with animated recitations from the border ballads: these she would deliver in a strain something between a chaunt and a song, or she would relate tales of fairy land or witchcraft, or might perhaps thrill the young hearts of her children by affecting accounts of the death of some unfortunate shepherd, who had perished amongst the snow when endeavouring to rescue his flock from the wreath under which they had been buried. But while she thus gave vent to her imagination, she was never forgetful of that which was of still greater importance, we mean the religious instruction of her children: she was in the daily habit of reading passages to them from the sacred volume, and those of a nature which she knew would not only interest, but would also improve the infant mind.

On her marriage to Robert Hogg, an event which did not take place before she had reached her thirtieth year, she went to reside with her husband, in a cottage still existing in the immediate vicinity of Ettrick church, and at a short distance from the river which bears that name: here the subject of our memoir was born, and here a few of the earliest years of his childhood were spent, among those scenes which his muse in after-years was to render yet more celebrated. Owing to the circumstances already related, James Hogg enjoyed even fewer advantages, as far as the parish-school was concerned, than had fallen to the lot of his worthy mother: during the whole course of his boyhood, we are told by himself, he only attended the school of his native parish for the short period of three or four months; and his old master, Beattie, when asked some questions regarding his pupil, denied that he had ever been under his tuition, so entirely had the circumstance escaped his memory. As a boy, James Hogg was remarkable among his early associates, more for his never-ending flow of buoyant spirits, than any marks of that commanding genius which, at a future period, delighted and surprised his countrymen; his love of truth was not to be shaken, and he would have scorned to tell anything even ap-



proaching to a falsehood. We have been informed by his brother William, that James, as a youth, was what is called in the language of his native valley, a soft, actionless boy ; *actionless* or not, he was, however, a leader in all the sports of his early compeers ; and whenever any of them got into mischief, and run the risk of being punished, James would stand beside the accuser, and with great simplicity plead the cause of his companion, but if seized on himself for punishment he would become perfectly frantic, and use every exertion in his power to escape. When a boy at service, he tells us, that having scraped a few shillings together with which he purchased an old violin, on this instrument he practised during his leisure hours, and often stole an hour or two from his night's rest. At first, his fellow-servants listened to his rude attempts with indifference—afterwards they would occasionally lend an ear, and in the end they even gratified the young musician by dancing to his strains.

Properly to understand the circumstances which first kindled up the poet's genius, and gave birth to the wonderful powers of his mind, a description of the scenery with which he was familiar in his early years, may with propriety be introduced here. He tells us in his "Mountain Bard," that when a child—and how true to nature is he when he says—

" I thought the hills were sharp as knives,  
And the braid lift lay whoomled on them ;  
I glowered me wonder at the wives  
Wha' spak' o' either hills ayont them."

The river Ettrick has its source in a wild moorland country, and is hemmed in on all sides by dark and lonely mountains, among which it forces its way for several miles, when the valley begins to open, and the country to assume a more cheerful aspect ; the mountains are less rugged in their appearance, and of a brighter green than those which frown over the source of the infant stream. On passing the church of Ettrick, which is sweetly situated on a gentle eminence, with its guardian hill in the back-ground, the river is joined by the Temma, Rankle-burn, and other minor streams ; it then passes the mansion-house of the Lords of Napier, descendants of the celebrated discoverer of the logarithms, and the ruins of Tushilaw castle, and about twelve miles farther down it joins its sister stream, the Yarrow ; about six miles below this, having passed the town of Selkirk, it is lost in the broader waters of the Tweed, in the vicinity of Abbotsford.

The Yarrow owes its name to a Celtic word, signifying " the brawling stream," a term most appropriate when applied to this river, as it is rarely for a moment at rest from the time it leaves its parent lake, until it joins the Ettrick at Bowhill. The scenery near this lordly mansion of the Buccleuchs, is picturesque in the highest degree. This princely abode, for it well may be called so, stands on a kind of peninsula, formed by the meeting of the waters ; the mountains overlooking the Yarrow rise to no great height, but their appearance is greatly enhanced by the tasteful plantations which adorn their sides, and clothe some of them to their utmost tops. In the lower parts of the valley the Yarrow may at times be seen bounding in gladness, (if aught inanimate can feel that sensation), over its rocky bed, at times visible, at others hidden from our view ; but it will ever be reminding us of its vicinity ; like a spoiled child, it appears unwilling to be forgotten even for a moment, but must continually be forcing itself upon our notice—if not present to



our sight, we can at least hear its brawling at no great distance. On ascending the stream, we reach the humble cottage in which the interesting but ill-fated Mungo Park was born, and a short way farther on we pass

“ Where Newark’s stately tower  
Looks out from Yarrow’s birchen bower.”

Newark is no longer the scene of feudal hospitality, as in the days of the last minstrel, but now a mouldering ruin—a time-worn monument of years long departed, and of pride and pomp, which has had its end. The situation of this ruin is exceeding beautiful, proudly standing on a precipitous bank overhanging the river, and by its presence, setting aside every recollection of the past, adding much to the beauty of the surrounding landscape. Here Sir Walter Scott lays the scene of the “*Lay of the Last Minstrel* ;” but those halls which once rung to the song of the wandering bard, are cold, silent, and deserted ; the fire which burned so merrily in the hall has long been extinguished, and Time, the great destroyer of man, and the most durable of his works, has here set his seal ; and although this hoary pile may for a course of time brave the storms of winter and the heat of summer, it shall never more raise its head, as in the days of other years, when its courts resounded to the warrior’s shout, or echoed back the song of the minstrel.

A few miles above the ruins of Newark Castle, the scenery on the banks of the river undergoes an entire change, and a tree is an object for which we look almost in vain ; the character of the scenery bears a strong resemblance to that on the banks of the Ettrick, only the valley of the Yarrow is a little narrower, and the mountains of a darker hue. The Yarrow has its source in St. Mary’s Loch, on whose placid bosom at times, in the words of a truly great poet, the swan may be seen “to float double, swan and shadow ;” but the visits of this majestic bird are, like those of angels, “few and far between.”

St. Mary’s is hemmed in on all sides by lofty mountains : well may the poet exclaim,

“ Abrupt and sheer the mountains sink  
At once upon the level brink,  
And just a trace of silver sand  
Marks where the water meets the land.”

Bourhope Law seems to have been born of the waters, and to have sprung from the deep recesses of the lake, rising as it does in the most abrupt, yet picturesque manner, from its margin ; no appearance of cultivation, unless we except a few solitary patches, breaks in upon the solitude of the scene—

“ There’s nothing left to fancy’s guess,  
You see that all is loneliness.”

When the surface of the water is unruffled by the breathings of the summer’s eve, the surrounding mountains are beautifully shadowed forth in a manner which art cannot imitate, and to which even the pencil of a Turner could not do justice. The ruins of St. Mary’s Chapel no longer give an interest to the landscape, but the tower of Dryhope still remains, recalling us to the days of Mary Scott, the celebrated Flower of Yarrow. The Lochs of the Lows and St. Mary’s are almost one and the same sheet of water, being separated only by a very narrow strip of land, and the description which serves for the one may well be applied to the other. Should curiosity lead the traveller further



from the abodes of men into the solitary wilderness, among the dark mountains which frown over the western shores of this lake, he will be gratified by a view of the Gray Mare's Tail roaring and foaming over a terrific precipice of three hundred feet in height, and about a mile above this fall we come upon the dark Loch Skene, lying in a scene of gloomy desolation and grandeur, unequalled, we believe, by anything of the same nature in the highlands of Scotland. A long course of years has elapsed since this country, whose scenery we have endeavoured to describe, was covered with a dense forest, and although few vestiges of it now remain, it is still known as the forest of Ettrick. In olden times, when Scotland was an independent kingdom, with a sovereign and a court of her own, Ettrick forest was the hunting domain of royalty, and here the court frequently assembled to enjoy the heart-stirring amusement of hunting the wild deer with horn and hound. In the words of the ballad we may say, that

“ Ettricke foreste is the fairest foreste  
That evir man saw wi' his e'e ;  
There's the dae, the rae, the hart, the hynde,  
And of wild bestis grete plentie.”

But those times are long passed, and although tradition may still point out such localities as the Hart's Loup, or the Cleuch of the Buck, there is not at this time a single deer to be seen on the forest mountains. Years have rolled on, and many changes have taken place, since Ettrick and Yarrow heard the bugle of royalty echo along the shores of St. Mary, or among the “dowie dens o' Yarrow ;” the hart no longer roams in uncontrolled freedom, a glorious creature full of life and beauty, on the heath-clad mountains of Ettrick—he no longer bounds away, tossing his spreading antlers aloft in mockery of his pursuers—but a scene of a more pleasing nature opens on our view ; royalty, and the freaks of royalty, are only remembered in those wilds as among the things which once had a being, and the race who now inhabit those sequestered glens, if not so warlike, are certainly more independent, and, we may add, far more happy than their forefathers. The shepherds who now dwell in those valleys are generally men highly intelligent, of great simplicity of manners, and of great goodness of heart ; having had but little intercourse with the more busy world, they live a virtuous, a contented, and a happy life, and are at all times hospitable and kind to strangers. In such a country, and among such a people, it was the fortune—we may say the good fortune—of the Ettrick Shepherd to be born, and to live for the first forty years of his life.

At what time the mountain bard first began his poetical life we cannot say, but we have reason to know that it was at an early period in his history ; during the time of his boyish servitude, when visiting the paternal roof, his worthy mother would often say, “ Jamie, my man, gang ben the house, and mak me a sang : ”—how he succeeded in these attempts we have not heard, nor are we aware that any of his verses composed at this early period are now extant. While the youthful poet was watching his flocks on the mountains, he had opportunities of viewing nature unknown to the dweller in the city ; from her workings in his native glens he drank deeply from the fountain of inspiration. In the ever-varying aspect of the clouds—from the bright and beautiful sky during the serenity of a summer's twilight, or from the first rays of the morning's sun, bringing gladness to a benighted world, the Ettrick



Shepherd had stored his imagination, while yet in the years of his servitude, with thoughts which were to burst forth in glorious creations of a soul filled with poetry.

For the first twenty years of his life James Hogg enjoyed but few opportunities of cultivating his mind, his library consisting only of a few odd numbers of the "Scots' Magazine," with "Harvey's Meditations," and that sweet pastoral drama, the "Gentle Shepherd;" this dramatic poem he could repeat when a boy from beginning to end, without missing a single word, and as for his Bible, he knew its every page. The Psalms of David, those splendid creations of the inspired writer, were so familiar to his mind, that when attending church he seldom required to look upon a book, but his voice was ever heard among the loudest, and not the least musical of the rural worshippers; at one time he even acted as precentor, or clerk, in the parish church of his native Ettrick. When about his twentieth year, a fortunate change took place in his circumstances, on his becoming shepherd to Mr. Laidlaw at Blackhouse; under the roof of this most respectable man he was received, not as a servant, but rather as a son. Mr. Laidlaw, considering the times in which he lived, and the situation in which he was placed, was in possession of a very respectable library, and to this the Shepherd at all times had free access; here his reading may be said to have had its commencement. In the eldest son of his master\* the Ettrick Shepherd found a friend and a companion, and a worshipper of nature capable of understanding and appreciating his genius. Young Laidlaw discovered, under the unpretending simplicity of his companion, a mind of great originality, and capable of extraordinary things; he admired him to enthusiasm, roused him to a sense of his importance, and cheered him on in his poetical efforts. It gave Laidlaw but little concern who might look with an eye of suspicion on the talents of his friend, his judgment once formed was not to be shaken by the doubts of others, and his judgment was correct.

The first time that Mr. Hogg ever met his great patron, Sir Walter Scott, was, we are told by Lockhart, in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," while the Shepherd resided at Blackhouse. Hogg himself says that their introduction took place in Ettrick, but the locality is of little consequence. At this time Sir Walter, accompanied by his friend, the author of the "Scenes of Infancy," was in one of his exploring rides through Ettrick Forest, collecting materials for the "Minstrelsy:" the account which the Shepherd gives us of this interview is, "that he had been out upon the hills, engaged in some rural occupation, when one of the servant lasses came running out, and told him that he 'bud come hame as fast as ever he could, for Willie Laidlaw, wi' twa gentlemen, were wanting to speak to him.'" The Shepherd soon obeyed the summons, and on his arrival had the pleasure of being introduced to Sir Walter, then Mr. Scott. Both Laidlaw and Hogg entered warmly into Sir Walter's plans, and were able to render him very important assistance in his search. At this meeting some of the Shepherd's own verses were read, of which Sir Walter was pleased to speak favourably.

---

\* William Laidlaw, for many years one of the most intimate friends of Sir Walter Scott. For nearly twenty years he was Sir Walter's factor or land agent at Abbotsford; he frequently acted as amanuensis to Sir Walter, and was one of the few intrusted with the Waverley secret. Mr. Laidlaw is favourably known to the literary world as the author of that beautiful Scotch song, "Lucy's Flitting."



Approval, coming from such a quarter, went a great way in converting many an infidel among the Shepherd's early associates, who henceforth became believers in his powers, and saw beauty in productions which they had previously condemned. Having spent a few hours with the Shepherd, Sir Walter declared that he had never met a man of more originality of genius, and from this time became one of his warmest friends and kindest patrons. From his outset in the paths of literature, Hogg never felt anything like doubt as to his ultimate success, nor did he allow such feelings to retard his onward course to fame ; he early felt in his soul those strong workings of the spirit which told him that neither his works nor his name should go down to oblivion, or be unrecorded in the annals of literature. He was aware of his own strength, and, relying upon that, he overcame : he might have exclaimed, in the words of a mighty conqueror, "I came, I saw, and I overcame." The approbation of Sir Walter Scott was a triumph for which he and his friend Laidlaw had scarcely dared to hope ; all that was wanting was a little mechanical skill, and to accomplish this, he applied to his beloved art in a manner so enthusiastic, that difficulties soon vanished from his path, and the rugged way which leads to fame became smoother and smoother as he journeyed onward.

The Shepherd's first appearance as an author was about the latter end of the last century ; he had been sent, he tells us, to Edinburgh, in charge of a flock of his master's sheep, and arriving a few days too early for the market, hired a small room in the suburbs of the city, where he wrote out a few, and these, we believe, not the best of his compositions, but such as his memory furnished on the spur of the moment. On leaving town, they were left in the hands of an obscure printer, and were heard nothing more of, by the Shepherd, until a few copies were sent out to him at Blackhouse. We can conceive the poet's feelings on the occasion ; he was now the author of a *printed* volume, however humble, and a commencement had been made in his literary career. From this time his fame began to extend, slowly, we must allow, at first, but, like the acorn cast into the earth, the tree, although at first but a feeble plant, was, in the course of time, to grow up a goodly tree, spreading its branches far and wide.

The Shepherd's next attempt in the field of literature was his "Mountain Bard." This volume entitled him to take a place among the poets of his country : it is true that the ground which he now occupied had formerly been trodden by the minstrels of the border, but in this volume he has proved himself no unworthy successor to their fame. It is impossible to read the "Mountain Bard" without discovering many beauties ; although at times they may appear with rather an ungainly exterior, still the breathings of poetry are there, and breathings such as then spoke of better things and more extended fame. Who can open this volume and not discover the dawnings of that genius which afterwards called into existence the pure and spotless "Kilmeny?"

In the year which followed the publication of his "Mountain Bard," the Shepherd having had occasion to visit Edinburgh, and when again on his return to the country, was accidentally introduced to a gentleman, a fellow-traveller in the coach, who afterwards became one of his zealous supporters, as he ever was one of his most enthusiastic admirers, and, by a strange chain in the course of events, in time his



brother-in-law. A notice of that meeting, in a sketch like the present, cannot be without its value: the gentleman to whom we allude was the Rev. James Gray, at that time one of the masters in the High School of Edinburgh, a man of letters himself, and an admirer of all who trod in the same path. He was then on his road to Dumfriesshire, with the intention of visiting his father-in-law, Mr. Phillips, who, in after-years, was connected with the poet by the same endearing relationship. Among his fellow-passengers, Mr. Gray found one whose appearance, broad Scottish dialect, simple yet pleasing manners, bespoke the respectable and happy farmer, for in that light did he look upon his companion. The road over which they were travelling runs through the midst of that pastoral range of mountains among whose most unfrequented solitudes streams such as the Tweed and the Clyde, the Annan and the Ettrick, arise. These rivers, it is well known, are famed in Scottish song, connected as they are with many a traditionary tale, and with deeds of daring performed in days now long past and gone. The conversation of the party turning upon the scenery of the country, and the tales of former days, and the name of Ettrick having been frequently mentioned. Mr. Gray asked his farmer-looking companion if he had ever seen the Ettrick Shepherd? "What, an a' be he?" was the answer of the kind-hearted poet, in the homely dialect of his own native mountains. We need hardly say that Mr. Gray was gratified in no common manner by this unexpected but to him most welcome meeting, or how warmly he pressed the Shepherd to visit him on his return to Edinburgh. On their parting, the Shepherd gave his newly-made friend, Mr. Gray, a copy of his "*Mountain Bard*." This volume was afterwards left with old Mr. Phillips, who was so much pleased with its contents, that he read them over and over, and retained the book in his possession as long as one leaf of it hung to another, never dreaming at that time that the mountain bard himself should become his son-in-law. On the Shepherd's first visit to Edinburgh after this meeting he found his future bride residing with her relative Mr. Gray; she was accompanied by a cousin, who, to much beauty, had the prospect, which was eventually realised, of inheriting a considerable fortune. After dinner, when the young ladies retired to the drawing-room, the Shepherd was asked what he thought of Miss Susan P——? He answered, "Margaret's the lass for me." The worthy Shepherd was more pleased with the cheerful smile, the dark hair, and the black eyes of his own Margaret, than with the more courtly manners and brighter prospects of her wealthier cousin, and he never afterwards had reason to repent of the preference which he then showed.

It was about the year 1810, we believe, that Mr. Hogg began to rely upon his mental powers for his future support. Having for a time bid farewell to his native mountains, he came to reside in Edinburgh, and during the winter of that year commenced his "*Spy*," rather a singular undertaking for a simple shepherd from the wilds of Ettrick forest. This work consisted chiefly of tales in prose and verse, with an occasional essay on subjects of general or of local interest; in his endeavours as a periodical writer he had little assistance, relying chiefly upon his own invention for the success of his work, unless we except a few papers written by his most excellent friend, Mr. John Grieve, Mr. and Mrs. Gray, with Professor Gillespie of St. Andrews, and



a few others. The "Spy," though now long forgotten, contained several sketches of Border manners, which afterwards became so popular when published in his "Winter Evening Tales." The "Spy" continued to languish on throughout its first year, but whether the shepherd's pocket derived anything like an adequate remuneration for his time and trouble we cannot say; we have reason to believe that it merely afforded the means of a scanty subsistence. Greater fame was now in store for the Mountain Bard; his "Queen's Wake," that beautiful poem on which his reputation as a poet must rest, and through which his name will go down to posterity, was in the press, and from the day on which the "Wake" made her appearance, the poet's right to take his place among the most eminent literary men of his age was as undoubted as it was undisputed. Many of the finest ballads in the "Wake" had been in the Shepherd's possession for years; a happy thought having struck him that, by connecting them in the form in which they now appear, a volume of some interest might be formed—the "Queen's Wake" was the happy and the successful result of this idea. It is not generally known, except among the Shepherd's more intimate friends, that the bards who sing before the young and lovely Queen were pictures drawn from life, and intended to represent some one or other of the poet's more valued companions. The writer of this very imperfect sketch of his beloved friend has a copy of the "Wake" in his possession, in which the Shepherd has written, with his own hand, the names of those individuals whose characters he has sketched; and in every instance, as far as our personal knowledge goes, he has drawn a most faithful and a most correct picture.—But we must conclude for the present. In our next Number we will continue our narrative, when we will add a few more anecdotes, with some interesting extracts from letters now in our possession written by the Ettrick Shepherd.

G.

---

### THE HOURS.

While from beneath the eye-lid of the dawn,  
The first ethereal beam of morning prime  
Touches the hill tops brightly; ere withdrawn  
The light grey mists from vale or bowery lawn:  
Methought I've heard the still-toned wheels of Time  
In the far eastern dusk, from clime to clime  
Roll pauseless on their unremitting way.  
And, hearing, sighed—Alas! the fast Hours keep  
Their voyage onward o'er th' untravelled deep,  
While this world intermits, deeming that they  
Keep fitful progress as we toil or sleep,  
They,—like some river to its distant shore,—  
Through light and darkness glide; once seen, and seen no more.

J. U. U.



## THE REVENGE OF THE SIGNOR BASIL.\*

---

“ Un homme capable de faire des dominos avec les os de son père.”

Père Goriot.

---

THE Grand Duke's carriages, with their six horses and outriders, had turned down the Borg'ognisanti, and the “ City of the Red Lily,” waking from her noon-day slumber, was alive with the sound of wheels. The sun was sinking over the Apennine which kneels at the gate of Florence; the streets were cool and shadowy; the old women, with the *bambina* between their knees, braided straw at the doors; the booted guardsman paced his black charger slowly over the jeweller's bridge; the picture-dealer brought forward his brightest “ master ” to the fading light; and while the famous churches of that fairest city of the earth called to the Ave-Maria with impatient bell, the gallantry and beauty of Tuscany sped through the dampening air with their swift horses, meeting and passing with gay greetings amid the green alleys of the Casciné.

The twilight had become grey, when the carriages and horsemen, scattered in hundreds through the interlaced roads of this loveliest of parks, turned by common consent toward the spacious square in the centre, and drawing up in thickly serried ranks, the *soirée on wheels*, the *réunion en plein air*, which is one of the most delightful of the peculiar customs of Florence, commenced its healthful gaieties. The showy carriages of the Grand Duke and the ex-king of Wurtemberg (whose rank would not permit them to share in the familiarities of the hour) disappeared by the avenue skirting the bank of the Arno, and with much delicate and some desperate specimens of skill, the coachmen of the more exclusive nobility threaded the embarrassed press of vehicles, and laid their wheels together on the southern edge of the piazza. The beaux in the saddle, disembarrassed of ladies and axle-trees, enjoyed their usual butterfly privilege of roving, and with light rein and ready spur pushed their impatient horses to the coronetted pannels of the loveliest or most powerful; the laugh of the giddy was heard here and there over the pawing of restless hoofs; an occasional scream, half of apprehension, half of admiration, rewarded the daring caracole of some young and bold rider; and while the first star sprang to its place, and the dew of Heaven dropped into the false flowers in the hat of the belle, and into the thirsting lips of the violet in the field, (simplicity, like virtue, is *its own reward*!) the low murmur of calumny and compliment, of love and light-heartedness, of politeness, politics, puns and poetry, arose over that assembly upon wheels; and if it was not a scene and an hour of happiness, it was the fault neither of the fragrant eve nor of the provisions of nature and fortune. The material for happiness was there.

A showy *calèche* with pannels of dusky crimson, the hammer-cloth of the same shade, edged with a broad fringe of white, the wheels slightly picked out with the same colours, and the coachman and footman in corresponding liveries, was drawn up near the southern edge of the piazza. A narrow alley had been left for horsemen between this equipage and the adjoining ones, closed up at the extremity, however, by a dark green and very plain chariot, placed with a bold violation of etiquette directly across the line, and surrounded just now by two or three persons of the



highest rank leaning from their saddles in earnest conversation with the occupant. Not far from the *calèche*, mounted upon an English blood-horse of great beauty, a young man had just drawn rein as if interrupted only for a moment on some pressing errand, and with his hat slightly raised, was paying his compliments to the venerable Prince Poniatowski, at that time the Amphytrion of Florence. From moment to moment, as the pauses occurred in the exchange of courteous phrases, the rider, whose spurred heel was close at his saddle-girths, stole an impatient glance up the avenue of carriages to the dark-green chariot, and, excited by the lifted rein and proximity of the spur, the graceful horse fretted on his minion feet, and the bending figures from a hundred vehicles, and the focus of bright eyes radiating from all sides to the spot, would have betrayed, even to a stranger, that the horseman was of no common mark. Around his uncovered temples floated fair and well-cherished locks of the sunniest auburn; and if there was beauty in the finely-drawn lines of his lips, there was an inexpressibly fierce spirit as well.

## II.

The Count Basil had been a month at Florence. In that time he had contrived to place himself between the Duke's ear and all the avenues of favour, and had approached as near, perhaps nearer, to the hearts of the women of his court. A singular and instinctive knowledge of the weaknesses of human nature, perfected and concealed by conversance with the consummate refinement of life at Paris, remarkable personal beauty, and a quality of scornful bitterness for which no one could divine a reason in a character and fate else so happily mingled, but which at the same time added to his fascination, had given Count Basil a command over the varied stops of society, equalled by few players on that difficult and capricious instrument. His worldly ambition went swimmingly on, and the same wind filled the sails of his lighter ventures as well. The love of the Marquessa del Marmore, as he had very well anticipated, grew with his influence and renown. A woman's pride, he perfectly knew, is difficult to wake after she has once believed herself adored; and satisfied that the portrait taken on the lagoon, and the introduction he had given her to the exclusive penetralia of the Pitti, would hold her till his revenge was complete, he left her love for him to find its own food in his successes, and never approached her, but to lay to her heart more mordently the serpents of jealousy and despair.

For the Lady Geraldine the Count Basil had conceived a love, the deepest of which his nature was capable. Long as he had known her, it was a passion born in Italy, and while it partook of the qualities of the clime, it had for its basis the habitual and well-founded respect of a virtuous and sincere friendship. At their first acquaintance at Paris, the lovely Englishwoman, newly arrived from the purer moral atmosphere of her own country, was moving in the dissolute, but skilfully disguised society of the Faubourg St. Germain, with the simple unconsciousness of the pure in heart, innocent herself, and naturally unsuspecting of others. The perfect frankness with which she established an intimacy with the clever and accomplished *attaché*, had soon satisfied that clear-sighted person that there was no passion in her preference, and, giddy with the thousand pleasures of that metropolis of delight, he had readily sunk his first startled admiration of her beauty in an affectionate and confiding friendship. He had thus shown her the better



qualities of his character only, and, charmed with his wit and penetration, and something flattered, perhaps, with the devotion of so acknowledged an autocrat of fashion and talent, she had formed an attachment for him that had all the earnestness of love without its passion. They met at Florence, but the "knowledge of good and evil" had by this time driven the Lady Geraldine from her Eden of unconsciousness. Still as irreproachable in conduct, and perhaps as pure in heart as before, an acquaintance with the forms of vice had introduced into her manners those ostensible cautions which, while they protect, suggest also what is to be feared.

A change had taken place also in Count Basil. He had left the vitreous and mercurial clime of France, with its volatile and superficial occupations, for the voluptuous and indolent air of Italy, and the study of its impassioned deifications of beauty. That which had before been in him an instinct of gay pleasure—a pursuit which palled in the first moment of success, and was second to his ambition or his vanity—had become, in those two years of a painter's life, a thirst both of the senses and the imagination, which had usurped the very throne of his soul. Like the Hindoo youth, who finds the gilded plaything of his childhood elevated in his maturer years into a god, he bowed his heart to what he had held so lightly, and brought the costly sacrifice of time and thought to its altars. He had fed his eyes upon the divine glories of the pencil, and upon the breathing wonders of love in marble, beneath the sky and in the dissolving air in which they rose to the hand of inspiration; and with his eye disciplined, and his blood fused with taste and enthusiasm, that idolatry of beauty, which had before seemed sensual or unreal, kindled its first fires in his mind, and his senses were intoxicated with the incense. There is a kind of compromise in the effects of the atmosphere and arts of Italy. If the intellect takes a warmer hue in its study of the fair models of antiquity, the senses in turn become more refined and intellectual. In other latitudes and lands woman is loved more coldly. After the brief reign of a passion of instinct, she is happy if she can retain her empire by habit, or the qualities of the heart. That divine form, meant to assimilate her to the angels, has never been recognized by the dull eye that should have seen in it a type of her soul. To the love of the painter or the statuary, or to his who has made himself conversant with their models, is added the imperishable enthusiasm of a captivating and exalted study. The mistress of his heart is the mistress of his mind. She is the breathing realization of that secret ideal which exists in every mind, but which, in men ignorant of the fine arts, takes another form, and becomes a woman's rival and usurper. She is like nothing in ambition—she is like nothing in science or business—nothing in out-of-door pleasures. If politics, or the chase, or the acquisition of wealth, is the form of this ruling passion, she is unassociated with that which is nearest his heart, and he returns to her with an exhausted interest and a flagging fancy. It is her strongest tie upon his affection, even, that she is his refuge when unfit for that which occupies him most—in his fatigue, his disappointment, his vacuity of head and heart. He thinks of her only as she receives him in his most worthless hours; and, as his refreshed intellects awake, she is forgotten with the first thought of his favourite theme—for what has a woman's loveliness to do with that?

Count Basil had not concluded his first interview with the Lady



Geraldine, without marvelling at the new feelings with which he looked upon her. He had never before realized her singular and adorable beauty. The exquisitely turned head, the small and pearly ears, the spiritual nostril, the softly moulded chin, the clear loftiness of expression, yet inexpressible delicacy and brightness in the lips, and a throat and bust than which those of Faustina in the delicious marble of the Gallery of Florence might be less envied by the Queen of Love—his gaze wandered over these, and followed her in the harmony of her motions, and the native and unapproachable grace of every attitude; and the pictures he had so passionately studied seemed to fade in his mind, and the statues he had half worshipped seemed to descend from their pedestals depreciated. The Lady Geraldine, for the first time, *felt* his eye. For the first time in their acquaintance, she was offended with its regard. Her embarrassment was read by the quick diplomate, and at that moment sprang into being a passion, which perhaps had died but for the conscious acknowledgment of her rebuke.

Up to the evening in the Casciné, with which the second chapter of this simply true tale commences, but one of the two leading threads in the Count Basil's woof had woven well. "The jealous are the damn'd," and the daily and deadly agony of the Marquesa del Marmore was a dark ground from which his love to the Lady Geraldine rose to his own eye in heightened relief. His dearest joy forwarded with equal step his dearest revenge; and while he could watch the working of his slow torture in the fascinated heart of his victim, he was content to suspend a blow to which that of death would be a mercy. "The law," said Count Basil, as he watched her quivering and imploring lip, "takes cognizance but of the murder of the *body*. It has no retribution for the keener dagger of the *soul*."

### III.

The conversation between the Russian Secretary and the Prince Poniatowski ended at last in a graceful bow from the former to his horse's neck; and the quicker rattling of the small hoofs on the ground, as the fine creature felt the movement in the saddle and prepared to bound away, drew all eyes once more upon the handsomest and most idolized gallant of Florence. The narrow lane of carriages, commencing with the showy *calèche* of the Marquesa del Marmore, and closed up by the plain chariot of the Lady Geraldine, was still open, and with a glance at the latter which sufficiently indicated his destination, Count Basil raised his spurred heel, and with a smile of delight and the quickness of a barb in the desert, galloped toward the opening. In the same instant the Marquesa del Marmore gave a convulsive spring forward, and, in obedience to an imperative order, her coachman violently drew rein and shot back the forward wheels of the *calèche* directly across his path. Met in full career by this sudden obstacle, the horse of the Russian reared high in air; but ere the screams of apprehension had arisen from the adjacent carriages, the silken bridle was slacked, and with a low bow to the foiled and beautiful Marquesa as he shot past, he brushed the hammer-cloths of the two scarce separated carriages, and at the same instant stood at the chariot window of the Lady Geraldine, as calm and respectful as if he had never known danger or emotion.

A hundred eyes had seen the expression of his face as he leaped past the unhappy woman, and the drama of which that look was the key was



understood in Florence. The Lady Geraldine alone, seated far back in her chariot, was unconscious of the risk run for the smile with which she greeted its hero; and unconscious, as well, of the poignant jealousy and open mortification she had innocently assisted to inflict, she stretched her fair and transparent hand from the carriage, and stroked the glossy neck of his horse, and while the Marchesa del Marmore drove past with a look of inexpressible anguish and hate, and the dispersing nobles and dames took their way to the city gates, Count Basil leaned close to the ear of that loveliest of breathing creatures, and forgot, as *she* forgot in listening to the bewildering music of his voice, that the stars had risen, or that the night was closing around them.

The Casciné had long been silent when the chariot of the Lady Geraldine took its way to the town, and, with the reins loose upon his horse's neck, Count Basil followed at a slower pace, lost in the reverie of a tumultuous passion. The sparkling and unobstructed stars broke through the leafy roof of the avenue whose silence was disturbed by those fine and light-stepping hoofs, and the challenge of the Duke's forester, going his rounds ere the gates closed, had its own deep-throated echo for its answer. The Arno rippled among the rushes on its banks, the occasional roll of wheels passing the paved arch of the Ponte Seraglio, came faintly down the river upon the moist wind, the pointed cypresses of the Convent of Bello Sguardo laid their slender fingers against the lowest stars in the southern horizon, and with his feet pressed, carelessly, far through his stirrups, and his head dropped on his bosom, the softened diplomat turned instinctively to the left in the last diverging point of the green alleys, and his horse's ears were already pricked at the tread, before the gate, of the watchful and idle *doganieri*.

Close under the city wall, on this side Florence, the traveller will remember that the trees are more thickly serried, and the stone seats, for the comfort and pleasure of those who would step forth from the hot streets for an hour of fresh air and rest, are mossy with the depth of the perpetual shade. In the midst of this dark avenue, the unguided animal beneath the careless and forgetful rider suddenly stood still, and, the next moment starting aside, a female sprang high against his neck, and Count Basil, ere awake from his reverie, felt the glance of a dagger-blade across his bosom.

With the slender wrist that had given the blow firmly arrested in his left hand, the Count Basil slowly dismounted, and after a steadfast look, by the dim light, into the face of the lovely assassin, he pressed her fingers respectfully, and with well-counterfeited emotion, to his lips.

"Twice since the Ave-Maria!" he said, in a tone of reproachful tenderness, "and against a life that is your own!"

He could see, even in that faint light, the stern compression of those haughty lips, and the flash of the darkest eyes of the Val d'Arno. But leading her gently to a seat, he sat beside her, and with scarce ten brief moments of low-toned and consummate eloquence, he once more deluded her soul!

"We meet to-morrow," she said, as, after a burst of irrepressible tears, she disengaged herself from his neck, and looked toward the end of the avenue, where Count Basil had already heard the pawing of her impatient horses.

"To-morrow!" he answered; "but, *mia carissima*!" he continued,



opening his breast to stanch the blood of his wound, "you owe me a concession after this rude evidence of your love."

She looked into his face as if answer were superfluous.

"Drive to my palazzo at noon, and remain with me till the Ave Maria."

For but half a moment the impassioned Italian hesitated. Though the step he demanded of her was apparently without motive or reason—though it was one that sacrificed to a whim her station, her fortune, and her friends—she hesitated but to question her reason if the wretched price of this sacrifice would be paid—if the love, to which she fled from this world and heaven, was her own. In other countries, the *crime* of infidelity is punished—in Italy it is the *appearance* only that is criminal. In proportion as the sin is overlooked, the violation of the outward proprieties of life is severely visited; and while a lover is stipulated for in the marriage-contract, an open visit to that lover's house is an offence which brands the perpetrator with irremediable shame. The Marquesa del Marmore well knew that in going forth from the ancestral palace of her husband on a visit to Count Basil, she took leave of it for ever. The equipage that would bear her to him would never return for her; the protection, the fortune, the noble relations, the troops of friends, would all drop from her. In the pride of her youth and beauty,—from the highest pinnacle of rank,—from the shelter of fortune and esteem—she would descend, by a single step, to be a beggar for life and love from the mercy of the heart she fled to!

"I will come," she said, in a firm voice, looking close into his face, as if she would read in his dim features the prophetic answer of his soul.

The Count Basil strained her to his bosom, and starting back as if with the pain of his wound, he pleaded the necessity of a surgeon, and bade her a hasty good-night. And while she gained her own carriage in secrecy, he rode round to the other gate, which opens upon the Borgognisanti, and dismounting at the Café Colonna, where the artists were at this hour usually assembled, he sought out his fellow-traveller, Gianino Speranza, who had sketched the Marquesa upon the lagoon, and made an appointment with him for the morrow.

#### IV.

While the Count Basil's revenge sped thus merrily, the just Fates were preparing for him a retribution in his love. The mortification of the Marquesa del Marmore, at the Casciné, had been made the subject of conversation at the *prima sera* of the Lady Geraldine; and other details of the same secret drama transpiring at the same time, the whole secret of Count Basil's feelings toward that unfortunate woman flashed clearly and fully upon her. His motives for pretending to have drawn the portrait of the lagoon, for procuring her an admission to the exclusive suppers of the Pitti, for a thousand things which had been unaccountable, or referred to more amiable causes, were at once unveiled. Even yet, with no suspicion of the extent of his revenge, the Lady Geraldine felt an indignant pity for the unconscious victim, and a surprised disapproval of the character thus unmasked to her eye. Upon further reflection, her brow flushed to remember that she herself had been made the most effective tool of his revenge; and as she recalled circumstance after circumstance in the last month's history, the attention and preference he had shown her, and which had gratified her, perhaps, more than she



admitted to herself, seemed to her sensitive and resentful mind to have been only the cold instruments of jealousy. Incapable as she was of an unlawful passion, the unequalled fascinations of Count Basil had silently found their way to her heart, and if her indignation was kindled by a sense of justice and womanly pity, it was fed and fanned unaware by mortified pride. She rang, and sent an order to the gate that she was to be denied for the future to Count Basil Spirifort.

The servant had appeared with his silver tray in his hand, and before leaving her presence to communicate the order, he presented her with a letter. Well foreseeing the *éclaircissement* which must follow the public scene in the Casciné, the Count Basil had left the café for his own palazzo, and, in a letter, of which the following is the passage most important to our story, he revealed to the lady he loved a secret, which he hoped would anticipate the common rumour:—

\* \* \* \* “But these passionate words will have offended your ear, dearest lady, and I must pass to a theme on which I shall be less eloquent. You will hear to-night, perhaps, that which, with all your imagination, will scarce prepare you for what you will hear to-morrow. The Marquesa del Marmore is the victim of a revenge which has only been second in my heart to the love I have for the first time breathed to you. I can never hope that you will either understand or forgive the bitterness in which it springs; yet it is a demon to which I am delivered, soul and body, and no spirit but my own can know its power. When I have called it by its name, and told you of its exasperation, if you do not pardon, you will pity me.

“You know that I am a Russian, and you know the station my talents have won me; but you do not know that I was born a serf and a slave! If you could rend open my heart, and see the pool of blackness and bitterness that lies in its bottom, fallen drop by drop from this accursed remembrance, there would be little need to explain to you how this woman has offended me. Had I been honourably born, like yourself, I feel that I could have been, like you, an angel of light: as it is, the contumely of a *look* has stirred me to a revenge which has in it, I do not need to be told, the darkest elements of murder.

“My early history is of no importance, yet I may tell you it was such as to expose to every wind this lacerated nerve. In a foreign land, and holding an official rank, it was seldom breathed upon. I wore, mostly, a gay heart at Paris. In my late exile at Venice I had time to brood upon my dark remembrance, and it was revived and fed by the melancholy of my solitude. The obscurity in which I lived, and the occasional comparison between myself and some passing noble in the Piazza, served to remind me, could I have forgotten it. I never dreamed of love in this humble disguise, and so never felt the contempt that had most power to wound me. On receiving the letters of my new appointment, however, this cautious humility did not wait to be put off with my sombrero. I started for Florence, clad in the habiliments of poverty, but with the gay mood of a courtier beneath. The first burst of my newly-released feelings was admiration for a woman of singular beauty, who stood near me on one of the most love-awakening and delicious eves that I ever remember. My heart was overflowing, and she permitted me to breathe my passionate adoration in her ear. The Marquesa del Marmore, but for the scorn of the succeeding day,



would, I think, have been the mistress of my soul. Strangely enough, I had seen *you* without loving you.

“I have told you, as a bagatelle that might amuse you, my rencontre with del Marmore and his dame in the cathedral of Bologna. The look she gave me there sealed her doom. It was witnessed by the companions of my poverty, and the concentrated resentment of years sprang up at the insult. Had it been a man, I must have struck him dead where he stood ;—she was a woman, and I swore the downfall of her pride.” \* \* \*

Thus briefly dismissing the chief topic of his letter, Count Basil returned to the pleading of his love. It was dwelt on more eloquently than his revenge ; but as the Lady Geraldine scarce read it to the end, it need not retard the procession of events in our story. The fair Englishwoman sat down beneath the Etruscan lamp, whose soft light illumined a brow, cleared, as if by a sweep from the wing of her good angel, of the troubled dream which had overhung it, and in brief and decided, but kind and warning words, replied to the letter of Count Basil.

## V.

It was noon on the following day, and the Contadini from the hills were settling to their siesta on the steps of the churches, and against the columns of the Piazza del Gran’ Duca. The artists alone, in the cool gallery, and in the tempered halls of the Pitti, shook off the drowsiness of the hour, and strained sight and thought upon the immortal canvass from which they drew ; while the sculptor, in his brightening studio, weary of the mallet, yet excited by the bolder light, leaned on the rough block behind him, and with listless body but wakeful and fervent eye, studied the last touches upon his marble.

Prancing hoofs, and the sharp quick roll peculiar to the wheels of carriages of pleasure, awakened the aristocratic sleepers of the Via dei Servi, and with a lash and a jerk of violence, the coachman of the Marquesa del Marmore, enraged at the loss of his noon-day repose, brought up her showy *calèche* at the door of Count Basil Spirifort. The fair occupant of that luxurious vehicle was pale, but the brightness of joy and hope burned almost fiercely in her eye.

The doors flew open as the Marquesa descended, and following a servant in the Count’s livery, of whom she asked no question, she found herself in a small saloon, furnished with the peculiar luxury which marks the apartment of a bachelor, and darkened like a painter’s room. The light came in from a single tall window, curtained below, and under it stood an easel, at which, on her first entrance, a young man stood sketching the outline of a female head. As she advanced, looking eagerly around for another face, the artist laid down his palette, and with a low reverence presented her with a note from Count Basil. It informed her that political news of the highest importance had called him suddenly to the cabinet of his *Chef*, but that he hoped to be with her soon ; and, meantime, he begged of her, as a first favour in his newly-prospered love, to bless him with the possession of her portrait, done by the incomparable artist who would receive her.

Disappointment and vexation overwhelmed the heart of the Marquesa, and she burst into tears. She read the letter again, and grew calmer ; for it was laden with epithets of endearment, and seemed to her written in the most sudden haste. Never doubting for an instant the truth of



his apology, she removed her hat, and with a look at the deeply-shaded mirror, while she shook out from their confinement the masses of her luxuriant hair, she approached the painter's easel, and with a forced cheerfulness inquired in what attitude she should sit to him.

"If the Signora will amuse herself," he replied, with a bow, "it will be easy to compose the picture, and seize the expression without annoying her with a *pose*."

Relieved thus of any imperative occupation, the unhappy Marquesa seated herself by a table of intaglios and prints, and while she apparently occupied herself in the examination of these specimens of art, she was delivered, as her tormentor had well anticipated, to the alternate tortures of impatience and remorse. And while the hours wore on, and her face paled, and her eyes grew bloodshot with doubt and fear, the skilful painter, forgetting everything in the enthusiasm of his art, and forgotten utterly by his unconscious subject, transferred too faithfully to the canvass that picture of agonized expectation.

The afternoon meantime had worn away, and the gay world of Florence, from the side towards Fiesolé, rolled past the Via dei Servi on their circuitous way to the Casciné, and saw, with dumb astonishment, the carriage and liveries of the Marquesa del Marmore at the door of Count Basil Spirifort. On they swept by the Via Mercata Nova to the Lung' Arno, and there their astonishment redoubled; for in the window of the Casino dei Nobili, playing with a billiard-cue, and laughing with a group of lounging exquisites, stood Count Basil himself, the most unoccupied and listless of sunset idlers. There was but one deduction to be drawn from this sequence of events; and when they remembered the demonstration of passionate jealousy on the previous evening in the Casciné, Count Basil, evidently innocent of participation in her passion, was deemed a persecuted man, and the Marquesa del Marmore was lost to herself and the world!

Three days after this well-remembered circumstance in the history of Florence, an order was received from the Grand Duke to admit into the exhibition of modern artists a picture by a young Venetian painter, an *élève* of Count Basil Spirifort. It was called "The Lady expecting an Inconstant," and had been pronounced by a virtuoso who had seen it on private view, to be a master-piece of expression and colour. It was instantly and indignantly recognized as the portrait of the unfortunate Marquesa, whose late abandonment of her husband was fresh on the lips of common rumour; but ere it could be officially removed, the circumstance had been noised abroad, and the picture had been seen by all the curious in Florence. The order for its removal was given; but the purpose of Count Basil had been effected, and the name of the unhappy Marquesa had become a jest on the vulgar tongue.

This tale had not been told had there not been more than a common justice in its sequel. The worst passions of men, in common life, are sometimes inscrutably prospered. The revenge of Count Basil, however, was betrayed by the last step which completed it; and while the victim of his fiendish resentment finds a peaceful asylum in England under the roof of the compassionate Lady Geraldine, the once gay and admired Russian wanders from city to city, followed by an evil reputation, and stamped unaccountably as a *Jattatore*\*.

SLINGSBY.

\* A man with an evil eye.



MR. HENRY BULWER'S

## FRANCE AND THE FRENCH.\*

THIS is a brilliant book. The term is getting out of request, but may be properly revived for this book of Mr. Bulwer's. Its style is what the style of every work ought to be—the inspiration of its subject. It is airy, rapid, and picturesque; full of wit and good conversation; its conversational passages, we may add, forcibly calling to mind the delightful turns of expression to be met with in our own older comedies. We can name no work with which we would compare it in these respects. It is an original book about a most original people. What would come nearest to it, we should say, is—Horace Walpole writing under the inspiration of Madame du Deffand. And if, in the case of Mr. Bulwer, as in that of Mr. Walpole, we discover occasionally what savours a little of the egotist, we are very certain we do not think him a bit the worse for it. We hold with the philosopher who said, that a man who does not think well of himself, generally thinks ill of others. Nor do the latter fail to return the compliment.

Mr. Bulwer's style, then, is admirable. We fancy we hear some impatient and half-witted person ask us,—what style has to do with the subject-matter, or at least why that should be put forward as the first recommendation of a book? Why, because it is, or ought to be, the first recommendation of every book, and because it is too much disregarded now-a-days. The value of a truth, we can assure our expostulator, is by no means independent of the dress in which it reaches us. Half its chances of benefit may be thus imperilled. Victor Hugo says very truly on this point, in one of his masterly chapters of criticism:—“C'est le style qui fait la durée de l'œuvre et l'immortalité du poète. La belle expression embellit la belle pensée et la conserve; c'est tout à la fois une parure et une armure. Le style sur l'idée, c'est l'émail sur la dent.” *La dent*, however, should be there, and let us say that the existence of *l'émail* is some little evidence of that. We can at all events promise the reader it is to be found beneath Mr. Bulwer's style, and a very sharp one it is. The work before us, in short, is not less valuable than it is delightful; there is great power of suggestion in it; throughout, a very nice, as well as sound, perception; and, taken altogether, we feel it to be equally the result of just reasoning as of quick and happy observation.

Mr. Bulwer had many motives to the association of his name with such inquiries as the present. “France, to me,” he says, “is a country in which repose many of my affections. I visited it young—its scenes and its people are connected with some of my earliest, and therefore with some of my dearest, recollections. I never touch its soil, but the green memory of fresher and happier times rises around me. Some of those whom I have most valued—some of those whom I have most loved, link me with the land of which I write, and infuse into my thoughts a colour which is assuredly not the hue of jealousy or aver-

---

\* France; Social, Literary, Political. By Henry Lytton Bulwer, Esq., M.P. In two vols. Second edition, revised.

The Monarchy of the Middle Classes. France; Social, Literary, Political. Second Series. By Henry Lytton Bulwer, Esq., M.P. In two vols.



sion—nor, we will add for Mr. Bulwer, of any of the exaggerated or partial influences. We do not feel it in his passages of sharpest detection or of most eloquent praise. He has evidently some favourite objects, but he is able to admit the operation of adverse and modifying causes. His keen penetration is supported by comprehensiveness of mind. His justice breathes generosity, which is indeed the proper temperature of justice. How much of this latter characteristic might not possibly be referred to Mr. Bulwer's consciousness of possessing, what we began by naming, a happy and striking style! He who has something better than a "*goose-pen*," does not need to put gall in his ink.

Mr. Bulwer's inquiries take in every aspect of France—"France serious, and France gay." He paints her in her studies, in her crimes, in her pleasures, and omits no place in search of tints for his pencil, whether her pleasures are to be found in the guinguette or the ball-room, or her crimes to be tracked from the ball-room to the prison. The domestic, and the political, life of France are exhibited before us, with all their separate, yet intimate, and subtle relations. The arrangement is highly felicitous. Mr. Bulwer justly considers that ideas are most naturally introduced into the minds of others, in the form and order in which they most naturally introduce themselves into our own minds;—and has wisely avoided injuring every part of his book on a false idea of improving the whole. Let the reader follow us in a rapid glance, such as the author gives, back upon Mr. Bulwer's labours.

The work is in four volumes, with a division of six books. In the first book we enter Paris with Mr. Bulwer, by the Champs Elysées, and proceed up the Boulevards through the capital, surrounded and attended by all its recollections of fifteen centuries. We are then introduced to the people, and their characteristics, politeness, gallantry, vanity, wit, gaiety, frivolity, and crime. We make acquaintance with a nation "whose brow is chronicled with centuries, and whose character is still in its youth."

The second book opens with a rapid and striking view of historical changes. The Old Regime, the Revolution of Eighty-nine, the Directory, the Consulate, and the Empire, pass over the scene before us. We behold again those revolutions, amidst which had disappeared a solemn and brocaded court, a terrible and sanguinary republic, a glorious and conquering empire, a prosperous but misguided monarchy.

In the third book is laid before us the predominant influences which have survived these old revolutions to effect new—the influence of women, the influence of war, the influence of letters—the influences of religion, protestism, and the new philosophies.

With the close of the third book, the first series of Mr. Bulwer's labours may be said to close. The second series is aptly named the "*Monarchy of the Middle Classes*," and here we have the three remaining books opened before us—Division of Property, Social Condition, Centralization; and we learn, in a variety of very valuable and interesting details, the manner in which the soil of France is divided, the social condition which the French people enjoy, and the species of government under which they are placed.

What is the result to which Mr. Bulwer comes? It is probably not for us to state that here; it is sufficient to remark, that means for arriving at an impartial judgment are amply furnished. For ourselves, we will



only say, that we discover for the first time, with sufficient clearness, some of the problems of the French character. We would add, at the same time, that the period at which Mr. Bulwer describes them, was more than usually favourable to his object. The pride of purse, the pride of letters, the pride of manners, the vanities of the low as well as the high, are all at this moment more directly in opposition in Paris, than they have been at any period of her history—and such vanities, provoked by each other, become visible in the light of their opposite vanities. Some of the wide inconsistencies of the people, it is also to be observed, are in the course of disappearance. In literature, for instance. Mr. Bulwer very properly remarks, that the person you meet now-a-days in the streets of Paris is not dressed as you would have found him in the reign of Louis XIV., and that you cannot expect literature to appear in the old costume. Strange it is, however, that this could only have been said within a dozen years! The spirit which rules the actual world seems only of late to have descended visibly into the world of literature, and to have influenced poetry, and the stage: it is only within these few years that, through those great valves of intellect, the new thoughts, feelings, passions, and wants of the time, have found vent. What was the state of France before?—a democracy in morals, a tyranny in taste! Societies for the indulgence of every possible theory—and Hercules still restricted to his full-bottomed perriwig! In one case, slavery to the most contemptible and ludicrous prejudice; in the other, the most headlong extravagance after abstract speculation! Inexorable rules to determine taste, in the same moment with lax inclinations to guide morality! On both sides we now witness a better, a more promising, and more intelligible state of things. The movement which has taken place in the material world is now passing through the intellectual, and the arts are being subjected to the influences which have remoulded society.

In this great change Victor Hugo stands prominent, as its leader and representative. His faults are chiefly the faults of his position and of the complex influences around him; his merits are of the first-rate order, and are peculiarly his own. Mr. Bulwer sees and feels both. “M. Victor Hugo,” he says, “might aspire to the place which Corneille or Racine once held upon the stage of his country; and I had almost said, to a place near that which Shakspeare once held upon our own. But—” and then that fatal monosyllable drags forth its usual train of “monstrous malefactors,” in the shape of certain faults which forbid this. We think Mr. Bulwer makes them, however, too monstrous; that he overstates the case against M. Hugo, and unwittingly misstates his theory. We regret that we must forego the temptation of entering upon this subject at present; but in reference to Mr. Bulwer’s statement, that it is the general object of this great writer to attempt to arrive at a particular effect, in opposition to the natural sympathies that produce it, we will quote a passage from one of M. Hugo’s own works, in which the error of such a supposition is, we think, eloquently and fervently forbidden. We desire at this moment to direct particular attention to it, as a masterly answer to the chief detractors from Hugo:—

“Attirer la foule à un drame comme l’oiseau à un miroir; passionner la multitude autour de la glorieuse fantaisie du poète, et faire oublier au peuple le gouvernement qu’il a pour l’instant; faire pleurer les femmes sur



une femme, les mères sur une mère, les hommes sur un homme ; montrer, quand l'occasion s'en présente, le beau moral sous la difformité physique ; pénétrer sous toutes les surfaces pour extraire l'essence de tout ; donner aux grands, le respect des petits et aux petits la mesure des grands ; enseigner qu'il y a souvent un peu de mal dans les meilleurs et presque toujours un peu de bien dans les pires, et, par là, inspirer aux mauvais l'espérance et l'indulgence aux bons ; tout ramener, dans les événemens de la vie possible, à ces grandes lignes providentielles ou fatales entre lesquelles se meut la liberté humaine ; profiter de l'attention des masses pour leur enseigner à leur insu, à travers le plaisir que vous leur donnez, les sept ou huit grandes vérités sociales, morales ou philosophiques, sans lesquelles elles n'auraient pas l'intelligence de leur temps : voilà, à notre avis, pour le poète, la vraie utilité, la vraie influence, la vraie collaboration dans l'œuvre civilisatrice. C'est par cette voie magnifique et large, et non par la tracasserie politique, qu'un art devient un pouvoir."

All this M. Hugo will accomplish, though probably not in his own time, since so many of the adverse influences are against him. And yet why, looking at what he has already done, should we permit ourselves to fear that he will not himself witness the entire realization? It is now something more than half a century since the walls of the French Academy shook with the thunders of Voltaire against the reputation of Shakspeare ; but it is a very few years since M de Chateaubriand called Shakspeare "un gros buffon ;" elaborately undertook to prove that the introduction of his works into France would demoralize its literature ; and, by way of accounting for the still abiding empire of his tragedies and comedies among us, while, as the critic gravely announced, we had utterly forgotten Pope, Locke, Bacon, Hume, and Gibbon,—related an ingenious anecdote to his countrymen about his having met a sailor in Covent Garden Theatre, who, never having been there before, very naturally asked its name ! "C'étoit un matelot de la Cité," triumphantly proceeds M. de Chateaubriand, "qui, passant par hasard dans la rue à l'heure du spectacle, et voyant la foule se presser à une porte, étoit entré là pour son argent, sans savoir de quoi il s'agissoit. Comment les Anglois auroient-ils un théâtre supportable, quand leurs parterres sont composés des juges arrivant du Bengale, ou de la côte de Guinée, qui ne savent seulement pas où ils sont ?" Irresistible argument ! It is a very few years, we repeat, since this wretched stuff was gravely listened to in France. But since then, what has been Victor Hugo's daily lesson to his countrymen ? This alone would serve to prove his genius. He has adjured them, before all their eminent men, to reverence Shakspeare as the greatest of poets,—and now observe, pervading the literature of France at this moment, the effects of such great lessons.

One word in conclusion. What Mr. Bulwer says as to the social disadvantages under which men of letters in England find themselves, is, we think, rather overcharged ; but his remark at p. 215 of his second volume is perfectly correct. It is only necessary for a man to concern himself with literature in this happy country of ours, to have all his possible personal characteristics immediately laid hold of, and twisted and pulled about to gratify the most contemptible spleen of society. A man of letters, for instance, shall wear a tuft of hair upon his chin, and—all that his genius has done and is doing to delight us, reasonably considered—the whole world can do nothing grateful in return but busy themselves in pulling very lustily at the aforesaid tuft of hair.



## EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL KEPT DURING A RESIDENCE IN LITTLE-PEDDLINGTON\*.

---

“A chiel’s amang ye takin’ notes.”—*Burns*.

---

## RUMMINS’S CONVERSAZIONE—RUMMINSIAN MUSEUM.

*Wednesday, June 17th.*—BEING engaged to *tea* with the learned antiquary, Rummings, at six, returned to a hasty dinner at five. Having ordered nothing more than a veal-cutlet, was not a little astonished at the parade with which the repast was served. Heard Scorewell without-side calling, in an authoritative tone,—“Now—Number Fifteen’s dinner—look sharp.” Presently the door was thrown open, and there entered, in procession, Scorewell with a dish of cutlets, who was succeeded by the head waiter carrying a dish of broccoli, who was followed by a boy with a couple of potatoes, who was followed by another boy with a butter-boat. These things being placed in due form upon the table, Scorewell and his satellites hopped and skipped round and round it; one officiously moving the pepper-caster half an inch to the right of the place where it stood; another shoving the vinegar-cruet half an inch to the left; a third taking up a spoon and laying it down again with an air of busy-ness,—each doing something which did not need to be done. This display of good-for-nothing activity ended, the assistants left the room; and Scorewell, after a preparatory “ahem,” (at the same time, with a sort of draught-playing action, displacing and replacing every article on the table,) said—

“Hope you’ll excuse what’s past, Sir—attendance in future shall be better than it has been, Sir—no fault of ours, Sir; but now that that family with the fly is gone, as I am happy to say, Sir—Plague on ’em! The gentleman—I mean that man, that Hobbs, who has no more got two Hobbses in his name than I have, turns out after all to be nothing more than valet to Lord Squandermere! But I was right: I thought from the first they were nobody. Your real gentlefolks never give no trouble, never complain. But, as for them, nothing was never good enough for ’em; and as for waiting on, I’m sure the little profit I have got by ’em will hardly pay for the bell-wires they have worn out.—Ahem!—What wine would you choose to take to-day, Sir?”

“Remembering what you told me a day or two ago,” replied I—(and to my shame I confess it was with malice prepense that I did so)—“remembering *that*, Scorewell, I shall not pretend to a choice; so give me a little of the wine which you are in the habit of serving to Mr.—Mr.—I forget his name, but I mean the gentleman who is so ‘remarkably particular about his wine:’ Mr. *De Stewpan*, I think it is.”

“Particular, indeed! Another bird of the same feather, Sir. Cook at the London Tavern, Sir. But he never deceived *me*. From the first moment I saw him, Sir, I thought he was no *real* gentleman, for all the *De* to his name. And his friend Twistwire, the bird-cage maker, with a *ville* tacked to his! A pretty show-up of the whole party, indeed,

---

\* Concluded from Vol. XLV., p. 474.



there has been at Mr. Hoppy's public breakfast this morning. When great folks go into a strange place *incog.* they make themselves look little; your little folks have nothing for it, therefore, upon such occasions but to look big. But I saw through them from the first, and glad am I that they have taken themselves off. Of course they could not stay in this place after such an exposure.

"And yet, if I remember rightly, it was but a day or two ago you described them all to me as being 'very tip-top people indeed.'"

"O—yes—true, Sir—that's to say, they spent a good deal of money; but I never meant that they were gentlefolks. No, no, Sir; my occupation sharpens a man's wits; and, for my part, I have seen so much of the world, (as is natural in a place like Little Pedlington,) that I can make out what people are with half an eye. Ahem!—I think you told me yesterday, Sir, that you were not in the army—nor the navy—but that you—that you—" He hesitated, and paused.

"I told you nothing on the subject."

"And I am sure you are not in the church, Sir, by your wearing a blue coat. No, no, Sir; Scorewell has seen too much of the world to be mistaken on these points.—Ahem!—I've heard it said, Sir, that the bar is a very fine profession; and I should think *you* ought to know, Sir."

"I have no better means than any one else of knowing it," replied I; resolved to throw him upon his own self-vaunted penetration for making *me* out.

Having been at fault in the army and the navy, in divinity and law, he tried physic, the arts, science, commerce, each with no better success.

"Very odd!" said he; "very: I'm confident, quite confident, Sir, *you* have nothing to conceal" (and this he said with a lengthened countenance and a suspecting look which belied his professions of confidence;) "but—"

"You asked me what wine I should choose to take," said I, (pretending not to have noticed his hint.) "Let me have some claret. Good wine, I know, can only be obtained at a good price; and I have already seen enough of you, Scorewell, to be satisfied that I may trust to you for its quality."

"The best in Europe, Sir. No, no, Sir, as I said; quite sure *you* have nothing to conceal, *for*"—(here was an adroit change of one little word)—"for, as I said to my wife, the moment you came into the house, *that* is none of your shim-shammies."

"A time-serving rogue of an innkeeper even in virtuous Little Pedlington!" thought I, as I swallowed a couple of glasses of incontestable raspberry-juice.

At the street-door was accosted by mine host.

"Going to Mr. Rummins's *conversationy*, I understand, Sir. At what time shall I send the boy with the lantern to you, Sir?"

"Send a boy with a lantern!" exclaimed I.

"Why, Sir, Mr. Rummins's parties are always very late—sometimes, indeed, they don't break up much before eleven—and as we naturally don't light the lamps in Little Pedlington till after Michaelmas, and as there will be no moon to-night—"

"I'll contrive to find my way home in the dark, Scorewell."

"As you please, Sir. Then, if you will have the kindness to ring the *night-bell*, Sir, you will find Boots sitting up for you, Sir."



O for the comforts and conveniences of a dear little country-town! Send a boy with a lantern! In London, now, one might break forty legs (if one had them) in the course of a walk home, on a dark night, for the want of such an accommodation. To be sure, there *is* a gas-lamp here and there. Then again, to ring the *night*-bell at *eleven*, when I shall find poor Boots drowsily waiting to let me in! A volume could not say more in favour of the moral habits of these peaceful Pedling-tonians, than is implied by these few words. They have no time, indeed, for vice or wickedness, great or small; for at an hour when the reprobate knockers of London are scarcely yet vocal for the nightly revel, *they* are virtuously “reclining” (as Miss Cripps would express it) “in the arms of Morpheus.” But I must hasten to Mr. Rummins’s *Conversazione*, which *begins* at *six*.

On my way thither indulged in the pleasing reflection, that if anywhere a meeting of the kind could be free from the intrusion of spleen, envy, malice, pretension, or affectation, it must be in *such* a place as this.

“I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,” says Childe Harold. With feelings not less strongly excited, I apprehend, than his upon that occasion when, for the first time, he beheld the fairy city, did I find myself standing opposite to a small door on the first floor of Mr. Rummins’s house. Upon this door, which was the entrance to a small back room, was pasted a square bit of paper, bearing, in German text, carefully written, the words

RUMMINSIAN  
MUSEUM.

The little girl who had conducted me up stairs (telling me by the way that Master and the company were at tea in the museum) announced my arrival.

The learned F.S.A. received me with all the civility due to a subscriber for two large-paper copies of his work, and introduced me to each of the distinguished persons present. His appearance and manner, as well as his peculiar, but appropriate, mode of uttering and pronouncing his words, I have already attempted to describe. First of all I was *intro-de-oos’d* to—“One whom I am proud, Sir, to call my son: Rummins the younger, conductor of that tremendous engine of power, the Little-Pedlington Weekly Observer.” He added in a whisper, “And marvellous is it, that the destinies of Europe should be controlled by one so young, he being barely twenty. His yesterday’s castigation of the Emperor of Russia cannot fail to produce effects which——But more of this anon.”

Although I abstained from expressing it, my own private opinion nevertheless is, that there is nothing marvellous about the fact. For such a controller of destinies, whether they be the destinies of a people or a play-house, an autocrat or an actor, twenty is a mature age; and (whatever a fond father, in his partiality, may imagine to the contrary) the time gives it proof. Here and there, indeed, may be found one who, with childish timidity, has delayed to set up as a “Controller of destinies” till, having lived long enough to see much, hear much, and learn much, and leisurely to compare and reflect, he at length conceives himself to be in some degree qualified for the undertaking. These, however, form but the exceptions to the rule: consequently, Mr. Rummins, the elder, may be assured that his son is not a Phoenix in his generation.



"Our Daubson," continued the F.S.A., pursuing the ceremony of introduction; "our Daubson, whom I find you know, as he informs me that—"

"Yes," said the painter, "he had the honour of sitting to me yesterday for his profile." Then, with an uneasy recollection of my criticism upon it, he said to me, "The head thrown too much back, eh, Mister? If you have the work with you, we'll by-and-by take the unbiassed opinion of all present upon that point; and we shall then see who will dare to pretend to know better than me."

"Mr. Felix Hoppy, also, you have met before," continued Rummins. "Not in his capacity of Master of the Ceremonies, which I esteem not, do I receive him as my friend; but as he is the author of the Little Pedlington Guide, a work, Sir, which—"

Mr. Hoppy blushed, bowed, drew his well-perfumed handkerchief across his face, and entreated Mr. Rummins to "spare him."

I was next presented to Miss Cripps ("our Sappho," as she was designated by Rummins), whose exquisite verses I copied into my journal from yesterday's "Observer." Miss C., tall and slender, and, apparently, on what I shall take the liberty of calling the *sedate* side of fifty. She was reclining back in her chair, her arms folded across her bosom, and her eyes fixed, with an air of abstraction, on Mr. Rummins's ceiling. Her countenance bore the traces of recent and still-existing sorrow. The Pedlington newspaper has recorded the loss of her bag. Dress—pink muslin gown, trimmed with pale blue ribands, yellow sash, shoes of red morocco, and a wreath of roses, crimson and yellow alternately, bound around her curly flaxen—[Private mem. *Wig*—hair.

Mr. Rummins proceeded. "Mr. Yawkins, the head of our bank; Mr. Snargate, the architect, of whom I need say no more than that he furnished the design for our new pump." [Mr. Snargate drew himself up to the height of nearly five feet.] "Miss Jane Scrubbs, whose name is so universally known that——"

I fear my looks must have betrayed my culpable ignorance of so celebrated a name; for Mr. Rummins, drawing me a little aside, said, in an undertone—"My dear Sir!—Is it possible?—Why, Sir, that lady is the *Enaj Sbburcs*, who does the charades and conundrums for our newspaper. Ignorant of *her* name! Bless my soul!—But, now, Sir—*now*—I am last of all to *in-tro-de-oos* you to my illustrious friend, the Reverend Jonathan Jubb—the Bard of PEDLINGTONIA." (Here again followed what is theatrically termed an *aside*.) "Simple in appearance, unaffected in manners—instead of the popular poet, you would be inclined to set him down for nothing more than one of yourselves—ahem!—rather than one of us. But so it ever is with genius of a high order."

And, truly, though contrary to my reasonable expectations, there sat the illustrious poet, neither attitudinizing nor sighing, nor looking either sad, solemn, or sentimental, nor in any manner striving after effect; but unaffectedly swallowing tea and munching hot muffins, with as much earnestness, as if (to repeat Rummins's phrase) he had, indeed, been nothing more than one of ourselves!

Shortly after the conclusion of the ceremony of introduction, Rummins desired his servant to "take away the tea-things." "Then," said he, "I will exhibit to you the Rumminsian Collection."



The little girl having made the circuit of the room, and collected on a japanned waiter the emptied tea-cups, approached Miss Cripps; but “Sappho,” still rapt in meditation, did not observe her. Having for some time stood unheeded, the girl put her lips to Miss Cripps’s ear, and screamed—“Done with your tea-cup, Ma’am?” Miss Cripps, startled, let drop her cup and saucer, both of which were demolished by the fall, and drawing her hand across her forehead, exclaimed, with a sigh—

“’Tis gone, ’tis lost, the fairy chain is broken.”

“Yes, Madam,” angrily said the F.S.A., “and so is my crockery. I do wish, Miss Cripps, that for the future you would not fall into your poetic reveries till after tea. This is the fourth time the thing has occurred—and *always when a stranger has happened to be present.*”

Miss Cripps made no reply, but, slowly shaking her head, patiently resumed her Madonna-like attitude.

At the same moment, *Enaj Sbburcs*, who also had been absorbed by meditation, though, as was presently shown, upon a subject infinitely more abstruse, suddenly started from her chair and exclaimed—“Pig’s pettitoes!”

“That’s it, that’s it!” cried the editor; adding, with a condescending nod to the lady—“Without flattery, Miss Scrubbs, there is no one in all Little-Pedlington who can approach *you* in your *own* way; and *my* opinion upon these matters is, as you know——”

“You overwhelm me, Mr. Rummins,” replied Miss S. “Your favourable judgment might well make any one proud—at least if one had not the good sense to know, that when one has passed a life in these studies a *little* superiority must be the consequence.”

Miss Jane Scrubbs’s exclamation of “Pig’s pettitoes,” neither the meaning nor the merit of which did I immediately perceive, was, as it was afterwards explained, the solution of an enigma, which had for the last five weeks baffled the ingenuity of all the wits of Little-Pedlington.

The *Rumminsian Collection* is contained partly in an old-fashioned book-case with glazed doors, and partly in a corner-cupboard, on the shelves of which the various articles—amounting, I may venture to say without fear of exaggerating, to eighty in number—are systematically arranged. In the department of natural history it is not remarkably rich, possessing only a stuffed lap-dog and parrot, a dried snake, a peacock’s tail, the skeleton of a monkey, and the skin of a cat: the latter chiefly interesting from the circumstance of its original wearer having been, during fourteen years, the prime favourite of the antiquary’s grandmother. Indeed he himself admits that in this portion of his museum he cannot compete with the *Zoo*, meaning thereby their Zoological-gardens. But in mineralogy he can boast of no fewer than a dozen specimens of the ores of tin, copper, and iron, “all curious” (as Rummins profoundly observed), “all curious, as showing you that sort of thing in a state of nature.”

In *Numismatics*—for each compartment of the book-case and corner-cupboard is appropriately labelled—in numismatics the museum contains, first, the “antique Roman coin” which occasioned so fierce a controversy as to whether it were such, or, in reality, nothing more than a plain William-and-Mary’s shilling—for the particulars of which *vide*



Hoppy's "Guide-book." Secondly, a farthing, which Rummins pronounces to be one of the famous three of Queen Anne; boldly challenging the world to prove, from any internal evidence, the contrary—inasmuch as it is worn perfectly smooth on both sides. Third, and lastly, a *medal* (in form and size, and in general appearance, indeed, resembling those local tokens which many years ago were issued for the purpose of supplying a deficiency in the copper coinage), bearing on one side the head, and the name also, of Brutus (the Elder), and on the reverse a cap of liberty, with the figures 1793. That it is a genuine medal of the time of the worthy whose effigies it bears, Mr. Rummins entertains not the smallest doubt; and with respect to the numerals (the only difficulty in the case), which by the ignorant might be mistaken for the date of the period when it was struck, the F.S.A. learnedly inquires—"How is it possible for us, at this time of day, to tell what they meant by them?" The estimation in which these three objects are held by their fortunate possessor is sufficiently marked by the circumstance of each being carefully preserved beneath the inverted bowl of a broken wine-glass.

"But we are now coming to that portion of the Rumminsian Museum," said the exhibitor, "upon which I chiefly pride myself—the Pedlingtonian Relics."

The F. S. A. had been minute and elaborate—(I don't mean *prosy*, as it will sometimes happen to the best-intentioned F. S. A. under similar circumstances)—in describing each of the objects of curiosity, as they were in succession exhibited to my astonished eyes. Fancied that in some of the party I perceived symptoms of weariness, and of impatience in others. The banker and the architect were fast asleep; Miss Cripps with folded arms was sighing, and looking sonnets; Jubb drew from his pocket a huge manuscript, "a-hem'd," and thrust it in again; Daubson audibly d——'d the museum, and muttered "The daylight will be gone before I can show *my pictur*;" Hoppy appeared greatly inclined to follow the example set by the banker; whilst the "controller of destinies" and Enaj Sbburcs were seated, literally *tête-à-tête*, in the recess of a window, partly concealed by a curtain, making (I suppose) conundrums.

The most remarkable of the Pedlingtonian Relics are the sliding-board of the old *Stocks*, and the handle of the old pump, upon each of which the F. S. A. expatiated lengthily and learnedly: easily digressing from the one—(remarking, by the way, on the horrors of the Bastille and the atrocities of the Inquisition)—to the cage which has lately been erected in the Market-Place; from the other, to the Roman Aqueducts, Bernini's Fountains, and "our New Pump."

To the Military Antiquary the most interesting objects in the Collection would be the two sword-blades and the cannon-ball, picked up in a ditch at a short distance from the town; and the helmet of the time of King John. Of the two sword-blades, one is formed exactly like a sickle; the other bears some resemblance to the blade of an old-fashioned carving-knife. These circumstances sufficiently attest their antiquity; for, as Mr. R. triumphantly exclaimed, "Where do you see such swords now-a-days!" On the latter may still be traced these curious remains of an ancient inscription: *Th-mps-n an- Co. —heff-eld*. Of this, the learned Antiquary himself despairs of finding an explanation; modestly confessing that its meaning is lost in the lapse of ages.



The cannon-ball is of the *size* of a four-and-twenty-pounder, but wonderfully light in proportion; not weighing more, indeed, than a hollow cistern-ball of the same circumference! Well might Mr. R. observe, "The tooth of antiquity has preyed upon its very vitals." Of the helmet of the time of King John, so curiously resembling a saucepan of the time of our own gracious King William, I need say nothing in this place, as an accurate description of it will be found amongst the extracts from the L. P. Observer. From these military remains the learned Rummins clearly infers that, at some remote period of our history, the Pedlingtonians *must* have been engaged in a desperate conflict, in which prodigious numbers *must* have fallen on both sides, and that, at its termination, Victory *must* have been declared for the Pedlingtonians. To state the arguments by which these inferences were supported would hardly be fair towards Mr. Rummins, since they are to appear in the new edition of his "Antiquities;" but I may observe generally, that the arguments by which he attempted to prove incontrovertibly, that which it is incontrovertibly impossible to prove at all, were as ingenious, and quite as convincing, as antiquary-arguments, in similar cases, usually are.

The *Rumminsian MSS.*, though not numerous, are rare. Of these the most interesting are—

1st. A book containing nearly four hundred recipes (many of them unique) in cookery, confectionery, medicine, &c. &c. &c.—*all in the handwriting of the antiquary's late mother.*

2nd. A *complete collection* of Mr. Rummins's own school copy-books. ("This," as Mr. R. modestly observed, "will scarcely be valued during my life-time.")

3rd. Minutes of all the public proceedings in Little Pedlington during the last thirty years; together with biographical notices of all those who have served the offices of churchwarden and overseer within the same period.

"This, I may say," said Mr. R., "is a work of profound research, and one which will be of eminent utility to the antiquary of future times. It contains, also, correct reports of all the debates occasioned by that spirit-stirring event, the abstraction of the pump-ladle—an event, Sir, concerning which (although it kept this town in a state of tremendous excitement for many months) I will venture to assert you have yet many interesting particulars to learn in London."

And lastly, carefully framed and glazed, the original draft, in his own hand-writing, of Mr. R.'s inscription for the New Pump. There it is with all his erasures, additions, alterations, &c.! This interesting and valuable document he has bequeathed (as he informed me) to his native town, on condition that, at his death, it be placed over the chimney-piece of the vestry-room—there to remain for ever!

Catherine II. promised a splendid reward to one of her *emissaries* (as such disreputable cattle are styled in melo-dramas) if he should succeed in procuring (*id est*, stealing) for her, from the Barberini Palace, the celebrated vase which is now in the British Museum. Remember this fact, ye vestrymen of Little Pedlington, and be vigilant.

Thanked Mr. Rummins for the gratification which the inspection of *his* museum had afforded me. Observed—perhaps for want of something better to say—that I had lately passed a morning in the *British*



Museum. To this the F.S.A., locking the door of his corner-cupboard, and putting the key into his pocket, carelessly replied—

“Aye—they have *some* curious things *there*, also.”

“Come,” said Daubson, unable any longer to restrain his impatience, “come; now there’s an end of *that*, you shall see my *pictur*.”

“Pardon, my dear friend,” said Hoppy, (interposing with master-of-the-ceremony-like gallantry,) “we must concede the *paw* to the ladies.”

At the same moment the poetess cleared her voice, and the fair conundrumist smilingly drew a strip of paper from her reticule; whilst the M.C. continued:—

“Miss Cripps has written a charming song—an exquisite little effusion—of which she intends to favour us with a private hearing, and——”

“And *you*, I see, have brought your guitar to accompany it, Mr. Hoppy,” said Miss Scrubbs, angrily; adding, with a sneer, (at the same time thrusting her paper back into her reticule,) “it is vastly polite of you to give the *paw* to the *ladies*.”

“How plaguily impatient some people are to show themselves off!” whispered the painter to the architect.

“Contemptible vanity!” replied the latter, in a similar tone. “And then we shall have Jubb with his reading, and Rummins with *his* reading. I wish they were all at Jericho! The evening will be at an end before I can exhibit my great plan for the improvement of Little Pedlington.”

“Now, my dear Miss Cripps, if you mean to sing, pray sing at once,” said Mr. Rummins the elder. “My illustrious friend, Jubb, intends to read some specimens of a new work of his—after I have read a few from one of my own.”

A good quarter of an hour was exhausted by Mr. Hoppy in tuning his guitar, and by Miss Cripps in protestations that she didn’t sing, couldn’t sing, never did sing—that she was hoarse, out of health, out of spirits, &c. &c. “Besides,” she added, (and in a manner resembling an ill-made salad—that is to say, containing three vinegars to one oil,) “besides, my effusion has nothing to recommend it but a little *feeling*—and *sentiment*—and *imagination*. I can’t pretend to such abstruse efforts as charades and enigmas.”

*Enaj Sbburcs* bent her head in acknowledgment of the compliment. Then, turning to the editor, she whispered, “I wonder how Miss Cripps (who certainly is not altogether an idiot) can be prevailed on to sing her own nonsensical verses!”

Mr. Hoppy preluded. Miss Cripps meantime looked down upon her thumbs, and, having to *sing*, she, very naturally, closed her teeth and lips; just leaving a small aperture at one corner of her mouth to sing *through*. The air being a well-known one, Miss Cripps’s own poetry formed, of course, the chief attraction of the performance. Thanks to the lady’s *method* of singing—a method which, I am informed, is commonly taught in Little Pedlington—I can answer for it that the following copy of her “exquisite little effusion” is literally correct:—

“Se tum sn en sm se,  
Me o sn tam se oo,  
To nm te a te me  
Pe tam ta o te poo.”



And these words, running through five verses, she articulated with as much distinctness as if she had been regularly educated as a singer for the English Opera.

To Mr. Hoppy, for the *precision* of his accompaniment, too much praise cannot be given; for, whenever he was *out*, he requested the lady to “stop” till he had fully satisfied himself that he had secured the right chord.

Thanks to the fair poetess from all the party: though, from some of them (as I guessed from the bustle amongst them), they were tendered for that the conclusion of the performance gave them an opportunity for a display of their own—each after its kind. Miss Scrubbs alone was silent: throughout the performance she was sleeping—or pretending to sleep.

“Fine song! great genius!” exclaimed the banker. “How I envy people of talent!” and he jingled the shillings in his pocket.

Being seated between the poet and the antiquary, I whispered to the latter that I was not prepared to find in Mr. Hoppy (the author of so profound a work as the “Little-Pedlington Guide”) a man of such various talents, or one possessing so many of the lighter accomplishments.

“He’s a charming creature, Sir,” replied Mr. Rummins. “But what think you of his ‘Guide’?—I mean the historical and antiquarian portions of the work?”

Here was an opportunity for me to show the F.S.A. that I was not altogether ignorant how I ought to behave myself at a literary *conversazione*. So I mumbled a reply which meant nothing in particular, but which I took care to render *telling*, by ringing the changes upon the customary common-place exclamations—“learned!” “erudite!” “profound!” “deeply-searching!” “widely-grasping!” and some others which I had heard delivered, in the same manner, upon similar occasions.

“You are an excellent critic, Sir,” said Mr. Rummins; “*those* portions of the work *I* wrote.”

“But what may be your notion, idea, or opinion of the *descriptive* parts of the book?” inquired Mr. Jubb.

Here was another opportunity for me; so I proceeded as before: merely varying my common-places with the occasion. These were now—“picturesque!” “life-like!” “dioramic!” “vivified!” “graphic!” “spirit-stirring!” &c. &c. &c.—taking care to thrust in at least six *graphics* to any one of the others.

“Ahem! All the *descriptive* parts are mine,” said the illustrious author of “Pedlingtonia!”

“Then, pray, gentlemen,” inquired I, “if one of you wrote the descriptive portions of the work, the other the antiquarian and the historical, what was there left for the illustrious Hoppy to write?”

“Nothing more, Sir,” answered Rummins, “nothing more than a receipt for the sum of seven—pounds—ten, which he paid us for our joint labours.”

So, then! I have encountered the perils of Poppleton-End, and tasted of the miseries of Squashmire-gate, on my journey hitherward—a journey induced, in a great measure, by an earnest desire to look upon the eminent author of the “Little-Pedlington Guide,” and what is my reward? What is it I behold? Strutting in all a peacock’s pride, with glittering



plumage dazzling the eyes of the admiring world, a peacock we pronounce him : but, frail as it is false, his ostentatious tail, surrendering at a pull, is scattered by the wind, and, lo ! he stands confessed—a goose ! Can London, in the plenitude of its quackery, furnish a parallel to this ? “Speak, ye who best can tell !” Answer me, A——, B——, C——, D——, E——, F—— ; yea, all of you to the very end of the alphabet, I challenge you to the reply—*Can* London, in the plenitude of its quackery, furnish a parallel to this ?

Expect the next piece of agreeable information I shall receive will be that Rummins “did not write his own” “Antiquities,” or Jubb his “Pedlingtonia.”

My unpleasant reflections interrupted by Miss Cripps, who beckoned me across the room to her, and requested my *candid* opinion of the verses she had just now sung. No request more common on such occasions, more flattering to the taste of the requestee, or more easily complied with. Answered as before, but with the requisite variations. These were—“gem !” “*bijou* !” “tear-moving !” “heart-probing !” “soul-searching !” “intense !” “quintessence of grief !” “concentrated feeling !” “verge of agony !” and so forth. Miss Cripps’s opinion of *my* opinion more flatteringly expressed than by words—she begged I would write something in her album which she had brought with her. Being no poet, I wrote down a portion of the fine and well-known supplication of Eve to Adam, from the “Paradise Lost,” commencing, “Forsake me not, O Adam !” Miss Cripps was so kind as to say that I had a pretty turn for poetry, yet she wished that I had written it in rhyme.

During this time some of the party were collected around a circular table, which was covered with Penny Magazines, and subscription-lists for various of Mr. Rummins’s publications. Miss Jane Scrubbs told me she was a collector of franks : that she had some which were *very interesting*, inasmuch as they were perfectly illegible even to the writer’s own name—which was, indeed, the most difficult of all to decypher : that she was *dying* for a frank of Mr. Cocklethorpe’s, the patriotic member for Tottenham-Court Road ; and that she should hold herself eternally obliged to me if I could procure for her that—or, any others.

“I am astonished, Miss Scrubbs,” exclaimed the F. S. A., “positively astonished that a woman of your intellect should condescend to so trivial an occupation as that of collecting autographs ! But I, Sir,” (this he addressed to me) “I am collecting impressions from seals. Now, if you happen to have any letters about you, and would just pick off the seals for me, *that* would be doing me a great favour indeed.”

Presented him with two : one (from my friend James Jenkinson) bearing the interesting initials J. J. ; the other exhibiting the pretty device “*Inquire within*.” With the latter, the learned antiquary expressed himself highly gratified.

*Nine o’clock* ; Mr. Rummins rang the bell, and desired his little maid to bring a light.

“And bring my hat at the same time,” fiercely cried Daubson.

“Surely, my Daubson,” said Rummins, “you are not going without showing us your new work !”

“Show you my work, Mister !” replied the painter : “this is adding insult to injury. How is a work like this—a profile of a man on horse-back, all at full length—how is a work like this, I say, to be seen by



candle-light! An architectural plan, like Snargate's, indeed, might be ——"

He was interrupted by Mr. Snargate who, with allowable anger, said, "Enough of your scurrility, Sir. I know what you would insinuate; but my works, Sir,—*my* works, I am proud to say, will bear *any* light."

"You are too severe, my friend Snargate," whispered the Reverend Jonathan Jubb, in a tone of mild rebuke: "remember he is your fellow creature, and be merciful."

"Come, come, Mr. Daubson," said the Controller of Destinies (who expected that his interference would allay the storm), "stay where you are: we—I mean *I* have a particular motive for desiring to inspect your work. Should it satisfy us—I mean *me*—as I doubt not it will, we shall give—I mean *I* shall give such a notice of it in our—I mean in *my* next, that if the Royal Academy do not instantly throw wide its portals to receive you ——"

Here the rage of the unrivalled profelist became ungovernable. He stamped about the room, rolling, unrolling, and re-rolling his drawing, which he brandished like a truncheon; turning, every now and then, towards the Editor, against whose unfortunate head his thunders were chiefly directed. "*You* inspect my work!" he said, or, rather, screamed. "*You* presume to patronize a Daubson, you young puppy! *You* get me into the Royal Academy! D——n the Royal Academy! To mention such a set in my presence I take as a personal insult. They shall never see *me* amongst them; they shall never be honoured with the presence of a Daubson: no, Mister; when they refused to exhibit my "*Grenadier*" I made up my mind to that. *You* get me in, indeed! No, no; this is my passport;" (Here he shook his drawing above his head.) "This is what shall force open the doors of the Academy for a Daubson; here are my credentials, Mister. Talk to *me* of the Royal Academy!—a despicable set! But when they get a Daubson amongst them ——! Good night. You shall none of you see my work; and this is the last time you will be honoured with the presence of a Daubson at *any* of your d——'d conver-shonies." [*Exit, in a rage.*]

Mr. Snargate expressed his astonishment that Mr. Daubson should behave so like a fool.

Tranquillity being restored, Mr. Snargate said, that, having an engagement at half-past nine, he would at once exhibit and explain his plan.

"Let him, let him," petulantly whispered Jubb to Rummins; "and then we shall have done with it; for, in addition to my prose readings, I am anxious to recite my new Ode to Patience."

Mr. Snargate spread out his plan upon the table, and proceeded to read his explanation, which appeared to occupy about sixty folio pages. The exordium was eloquently written: it ran thus:—

"When we consider that gradual improvement, that reform temperate as it is wise, and wise as it is moderate, are the peculiar characteristics of the age we live in; when we consider that, in the advance of knowledge, the tardy heel of one improvement is aspiringly trodden upon by the advancing toe of another; when we consider \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* [*And so on through seven pages.*] \* \* \* \*  
Mr. Snargate confidently submits to the public the following scheme for the improvement of the town of Little Pedlington. In the first place, then, he proposes——"



Rummins looked at his watch ; Jubb yawned.

“ It is not upon my own account,” said the F.S.A., “ that I remind you that the evening is getting on. Our gifted friend, here, has something also to read to us. Couldn’t you contrive, therefore, without going into particulars, to tell us at once what is the great feature of your improvement ? ”

“ That is the point I was proceeding to, Sir,” replied the architect, with (as I thought) a tinge of acrimony in his manner. “ I shall not long detain *you* from *your* display,” continued he ; “ and I *promise* you *you* shall *not* be *interrupted* by *me*.—Ahem !—In the first place, then, I propose to pull down the whole of the present town, and then to build an entirely new one at the foot of Snapshank Hill.”

“ Gigantic scheme ! ” exclaimed Mr. Rummins.

“ Sweetly pretty ! ” exclaimed Sappho Cripps.

“ Miltonic conception ! ” exclaimed Jubb.

“ What *à-plomb* ! An *entrechat-dix* in its way ! ” exclaimed the M.C.

“ Worthy of Indigo Jones ! ” exclaimed the banker. “ What would I give to possess such talent ! ” And again he rattled the shillings in his pocket.

Mr. Snargate listened unconcernedly to these praises : they were his just due. He proceeded. “ In the second place, I propose —— ”

Here he was interrupted by the editor of the L. P. Weekly Observer.

“ My dear Snargate,” said he, “ allow me to stop you at the *first* place. You first of all pull down the old town, and *then* you build a new one. Now we would inquire where you intend to put all the people in the mean while.

“ A pretty question, upon my word ! ” said the architect. “ What have I to do with that ? My project, Sir, stands upon its own independent merits. ‘ Put the people,’ indeed ! If one is to be stopped by such petty considerations there is an end at once to all National Improvements upon a *GRAND scale*.”

“ Notwithstanding that,” replied the editor, “ we must press our objection ; for, from our position, as the leading organ of this place, we must be supposed to know *something* of these matters.”

This he uttered with an air of becoming self-sufficiency ; adding, in a tone of patronage proper to a young controller of destinies,—

“ You know, Snargate, we have always given you our support ; we have always taken you by the hand ; in our columns we have always placed you in an imposing attitude, and all this we shall continue to do ; but with respect to the point in question——”

“ Patronizing puppy ! ” exclaimed the architect. “ And is a man of *my* standing, a man of *my* experience, a man of *my* reputation, to be met upon his own ground by a whipper-snapper of a boy ! If you were not in your father’s house I would toss you out at the window ! But Daubson was in the right ; he could stand it no longer ; he went off like a sensible man as he is, and I shall follow his example. I wish you all a very good night. ‘ Put the people,’ indeed ! ”

So saying, he rolled up his plans and papers, and rushed out of the room.

“ I hope you will resent this,” whispered the conundrum-lady to the editor.



“Rely upon that,” fiercely replied he; “we will annihilate him—in our next.”

“Mr. Snargate ought to be ashamed of himself,” said Miss Cripps, addressing herself to the editor, who had now crossed to where she was seated. “To dispute with one of your profound learning, universal knowledge, correct judgment, exquisite taste!—By the by, what do you *really* think of the trifle I attempted to sing to-night?”

“An exquisite little gem, indeed,” replied the editor; “a perfect *bijou*, overflowing with——But, if you have no objection, we will insert it, together with our opinion of it, in our next.”

“Then here is a correct copy of it,” said the lady.—“Ahem!—I hope you have no engagement for to-morrow evening. I expect a few friends. Do come and tea with me, for a party is nothing without you.”

“With great pleasure; for no one’s parties are half so delightful as your’s. Late, as usual, I suppose, eh? Half-past six, eh?”

“And—a—Rummins—bring your little critique with you. I should like to see it in *maniscrips*. But be impartial; say what you *really* think of it, notwithstanding.”

This conversation passed in a half whisper.

Mr. Jubb now read some extracts from his “Essay on the Literary Character of the unrivalled Rummins;” after which, Mr. Rummins favoured us with portions of *his* “Essay on the Literary Character of the unequalled Jubb.” In these, not a word of censure, not a trait of envy or of jealousy occurred; but each, with manly frankness, did homage to the transcendant genius of the other. Informed by Hoppy that a Review, to be called the “IMPARTIAL,” is about to be established in Little-Pedlington: of this (*sub rosa*) Rummins and Jubb are to be co-editors.

The capitalist, who had been sound asleep during these readings, was inhumanly disturbed by the applause which succeeded them. He started, yawned, rubbed his eyes, clapped his hands, and (again jingling his money), declared there was nothing in the world he so much desired as to be a man of talent. Then, turning to me, he asked me what I thought of the town, of the people, and whether I was not perfectly astonished at the number of great men they had amongst them? “Yet,” he added, “in a population, Sir, amounting to two thousand nine hundred, and seventy-two, it is scarcely to be wondered at that we——Apropos: what may happen to be the amount of the population of London?” Expressed my regret at my inability to answer him with strict accuracy, but told him it was computed at about one million and some odd hundreds of thousands. “Bless my soul!” exclaimed the worthy and sapient banker; “Dear me! you don’t say so! immense! prodigious! but surely it must be much too large for anything like comfort!”

“And now,” said Rummins, junior, “perhaps Miss Scrubbs will favour us with her new conundrum?”

Miss Scrubbs eagerly availed herself of the request.—“Ahem!—‘Why is a man in a blue coat and a white waistcoat, riding on a black horse, along a green lane, like a’——”

“A thousand pardons, Miss Scrubbs,” said Jubb, “but, as it is growing late, allow me first to recite my new ‘Ode to Patience.’” And without allowing a pause for reply he did so. It was greatly applauded by the enraptured listeners—Miss Scrubbs excepted, who, during



the recitation, appeared to be absorbed in the study of a "Penny Magazine."

"The finest thing you ever wrote, Sir," said the young controller of destinies: "it has all the sublimity of Pope, all the ease of Milton, all the polished elegance of Crabbe, all the force of Moore; it is equal to Campbell, and on a level with Rogers: notwithstanding, you will allow that——"

"None of your 'notwithstandings,' young gentleman, if you please," said the poet; at the same time rising and putting his manuscript into his pocket: "You would be an excellent critic if you knew where to stop; but let us have none of your 'notwithstandings.' Dear me! it is nearly half-past ten, I declare! Rummins, my illustrious friend, good night. Ladies and gentlemen, good night." [*Exit the illustrious Jubb.*]

"I wonder how you could listen to such stuff?" said the highly-gifted maker of conundrums and charades. "Why, half of it was about religion! A pretty subject to touch upon in the presence of men of intellect, women of mind, original thinkers, rational beings, spirits emancipated from childish prejudices, &c. &c.; master-spirit, march of intellect, gifted creatures, enlightened age, master-mind, philosophical research, human understanding, test of reason," &c. &c. &c.

I by no means pretend that Miss Jane Scrubbs uttered these words and phrases in the precise order in which I give them, as that is a matter of not the slightest importance. Suffice it to say, that without uttering one sentence possessing a grain of meaning, she did, most ingeniously and didactically, ring the changes upon them for a full quarter of an hour, repeating the phrase, "women of mind" more frequently than any other to be found in the march-of-intellect vocabulary of cant.

Miss Scrubbs's lantern was announced. The lady, accompanied by the editor (the offer of whose escort she condescendingly accepted), took her leave. As the former quitted the room, Miss Cripps muttered something about its being "easy to see through *that*—the mean-spiritedness of ear-wigging editors—fishing for a puff of her new conundrum."

"Masculine-minded creature!" exclaimed Hoppy, with a gesture of admiration.

"Thinks for herself upon all points, moral, political, and social!" exclaimed Rummins.

"Not a prejudice remaining!" responded the M. C., "and no more religion than a horse!"

"Woman of mind!" exclaimed the banker; "and to my certain knowledge, Miss Scrubbs will not be eighteen till the end of next month.—Pray, my dear Hoppy, did you ever see her baby that is at nurse in the Vale of Health?"

"Saw it yesterday," replied the M. C., "and a fine child it is for only five months old."

"Noble-minded creature!" exclaimed the banker. "Her whole income is but forty pounds a-year—you know she *cashes* at our house—yet she maintains it at her own expense rather than"——

Here Miss Cripps interfered. "I can't help saying, Mr. Rummins, that—*considering—circumstances*—I am by no means pleased at your inviting *her* when you expected *me*."

"You surprise me, Miss Cripps!" replied the F.S.A. "You, who



yourself are a woman of mind, ought to know that women of mind are above the vulgar prejudices by which women of common intellect submit to be governed. It is the peculiar privilege of mind, of original thinking, of daring investigation, to—to emancipate itself from a—I should say, from the——”

“Miss Cripps’s lantern!” cried the little maid, just popping her head in at the door. She did not add “stops the way,” but what, unfortunately indeed, its arrival *did* stop, was Mr. Rummins’s speech. Whilst the lady was busied outside the room in putting on her clogs, and affixing to her head a contrivance which, in form, mechanism, and almost in size, resembled the hood of an old-fashioned one-horse-*shay*, Mr. Yawkins said to Hoppy—

“Very unfeeling on the part of Miss Cripps to be so hard about poor Miss Scrubbs, when it is very well known that——”

“But that happened so *many* years ago she has naturally forgotten all about it,” replied Hoppy.

“Aye, that’s true,” rejoined the banker; “so, as she herself has forgotten all about it, she naturally supposes that nobody else remembers it.”

“What *I* blame her for,” said the F.S.A., “is, that being *herself* a highly-gifted creature—for I look upon the bad English she writes, and her faults in pronounciation, as owing merely to her want of education and breeding—what *I* blame her for is——Hush! here she comes.”

Miss Cripps curtsied and withdrew, accompanied by the M.C. who, as he handed her down stairs, whispered to her that the evening would have been perfect had there been a little dancing. “But,” added he, “the fault of these meetings is, that most people come for the purpose of showing themselves off. Now, though I was dying to play two or three of my new quadrille tunes, and had actually got my flageolet in my pocket for the purpose, I could not, for the soul of me, get an opportunity.”

“Well, my dear Rummins,” said the banker, “I have to thank you for another great treat. Talented creatures! People of mind! Would give the world to be able to understand what they talk about! But, though I myself don’t pretend to be anybody or anything,”—(Here he once more jingled the money in his pocket.)—“I’m never so happy as when I am in the company of intellectual people.”—(Here he yawned.)—“Good night, my dear Rummins. Nothing was wanting to make the evening perfectly delightful but a rubber at sixpenny *longs*. Good night.”

It was now my turn to thank the F.S.A. for the treat I had enjoyed.

“I can’t say much for it, Sir,” replied he. “Nobody admires poetry, and music, and the fine arts, more than I do, but one may have too much of them. They ought not altogether to supersede more important matters. What between Miss Cripps, and Daubson, and Snargate, and my illustrious friend, Jubb,—who, by the by, is *much* too fond of reading his own productions—I was prevented reading a *rather* interesting paper of my own, wherein I cite two hundred and fifty-three authorities to prove that our church was built in 1694—not 1695, the date usually assigned to it: thus, Sir, thus proving its greater antiquity by one entire year!”

The rain pouring down in torrents! No umbrella. Mr. Rummins’s



taken by Mr. Hoppy, who will not return it till the morning. No sending to the nearest stand for a hackney-coach, for the satisfactory reason that, there being no hackney-coaches here, there is no stand to send to. There is, indeed, one fly kept in the town—*that*, it must be acknowledged, is a considerable convenience—but it is never let out after ten at night, unless bespoke in the morning. Grope my way home in the dark. Find myself in the Vale of Health, and over the ankles in water. Meet *the* new-policeman, to whose vigilance (*vice* two old watchmen, deposed) is intrusted the safety of the whole town. Sets me on my right road. Find myself in mine inn. Wet through.

*Eleven o'clock.*—Bethought me of the words of the landlady at Squashmire-gate—"Ah! Sir, if all the world were Little Pedlington it would be too fine a place, and too good, for us poor sinners to live in!" I have passed three entire days in this, the *beau-ideal* of a country-town: I have seen all it has to show of places, things, and people: I have observed its society in all its modes, forms, and grades, carefully noting their habits, their manners, their feelings, and their characters. Now, without a partiality or a prejudice to indulge, I declare that—But it is time to go to bed.

*Thursday, June 18th.*—I am again in London; and, sinner as I am, LONDON, with all its wicked people in it, is good enough for me.

P\*.

## TO THE MEMORY OF JAMES WHITE, ESQ.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

Thou shalt not lack a flower to grace thy bier,  
 Although of wintry growth and faded hue.  
 For well it meriteth as warm a tear  
     As ever friendship from affection drew—  
     Oh! noble spirit—generous, kind, and true,  
 Alive to all that must thy name endear;  
     With talent graced, and knowledge, given to few  
 E'en in the ranks of learning's proudest sphere:  
 Accept this tribute—far below thy worth,  
     But, like thy lays, unprompted and sincere.  
 I may not hope to meet again on earth  
 A friend like thee—new shoots have not their birth  
     In autumn's withering days, when blighting grief  
     Rends the chill'd bosom and the sered leaf.

*November 25th.*

B. H.



## CRITICAL NOTICES.

St. John in Patmos. By the Rev. W. L. Bowles.

Mr. Bowles furnishes another instance, in addition to that of Dryden, that the most vigorous efforts of imagination are not at all times incompatible with advancing years, and that the lamp of poetry may burn with increased brightness, as its bearer proceeds amidst the gathering mists and shadows, which beset the path of man, when approaching the undiversified and wintry regions of age. In his last poem, the qualities which rendered his former productions so generally popular will be found to display themselves with undiminished claims to approbation. The sweetness of his versification, and that delicacy and gentleness of feeling, which imparted a power at once immediately felt, and lasting in its influence, to the earlier efforts of his muse, remains still unimpaired, while the sublime imagery of the Apocalypse has imparted a nervous energy and force to his recent poem, which could scarcely be considered characteristic of the works, by which he has won a conspicuous place among the poets of his day. Yet it is chiefly to detached portions of his latter work that we consider thus much of approbation to be justly due. As a whole it is unequal, and we cannot but think the plan of breaking the continuity of the divine vision vouchsafed to the beloved apostle detrimental to the general effect. The provinces of earth and heaven, of the tangible present, and the mysterious future, are thus involved and perplexed in a manner which makes it at times a difficult matter to determine the precise limits of either. Mr. Bowles's poem, in this respect, resembles the ornaments fabricated by oriental jewellers, in which the gems indeed are of the purest water, but the setting very often of a workmanship unworthy of the stones it is intended to connect and display to the best advantage. The sonnets at the end of the volume are like all those which have hitherto proceeded from Mr. Bowles's pen, distinguished for elegance, feeling, continuous melody, and a judgment as correct as the sentiment which has dictated them.

Mr. Bowles is one of the oldest of our living poets ; how little hazard he runs of seeing the laurels pass from his own brows to those of his junior competitors in the tuneful art, the present volume affords a convincing illustration. We make our notice somewhat brief, in order that we may have space to subjoin one or two beautiful fragments, which we have hastily selected from a multitude of others equally worthy of quotation.

CYBELE.

“ Turn to the south : there are the pines of Crete,  
And, hark ! the frantic Corybantes shout  
To Cybele, the mother of the gods,  
Drawn by gaunt lions in her car ; they move  
In stern subjection, and with footfall slow,  
And shaggy necks hung down, though their red eyes  
Flash fire beneath ; silent and slow they pace :  
Mid cymbals, shouts, and songs, and clashing swords,  
Pipes, and the dissonance of brazen drums,  
She bears aloft her calm head turreted.”

### OPENING OF THE FOURTH SEAL.

" The fourth seal  
 Is open now, and the fourth cherubim  
 Cries, ' Come and see.'  
 " *Voice.* What seest thou ?  
 " *John.* A pale horse.  
 " *Voice.* And rider !  
 " *John.* Yes, a dire anatomy—  
 As he rides on, nations with terror shriek—  
 ' Death ! ' and the gulf of hell shoots forth its flame  
 After the footfall of that ghastly horse.



The rider shouts, and haggard Famine crawls,  
 With wan and wasted visage, from her cave ;  
 And Pestilence, spreading unseen in air,  
 Breathes, and ten thousand perish, and wild beasts  
 Howl in the city of the dead, and feed  
 Upon the black and countless carcasses."

PART OF THE ROBBER'S NARRATIVE.

" Here wedded, and by Israel's law made one,  
 I lived, a fisher toiling with his net,  
 To gain our daily bread ; but soon my heart  
 Beat for a wider scene—for enterprise—  
 The soul of a young soldier ; and with thoughts  
 Stirring and restless, after twelve long months,  
 We came by Tabor to the western sea.  
 I had a robber's cavern at the foot  
 Of Carmel, and oft skimm'd the neighbouring plains  
 On my fleet battle-horse, with spurs of blood ;  
 Here I was joined by soldiers, desperate  
 And outcast as myself. We were a band  
 Of secret and of fearful brotherhood  
 That tenanted these caverns ; but my wife,  
 When we were absent and the cave was still,  
 Wept for the love of those who were no more—  
 Trembled, and wept for me. When I return'd  
 Weary at night, she sat and sang to me ;  
 And sometimes when she was alone whole days,  
 She wander'd o'er the mountains, gathering flowers,  
 Hyacinths, lilies, anemonies,—  
 And when my hands were bloody, gave to me,  
 With trembling hands, and sadness in her look.  
 Why should I think, or sigh, or feel remorse ?  
 Was I not leader of the bravest band  
 That ever shook their flashing scimitars  
 Against the morning sun ? But oh, that look !  
 How has it thrill'd even to my inmost heart !  
 One child, the pledge of our affection, died ;  
 And now she roved in morning dew no more.  
 And oft when I return'd with gore-stain'd brow,  
 I saw a strange, sad wandering in her eyes ;—  
 Alas ! her gentle mind was gone. She sang—  
 She gazed upon my face—she smiled—she died !  
 And her last words were—' O Jerusalem !  
 Jerusalem !' I buried her in peace,  
 Without a name, among the mountain flowers.  
 And now my heart was hardened as a rock  
 Against the world. I heard no soothing voice ;  
 I never looked upon a human face  
 With tenderness again. A darker shade  
 Of passions gathered on my lonely heart,  
 Till love, and charity, and pity died."

Colburn's Modern Novelists.—Granby (complete in a single volume).

By T. H. Lister, Esq.

This novel has been written eleven years—it is nearly ten, we believe, since we first read it, and our impression after perusing it within the last few hours, in its *now* portable and pleasing form, is, that it is, without exception, one of the most *gentlemanly* books of its class. We do not know of any epithet more proper to apply to it than the one we have used. The moment you open the volume you feel in good society, whether the characters are every-day people (the most difficult in the world to write about)—or like Mr. Trebeck (*the* Trebeck), " who is very fine, and every-thing of that sort, but pleasant, remarkably pleasant, where he is known "



—or “grave, or gay, or lively, or severe”—still a tone of high breeding is over all, and in all; the wit is the wit of a gentleman—the sentiments are those of a gentleman—the information, though slightly sprinkled, is such as only a gentleman could either acquire or disseminate in an entertaining manner. The story is well conceived, and naturally developed. In the unassuming preface which Mr. Lister has prefixed to this edition, he reverts to an article which appeared in the “Quarterly” of 1826, where it was stated that “Granby” was an imitation of “Matilda, a Tale of the Day,” the composition of Lord Mulgrave. Mr. Lister, however, proves in the most satisfactory manner that this could not be the case, for Mr. Colburn had received “Granby” from the hands of its author *two months* before “Matilda” appeared. Critics should be very cautious in making assertions of this description. Nothing was more likely than that two young men, both highly educated, and both moving in the same circle, should entertain the same, or nearly the same, views of society; but the *styles* of “Matilda” and “Granby” are so essentially different, that we are rather surprised at the observation being made.

“Granby” forms the 11th volume of Mr. Colburn’s “Modern Novelists.” Well may *modern* literature be termed cheap, when we recall the enormous sums paid for the copyright of the novels published in this popular and beautiful edition, and think of the small sum at which the productions of the most celebrated men of the age can be procured. We are lost in astonishment at the amazing demand there must be for works of the imagination, to render it worth a publisher’s while to run the risk of sending them forth at so low a price, in so beautiful a manner.

#### Memoirs of Mr. Matthias D’Amour.

This is a highly interesting little work. It is the memoirs of a man who is now in the 87th year of his age, who during the earlier part of his life lived as servant with some of the most illustrious of the noble families of this country. Above ten years were spent in the service of the Duchess of Gordon, at that most eventful period of British history, when the senate was adorned by Pitt and Fox, and the happiness and well-being of the country were jeopardized by the French revolution and the consequent spread of republican principles. The Duchess, as is well known, took extraordinary interest in public affairs, and was intimate with those who played a distinguished part in the political arena. At her table, Mr. D’Amour had an opportunity of seeing the great orators of the age in their moments of social ease, when the piquant anecdote—quick repartee, and bright flashes of wit enlivened the joyous hour. The following anecdote shows how a great mind occasionally unbends.

—“It may not be unsatisfactory to such as admire splendid talents, like those displayed by Mr. Pitt, to have an instance given how his great mind could amuse itself by jocularities. As I was one day passing through the rooms after my accustomed avocations, I met with Mr. Pitt and Lady Charlotte Gordon conversing together in the drawing-room. Lady Charlotte, having some order to give me, commenced as usual, ‘Mr. D’Amour’—Mr. Pitt, purposely interrupting her speech by taking the sentence from her lips, added, ‘You are desired to bring one of the Shetland ponies up stairs immediately.’ I smiled and bowed acquiescence, but stood a moment or two to give the lady time to finish what she had intended to have said. What Mr. Pitt had proposed, however, in jest, she determined to surprise him with in earnest, and while they were mutually laughing, she stepped towards me, and in a low tone of voice bade me do as he had said. I hastened down stairs, being always well pleased to fulfil a good-humoured command, sought the groom, got the pony saddled, and had him led up stairs; the easy ascent of which he mounted very gracefully. When I opened the door and announced the arrival, (and surely it was the first announcement of the kind ever made,) Mr. Pitt’s powerful voice, exercised in abundant laughter, resounded through a great part of the mansion. After parading the pony round, the Prime Minister, to finish the joke, tied a white handkerchief to the bit of the bridle, and led him down stairs with his own



hand, not, however, till the animal had deposited upon the floor of the drawing-room an indubitable proof of his having made himself quite at home."

The following passage, in which a vivid picture of the then gay Prince of Wales is given, will not be read without interest. It is certainly true to nature.

"The balls and entertainments given at our house in London were truly in a prince-like style of magnificence. I have frequently known us have not less than five or six hundred individuals in the house at once, comprehending, of course, the most fashionable and gay of all the nobility and gentry about town. I believe it was not long after the date of the circumstances last enumerated, that our Duchess gave a ball of particular magnificence and splendour. I can even now imagine that I see her at supper, seated before me, with the Prince of Wales and Mrs. Fitzherbert on her left, and the youthful Duke of Orleans on her right. The Prince, whom any one might have known for such at the first glance, himself the first in apparent as in real dignity beneath the King himself; and the Duke of Orleans, afterwards an unhappy victim to democratic misrule in his own country, then one of the gayest of the gay. Methinks I see the Prince of Wales, in his own style of dignified condescension, turning this way and that, as he led the conversation, that none might be overlooked, and that all might be pleased.

"On the occasion alluded to, I remember, that just as the Prince had been giving way to his peculiar happy style of jocularly, the Duchess remarked, that 'whoever should live to see it, his Royal Highness would make a singular king.' Gathering up his face into the very picture of seriousness, he replied, 'Pardon me, your Grace, I think the honour of England has been so degraded of late, that the crown would scarcely be worth the wearing.' The Prince, in this speech, alluded to the peace which England had been forced into with America and its allies; and the Duchess, remembering who sat at her right hand, without a moment's hesitation rejoined, 'And, Sir, pardon me in return—I think England, having had the magnanimity to defend herself against four such powerful and persevering assailants, and having had the means of making such an honourable peace, betokens that the honour of Great Britain was never more free from tarnish than at this moment.' A murmur of applause went through the company, in which the Duke of Orleans joined as well as the rest."

It would be easy to select many other passages equally interesting as these, but we beg to refer to the work itself, which will richly repay perusal. The memoirs are not fictitious, nor the exaggerated description of real occurrences; but the simple and unadorned stories of a man who was peculiarly situated for observing the actions of the great, being admitted behind the scenes. The work is written by a Mr. Paul Rodgers, from the recitals of Mr. D'Amour himself, and very ably has he executed his task. His style is clear, forcible and simple; there is no verbosity—no inflated sentences—no attempt at fine writing. The style is in excellent keeping with the biographical sketches.

*The Self-condemned.* By the Author of "*The Lollards.*" 3 vols.

It is long since we have been called upon to notice a new work by the author of "*The Lollards.*" We remember, however, with pleasure and gratitude the enjoyment we received years ago from the perusal of his earlier works. More recent authors may have succeeded better in developing character; genius of a higher order may have been directed to the production of fiction, but there are few, if any, who have been more successful in achieving that which is the chief aim and object of romance—deep and engrossing interest. The scene of the "*Self-condemned*" is laid in Ireland, during the reign of Elizabeth, a period so remote as perhaps to render it comparatively unnecessary for the writer to be well acquainted with the country of which he writes. It is evident that Mr. Gaspey knows Ireland only from books; he has not, therefore, gone deeply into its history, or portrayed persons essentially and exclusively Irish. His hero, young Nagle, might belong to either of the three kingdoms. The story of the novel is



chiefly founded on the guilty passion which the young chieftain cherishes for a wedded matron, and for which he is "self-condemned." His sister is at once beautiful and good; and an English knight, who is first a spy, and afterwards a friend in the castle of the gallant Irishman, is skilfully drawn. The book is full of hair-breadth 'scapes as wild, as exciting, and as romantic as any romance-reader could desire. The best character of the volumes is, we think, an honest daring sort of Henchman, Cormack, who is of course devoted hand and heart to the service of his lord, and ready to do any act that his master may require. If we are not so well satisfied with Mr. Gaspey in Ireland as with Mr. Gaspey in England, we may still congratulate him on having given us an agreeable addition to our stock of novels, of which the present season has been so fertile.

### Life of General Washington. Vol. II.

Commencing with the accession of the French alliance to the great cause of American independence, and conducting us through the last scenes of the momentous contest by which that independence was secured, to the no less dangerous tempests of civil discontent and jealousy by which the infant republic of the United States was, shortly after its establishment, assailed,—the second volume of the "Life of Washington," by showing the great hero of that interesting epoch sustaining by turns the character of the triumphant leader of the armies of his country, of the presiding magistrate at her councils, and finally of the unostentatious citizen retiring from the great theatre in which he had long been the chief object of attraction, to enjoy the fruits of a liberty principally purchased by his own exertions, has given Mr. Edmonds a favourable opportunity for displaying that accurate talent for delineation of character, and that ready aptitude in seizing the slightest shades capable of giving warmth and tone to his subject, in which the chief merit of the able biographer consists; nor has he proved himself unworthy of finishing the portrait which, in his first volume, we have seen so successfully begun. Whether we are called to consider Washington, like his prototype the great Turenne, as the cool and sagacious warrior, often baffled but never discouraged, deriving fresh confidence from failure, and a new motive to exertion from defeat; or as the vigilant pilot of a newly-established state, watching and directing its course with a steady zeal, which not even the ingratitude and suspicions of his countrymen could abate; or, lastly, in the capacity of a contented member of a free community, turning, like the ancient dictators of Rome, from scenes of tumult and contention to his pasture and his glebe, but still ready to renew sacrifices and privations already encountered whenever summoned from the sweets of domestic privacy by the urgent appeal of his country,—we still find, with every varying character, an equal and unfailing interest, and that deep-seated admiration and attention which can only be excited by singular and unvarying excellence, depicted by a skilful and masterly hand. Nor is Mr. Edmonds less successful when he rises from a contemplation of individual sentiment and action to examine the important political questions connected with his subject. In the chapter devoted to an examination of the causes, results, and principles of the American war, there is much eloquent writing, as well as sound and unbiassed judgment; and the parallel drawn between the French and American Revolutions discovers discriminative talents of the highest order.

Upon the whole, we cannot but consider this work as supplying a place of great importance in one of the most eventful eras of history; and as deserving deep and extensive consideration, not only from the great ability with which it has been executed, but as containing the first germ and indication of those mighty principles which have since convulsed Europe to its centre; which, at the present hour, are not in their least energetic,



although not most ostentatious, action ; and the final effect of which upon the moral destinies of the human race, the most vivid imagination perhaps can scarcely anticipate, or the most acute sagacity determine. That all, upon rising from its perusal, will find their judgments much improved with respect to historical facts of unfailing interest,—their attention deeply excited by the narrative of a struggle distinguished no less by its varying character than by its astonishing issue,—and their admiration raised to the highest degree by the exhibition of virtues as shining in their character as rare in their occurrence,—we do not feel the least hesitation in affirming.

#### Records of a London Clergyman.

The value of this work will of course principally depend upon the authenticity of the narrative it embodies, and gravely professing to contain the actual experience of a Christian minister, in connexion with individuals of various temperaments and habits ; we do not of course look either for merely imaginative scenes, or actual facts distorted by misrepresentation, in its pages. The question is not, how far the fancy may be rendered subservient to the cause of religion, by setting before the reader the effects of known principles, under circumstances purely fictitious, where there is no probability of fiction being mistaken for reality ; but whether or not it is justifiable in any man to set forth as actually authentic a series of facts in direct relation to religion, which either have had no existence whatever, or are remembered “with advantages,” and overlaid with colours which leave little of their original hue ; and this question we think every one who considers truth the proper basis of every sacred impulse will readily answer in the negative. Now we have little doubt that the “Records of a London Clergyman,” if really written by such a person, have been grievously distorted, for the mere purpose of producing effect. The *monstrum nullâ virtute redemptum*, who is the hero of the gambler’s confession, notwithstanding the degree of abandonment to which the human character may sink, is too extravagantly painted to gain the credence of any reasonable being as to his having ever existed ; and the same remark, more or less modified, will extend to the young lady in the second chapter, and the absurd circumstances contained in the twenty-ninth and thirtieth. If mere powerful writing had been professedly the object of the author, we willingly admit that his aim could not have been better attained than in the arrangement and working up of his “Records,” which possess an interest which will be likely to be long felt and remembered by those who peruse them. With respect to the execution of the work we have no disparaging remarks to make ; our objection lies wholly against its principle.

Japhet in Search of a Father. 3 vols.

The Pirate and the Three Cutters. With illustrations by C. Stanfield, R.A.

Frank Mildmay. The 3 vols. in one.

The works enumerated above have all been published within the last three months, and they are all from the fertile and powerful pen of Captain Marryat. They have not all been written of late, however ; the first appeared from time to time in a periodical work, and the last is a re-issue of, we believe, his earliest novel, as one of the series of “Colburn’s Modern Novelists.” Our friend “Japhet” is an old acquaintance, who won our favour long ago, and who is not the less welcome because he greets us unaccompanied by the many tiresome companions with whom he was formerly associated. The novel is rather a collection of scenes than a distinct and direct story, embellished with sketches and portraits from real life, for no one would, and we doubt if any one could, imagine, such as



Captain Marryat brings forward in his book ; they are so completely of the ocean, *oceanly*—if we may coin a word,—so *sea-worthy* in every respect, that it is at once evident to the reader that the nautical observation of a genuine seaman has been at work.

“The Pirate and the Three Cutters,” *with illustrations*, is a species of publication which will, we doubt not, be speedily succeeded by many of a similar class ; and we know nothing more desirable than the combination of such literature and art. Mr. Stanfield has illustrated the pictorial portions of the tales most appropriately. The scenes from “The Pirate” are singularly dramatic, and the eye and the intellect are gratified together. In a literary point of view, Captain Marryat never produced anything better than “The Pirate.” He was not under the necessity of stretching out the story beyond its interest, and consequently it is more vigorous than his other productions : there is not a scene nor a line to spare—every point tells—there is no spare canvass. But while we praise “The Pirate,” we are constrained to pass a somewhat different sentence upon “The Three Cutters,” which, though perfectly “sea-worthy,” and affording Mr. Stanfield an opportunity of displaying his knowledge as to the style and formation of the several vessels, is little more than a vehicle for the artist’s talents.

“Frank Mildmay” is, perhaps, as a whole, the most attractive of all Captain Marryat’s productions. The juvenile pranks of the hero, the careless buoyant spirit of the young seaman, the contrasts between landman and seamen, and land and sea sharks, are all admirably depicted ; and though the tale bears evident symptoms of careless composition, it is admirable as a whole, and, in its present form, must be highly acceptable to all book purchasers.

#### Paris and the Parisians. By Frances Trollope.

Mrs. Trollope, in her style of composition, and in the turn, not the tone, of her observations, reminds us frequently of Lady Morgan. She is, in fact, the Lady Morgan of Toryism. Flippant though she be, she is shrewd and observant ; her perceptions are singularly quick, and all she writes is amusing, partly because of the originality of her own ideas, and partly because she has a curious way of illustrating the ideas of others. She is not ill-natured, though she writes ill-natured things from a desire to appear clever, and a love of singularity. Her “Paris and the Parisians,” although it has enough and to spare of politics, her own politics especially, is not by any means so political as we expected. There is a brightness about her portraits, especially in the sketch of Madame Recamier, that at once fixes upon our memory. She chatters pleasantly about Mademoiselle Mars ; about the exhibition of living artists at the Louvre ; about the Lyons prisoners ; about tinning kettles ; about political chances ; about the literature of the revolutionary school ; about the charm of *belle conversation* (which, we confess, Mrs. Trollope perfectly understands) ; about a thousand other Parisian matters, and enters most fully upon the merits, or rather demerits, of Victor Hugo ; but Mrs. Trollope denies him merit of every kind, and affirms that, in France—(where his publications sell by the thousand,—in France, where his dramas are crowned with the most enthusiastic applause a French audience can bestow)—Mrs. Trollope gravely asserts that, in France, Victor Hugo is *unpopular* ! In this opinion the lady has been guided by the judgment of the one, not the voice of the many ; but the fiat of the one tallied with her own, and is recorded, while the judgment of the many is forgotten.

Victor Hugo is exactly the man to be popular in France : his extravagant action, his wild but vivid descriptions, his unnatural passions, are the food which Parisians luxuriate upon, more even than the high dishes which have aroused much of Mrs. Trollope’s bile.



It is but justice, however, having blamed and praised so far, to recommend the book as exceedingly entertaining ; it will help to spend an unoccupied hour cheerfully at this season, for the merits and demerits of Parisian society must always afford a topic for discussion in our more quiet *salons*. No ; John Bull does not yet understand the character of his more volatile neighbour, and whatever tends to throw light upon that character is, to a certain degree, useful. Mrs. Trollope, having, as is well known, a political bias before she visited Paris, cannot be expected at once to cast it from her ; she would of course see things in a very different light from an observer of different principles—truth perhaps lying between both. The volumes are embellished by several very spirited etchings by Mr. A. Hervieu.

### What is Phrenology ?

It is far more easy to sneer at a science than to disprove its truth. It takes time and labour to establish the theory, much less the practice, of any system, and we know of no modern art that has been more stormed at, or more ridiculed than phrenology ; yet it maintains its ground. All its professors ask is a patient investigation of its merits : this is the very thing denied it by its adversaries ; they endeavour to get over the malformation of their own heads by sneering at the heads of others : but despite the efforts made for its destruction, the science gains converts, particularly on the continent, and many distinguished members of philosophical societies have adopted it altogether. We cannot but regret that the description of the several organs is so briefly given in the work before us ; it might be increased with advantage, and still the volume would not be too large. Those who have only heard of phrenology have an opportunity, through the medium of this small publication, of becoming acquainted with its foundation and outline, and will be enabled in a great degree to judge as to the claims it advances upon public attention. To all who seek and value truth we sincerely recommend it. It pretends to be nothing more than a “ first step ” to knowledge—merely an alphabet, in fact—but it is written in a clear and unassuming style ; and its perusal cannot fail to tempt the reader to seek a more intimate acquaintance with the subject. Mr. Saunders has conferred an obligation on all who desire to have the science examined and appreciated. It is “ got up ” in an exceedingly neat and attractive form, and is published at a trifling cost.

### Oceanic Sketches.

So much has lately been said on the subject of Polynesia, as to leave but little to be added by the most enterprising and intelligent observer. Yet Mr. Nightingale's gleanings in a field which has been so ably reaped are, upon the whole, more numerous and valuable than might at first sight have been expected. He is possessed of acuteness and enterprise, and we have no doubt that the testimony he has given to the zealous exertions of the missionaries in the different islands of the Pacific, and the happy results which, in a manner all but miraculous, have almost universally attended their labours, will have its proper weight in encouraging those engaged, either directly or indirectly, in the great work of the conversion of the inhabitants of that part of the world to the Christian faith. The principal islands visited by Mr. Nightingale were the Marquesas,—where he narrowly escaped death at the hands of the ferocious natives,—Huahini, Otaheite, Rorotonga, and the Navigator Islands. The state of manners in each of these, and the contrast between those in which Christianity has been planted, and such as are still labouring under the darkness of idolatry, are briefly and impartially described ; and such facts as Mr. Nightingale has related require no comment. We trust his work will meet with extensive circulation, and prove additionally useful in controverting a series of calumnies, which have been shamelessly propagated, to underrate both



the exertions of the missionaries in the Pacific Ocean, and the effects which have followed their endeavours. The volume is illustrated by well-executed plates ; and a list of scarce ferns collected by Mr. Nightingale, and arranged by Dr. Hooker, will prove interesting to the botanical reader.

The Works of Dr. Channing. 2 vols.

We have here collected, in two neat volumes, the works of a man whose celebrity has extended across the Atlantic. The name of William Ellery Channing is as much respected in the United Kingdom as in the United States, and we cannot doubt but that the speculation entered into by our Scottish neighbours will be crowned with the success it deserves. Whatever difference of opinion may arise as to Dr. Channing's peculiar tenets on particular subjects, there can be but one as to the noble independence of his character and the fertility of his imagination—a fertility which has been reduced to usefulness by the cultivation of his vigorous and benevolent intellect. The first volume contains “Remarks on the Character and Writings of John Milton,”—“Remarks on the Character and Life of Napoleon Bonaparte,” whom, by the way, we do not think Dr. Channing appreciated as he deserved, and many other celebrated reviews, we believe for the first time collected. There are also some discourses, but his finest sermons are contained in the second volume. They are astonishing productions, and deserve a high place in the library of every divine throughout the world, whether of the Established or sectarian Church. America may well be proud of such a man.

History of the English Language and Literature.

Considering the great degree of merit which is generally to be found in the productions of Mr. Chambers's pen, we can scarcely consider the present work deserving of the name attached to it, far less do we think it entitled to the appellation of a “History of the English Language and Literature,” unless, indeed, such superficial notices, as might almost make part of a mere chronological table of the various names remarkable in our literary annals, have a just claim to be considered such. To those who wish for correct dates respecting the births and deaths of eminent English writers, or information of the exact periods at which their several works have appeared, the volume will certainly prove of much service ; but for purposes beyond this, we do not know to what kind of readers it can be recommended. When a work is published under so comprehensive a title, and professing, moreover, “to be suitable to the more advanced classes in English academies, and to serve as a text-book for lectures in mechanics' institutes, from the pages of which an active teacher may easily produce a series of lectures, little else being necessary than to add to the specimens of progressive literature from the numerous sources at his command,” we are certainly justified in expecting something like a satisfactory series of critiques on at least the most popular writers in our language. But how stands the case ? The notice of Milton occupies about two pages of small octavo ; that of Locke half a page ; Spenser about one page and a half ; Akenside, ten lines ; Gibbon, not quite a page, &c. &c.—and yet to these meagre outlines it will be scarcely necessary for a lecturer on English literature to add anything but additional illustrations. Surely Mr. Chambers must imagine his popular classes—in whose education the “History of English Literature” is of course to form an important part—to possess such a taste for information as will be very easily satisfied.

The Martyr of Verulam, and other Poems. By Thomas Ragg.

The “Martyr of Verulam” is a somewhat long poem, in the octosyllabic metre, founded on the well-known legend of St. Alban, and, considering the disadvantages under which its author, a simple mechanic of



Nottingham, has laboured, is a work well worthy the patronage of the public. Faults there undoubtedly are both in its conception and composition, but these are amply atoned for by elegance and pathos, deep religious feeling, and that stamp of originality which seldom fails to characterise the writings of the self-educated poet, who has drawn both his faults and his beauties from himself alone.

---

### MUSICAL NOTICES.

- No. 1.—I chose Thee not, my Fanny, for thy Face. Poetry by Miss Downing; Music by John Barnett.
- No. 2.—I remember, I remember, how my Childhood fled by. Poetry by M. Praed, Esq.; Music by Mrs. Edward Fitzgerald.
- No. 3.—The Old Kirkyard. Poetry and Music by T. H. Bayly, Esq.
- No. 4. Glycine's Song, from Coleridge's "Zapolya." Music by W. Patten.
- No. 5. Les Fleurs de France; Quadrilles. The Subjects selected from the Works of Auber, Boieldieu, Herold, and Labarre.

We have selected, from a "heap" of publications, five compositions—the best of those sent, we suppose, rather for approval than criticism; for, to confess the truth, criticism they could not bear. It would be breaking butterflies upon the wheel to dissect three pages of what, in seven cases out of ten, is miserable music, with poetry "to match."

No. 1—"I chose Thee not, my Fanny, for thy Face"—is not by any means one of Mr. Barnett's best; but though we cannot say "Well done," the composer never does ill, and we have heard the song praised, though it is not exactly to our taste.

No. 2—"I remember, I remember, how my Childhood fled by"—is a sweetly-modulated ballad in three flats. The words and music harmonize charmingly; and the *refrain* would bear a second, which we think improves its effect.

No. 3—"The Old Kirkyard." Mr. Haynes Bayly's simple songs are only surpassed by those of Thomas Moore. This one does not please us so much as many of his compositions: there is but little music in it; but that little is fitted to the pathetic sentiment of the poetry. The key is not a pleasant one for the generality of female singers; for a soprano it should be transposed to E flat—a third higher.

No. 4—"Glycine's Song." Those who know Coleridge's poetry will remember the beautiful words that Mr. Patten has arranged with considerable skill. It commences by a recitative in C major, followed by a movement in common time. This is succeeded by an *allegretto*, commencing at the words—

" Sweet month of May,  
We must away,  
Far, far away—to-day! to-day!"

We recommend it to our musical friends.

No. 5—"Les Fleurs de France." These quadrilles are judiciously selected, pleasingly arranged, and easily executed.

---



## LITERARY REPORT.

THE eleventh periodical volume of "Colburn's Novelists" comprises Mr. Lister's tale of fashionable life, "Granby." It is justly remarked by the "Edinburgh Review," that the great success of this novel is owing chiefly to its "very easy and natural picture of manners, as they really exist among the upper classes; to the description of new characters, judiciously drawn and faithfully preserved." The present volume, like its predecessors in the same collection, is elegantly printed, and bound, similarly to Mr. Murray's beautiful edition of Lord Byron's Works, and is graced by a fine portrait of the author and a vignette, and the price only six shillings.

Captain Marryat's "Frank Mildmay," or the Adventures of a Naval Officer, is now completed in the cheap weekly re-issue of the Modern Novelists. Thus, in five shilling numbers, embellished with a striking portrait of the author of "Peter Simple," the public may obtain one of the most interesting works of fiction which has recently issued from the British press. The fourth work to be introduced into the weekly numbers is Horace Smith's popular historical romance, "Brambletye House," which is announced to consist of six numbers, with four elegant engravings.

Eleven numbers out of the twenty in which, we observe, the entire work is to be comprised, are now published of Count Las Cases' "Life of Napoleon," each number having a portrait or some striking illustration. "In these Memoirs," remarks a contemporary, "the reader is brought into domestic acquaintance and society with the modern Themistocles. The man whose fame filled the world, and whose arms had nearly subdued it to his dominion, sits 'shorn of his beams,' and baring his inmost heart to the faithful companion of his fallen fortunes."

Mr. Leitch Ritchie has nearly finished an historical romance in three volumes, to be called "The Magician." The scene is in France; the epoch, the end of the English dominion in the fifteenth century; and the main interest of the story arises out of circumstances connected with the favourite studies of the period, alchemy and magic.

Early in the present month will be published, with maps and a plan of Nineveh, Narrative of a Residence in Koordistan, and on the site of Ancient Nineveh, with Journal of a Voyage down the Tigris to Bagdad, and an account of a Visit to Shiraz and Persepolis, by the late Claudius James Rich, Esq., the Honourable East India Company's Resident at Bagdad.

In a few days, Chapters of Contemporary History, by Sir John Walsh, Bart.

Preparing for publication—Memoirs of Robert Lord Clive, collected from the Family Papers, communicated by the Earl of Powis; by Major-General Sir John Malcolm.

Just ready—The Despatches, Minutes, and Correspondence of the Most Noble the Mar-

quis Wellesley, now first collected and arranged, and revised by his Lordship.

Captain Back's Journal of the Arctic Land Expedition to the Mouth of the Great Fish River, and along the Shores of the Arctic Ocean, in the years 1833-4-5, will shortly make its appearance.

The Friends and Patrons of Thomas Miller, the Poet and Basket Maker, Author of "Songs of the Sea Nymphs," &c. intend publishing, by Subscription, for his benefit, a new Work which he has just completed, under the title of "A Day in the Woods;" being a connected Series of Tales and Poems, of which a most favourable report is given by many distinguished literary characters who have perused the Manuscript.

The venerable Archdeacon Wix has now in the press a Journal of his recent Missionary Labours in Newfoundland; giving a general description of that interesting country, and of the manners, customs, and religious feeling of its inhabitants.

We understand that Mr. Hallam is employed on the History of British Literature.

It is said that Lord Brougham is preparing his Decisions in Chancery for publication.

The Daughter of the Author of "The Balance of Comfort," has a Work in the press, under the title of The Governess, or Politics in Private Life.

A Work on the Physical and Intellectual Constitution of Man, will be published early next Month, by Edward Meryon, Esq., F. R. C. S., &c. &c.

The Poems of Ebenezer Elliott are, according to the new fashion, about to be re-issued in cheap weekly parts.

A new edition of Gifford's Poetical Translation of Juvenal's Satires, with Notes, &c., by Dr. Nuttall, is announced.

## IN THE PRESS.

Biblical Antiquities, translated from the German of John Jahn, D.D.

Heeren on the Influence of the Crusades.

The Political Antiquities of Greece, from the German of Carl Fredrick Hermann.

Wachsmuth; a Translation of the Historical Antiquities of Greece.

Ritter's History of Ancient Philosophy.

An Introduction to writing Hebrew; containing a series of progressive Exercises for Translation into Hebrew.

On the Causes and Objects of Local Disturbances in Ireland. By George Cornwall Lewis, Esq.

Elements of International Law. By Henry Wheaton, LL.D., Resident Minister from the United States to the Court of Berlin.

The Anglo-Polish Harp; consisting of Songs for Poland: to which will be added, Scenes from Longinus, Palmyra, and other poems. By Jacob Jones, Esq.

The Gallery of W. G. Corsvelt, Esq.; engraved in outline by M. Joubert.

An Essay on the Education of the Eye in reference to Painting. By John Burnet.



## FINE ARTS.

THE British Gallery will, we understand, be opened at the commencement of the month. The works of art have been sent in and arranged, and are said to possess attractions of the very highest order: an admirable and interesting exhibition may therefore be expected. We notice it thus early in order to direct towards it the attention of all patrons of art. The great principle of the institution is to promote the sale of such works as may not have been disposed of elsewhere. Of late years, the provincial exhibitions have largely contributed to accomplish the object for which the British Gallery was established; still, the institution has continued to produce the most beneficial influence upon art and artists. The list of its annual sales has increased from year to year.

Mr. George Hayter has, we understand, nearly finished his great picture of the House of Commons on the memorable evening of the 5th February, 1833: it contains portraits of all the leading members of the House of Commons who took part on either side during the struggle for the Reform Bill. It will be remembered that this artist painted the Trial of Queen Caroline, and, which is to us far more interesting and admirable than any other of his many works, the Trial of Lord William Russell. We believe Mr. Hayter has produced his present work without the remotest reference to politics. It will be still more valuable in consequence of the destruction of the House of Commons in which the eventful contest took place.

## PUBLICATIONS.

The "season" for prints is drawing near; as yet, few of any striking character have been issued. We perceive, however, that the three great houses—Colnaghi, Moon, and Hodgson and Graves—are making active preparations. Their announcements promise many fine works, the most prominent of which will be Wilkie's "John Knox," Landseer's "Bolton Abbey," and Lewis's "Spanish Monks."

Wanderings through North Wales. Nos. VIII., IX., and X.

Mr. Roscoe continues to give large attraction to this pleasant and useful work. The artists—Messrs. Cattermole, Creswick, and Cox—illustrate it very happily; Cattermole, in particular, gives to it a degree of interest such as is rarely found in a volume of landscapes.

Rome and its surrounding Scenery. Engraved by W. B. Cooke, from Drawings by various Artists.

We have received Nos. II. and III. of this publication; No. I. we have not seen. It does justice to the pictorial scenes that are found so abundantly within and without the Eternal City,—its churches, its palaces, its ruins,—far more interesting and important than its modern edifices—and the beauties of the far-famed Campagna. The work is cheap; the engravings are produced in that slight sketchy, but masterly style, which affords a better idea of the grandeur and peculiarities of the places delineated, than the more polished and finished efforts of the burin. The work will be an admirable "companion" to the celebrated one of Pinelli, and aptly illustrate the volumes of Sir William Gell.

Memorials of Oxford. No. XXXVII.

This publication continues to merit the praise it has so generally received. It must now be drawing towards a close; and, when completed, will be valuable either as a descriptive record of the most interesting of English cities, or as a collection of fine works of art.



Finden's Portrait and Landscape Illustrations of Lord Byron's Life and Works. Part I.

This is a re-issue of a work that has been long-established in popular favour; it varies, in some respects, from that which has already appeared. The letter-press is by Mr. Brockedon, and is skilfully and pleasantly written.

Switzerland. By William Beattie, M.D.; illustrated by W. H. Bartlett. No. XIX.

This publication also takes a high station among the embellished works of the day. It is ably written, and excellently illustrated; indeed, we know of no work that affords a clearer or better idea of the country it describes.

---

## THE DRAMA.

THEATRICAL critics are bound to pray for theatrical failures. It is in the season of distress, when the manager, not knowing what to do, flies from tragedy to farce and back again, till we can hardly distinguish one from the other—when he changes his performances nightly, and proves by the pieces produced that he is quite at his wits' end—it is then that the spirit of criticism reaps its richest harvest. When the houses are empty, the commentator finds "elbow room" for remark; but crowded audiences scarcely allow him to squeeze in an opinion. If the attraction be a fair and legitimate one, the public appreciation of a fine drama finely acted, we can but rejoice and congratulate, and tell the town that it is a monster of sagacity; if the attraction, on the other hand, be a false and foolish one, a rage for running to see some silly sublimity called a spectacle, only because the production of it has swallowed up the purchase-money of half a dozen tragedies and comedies—why, it seems ungracious to insist that the manager should have remained satisfied with an empty treasury, and that the public are very wrong and very ignorant in flocking together with no motive on earth but to be dazzled and delighted.

Just at this moment, when Drury Lane and Covent Garden are equally successful, the public taste may be both censured and applauded. The attraction is of a mixed quality. If gewgaw has some share in it, so also has genius; and the popular appetite is as strongly excited by the noble dramatic writing of Mr. Knowles, and the charming music of Auber, as by gorgeous absurdities and "inexplicable dumb show."

It is at Drury Lane that the music of Auber is to be heard, in the fairy opera of the *Bronze Horse*. It is indeed of a fairy character; and the charm of it is heightened by a feeling (can we confess it without disrespect?) of surprise. We had not given our composer credit for the buoyant ease and airy grace with which, after so many wearying years devoted to the drudgery of ballet-writing, and to themes little calculated to stimulate the imaginative faculty, he has here soared into the delightful realms of fancy. His spirit at once rises into the upper world of music, not like an eagle dallying with the wind, (grace, not grandeur, is the characteristic of this composition,) but like the lark singing at heaven's gate; and although the dramatic portion of the opera is the dreariest nonsense imaginable, although the music of Auber is doomed to bear upon its wings the heaviest weight of words that dulness ever invented, the spell that is woven around us by the admirable overture (which almost equals that of Masaniello) is continued unbroken to the close. The performance of the opera is honourable to our English vocalists. They exhibit the feeling of beauty, though they fail sometimes in the expression.

At Covent Garden, the re-appearance of Mr. Knowles for a few even-



ings in the *Hunchback*, served to summon the lovers of genuine dramatic poetry to a scene whence it appeared to be banished. The play has drawn crowded audiences for many nights together; its effect being aided, in the first instance, by the acting of its author, and by the grace and finish of Mr. Kemble's portraiture of Sir Thomas Clifford. But the novelty that still attracts is the new Julia—a real, genuine Julia—in the person of Miss Helen Faucit. Without going so far as to compare this new performance with the vivid and beautiful personation of Fanny Kemble, we must admit that there was nothing in Fanny Kemble's *first* successes that led us to hope so strongly for that consummation devoutly to be wished, a full-length delineation of female tragic character, as the promise held out by the Julia of to-day. She is very young, and full of all the true and beautiful impulses of youth. These she obeys to a degree beyond her power of perfect expression; the feeling is sometimes indicated rather than developed; but what she does, she seems to do naturally. Though deficient in the essential qualities of art, she has the sense to disdain artifice. She has, we think, too much truth ever to resort to trick. With all our recollections of her predecessor still fresh, we see her with real delight, and with a high hope that this fair dawn is no herald of the “uncertain glory of an April day,” but of a career steady as brilliant.

---

## PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

### ROYAL SOCIETY.

At a recent meeting there was read an account of a volcanic eruption which took place on the 20th of January, 1835, on the western coast of Central America. The writer commences his appalling narrative by observing, that there is no spot on the face of the earth more intersected by mountains and volcanic vents than Central America. A rich field is there opened to the man of science who has boldness sufficient to face the miasma of its valleys, and the mephitic vapour of its mines. The details of the eruptions, which he describes, are chiefly taken from voluminous official reports transmitted by the authorities on the spot to the executive; these all agree in the most minute particulars, and the author says it is impossible to read them without being struck with the beauty of the classic phraseology employed, which bears, in many instances, a great resemblance to the language used by Pliny in his well-known description of a like catastrophe. Immediately previous to the present, a beautiful cloud, resembling a huge plume of feathers, of the most brilliant white, was seen hovering over the bay, marked as the scene of approaching desolation; this cloud gradually assumed a grey colour, then a yellow, and finally became bright red. In the morning shocks were felt; the third and last were most terrific—though it was day it grew utterly dark, so that persons might touch each other without being seen: cattle returned to their folds, and fowls to their roost, as on the approach of night. The darkness continued till the next day at noon; but for ten succeeding days the light was murky. At St. Antonio and other adjacent places, ashes fell in great quantities; loud and awful echoes like discharges of artillery, and accompanied with lightning, persuaded the people that the day of judgment was at hand. Birds of the forest flew to the towns for refuge, and the banks of rivers, &c. were strewn with fish. In Segovia, and as far as eight leagues from the volcano, there fell dense showers of black sand. Thousands of cattle perished there, while others became masses of scorched flesh. But we will not distress our readers by more of the frightful details. Two new islands arose; and in the month of March, two months afterwards, the volcano continued in activity, though happily without eruption. The ashes reached a distance of 400 leagues to windward, thus



establishing the existence of a counter atmospheric current. The ashes travelled at the rate of 170 miles per diem.

# MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

Dr. Sigmond read an essay on the natural history, botanical character, and best method of distinguishing the various species of the *cortex cinchonæ*, or Peruvian bark. The first part of the paper treated chiefly on its history. It was introduced into Spain by the aborigines of Peru, previous to the occupation of that country by the Spaniards: the Jesuits introduced it into Spain in the year 1639, but their efforts towards promoting its use were frustrated by the ignorance of the medical professors of that day, who could not be induced to administer it in the manner prescribed. Dr. Roberts was the first to introduce it into general practice in England; since his time Von Borgen has collected between 700 and 800 works on this subject. Mutis was the first person who gave a minute description of the four species known in commerce. Zea, Bonpland, and Humboldt have severally given descriptions of this tree from observations made in Peru. Professor Don has collected the descriptions given by the above authors, and classified them into seventeen distinct species. Mr. Lambert was honourably mentioned for his important labours in his "Illustrations of the genus Cinchona." Dr. Sigmond stated that the æstivation of the flower was the best criterion of the different species, but could only be resorted to for a short time of the year. He concluded by refuting the opinion formed by many, of the lichens and mosses adhering to the bark being a proof of its properties and quality.

A paper was next read from Dr. Hancock on the active properties and therapeutic value of sarsaparilla, and on its mode of action on the human body; particularly in combination with other remedies, in cachectic and divers chronic maladies, with general remarks on the most prevalent diseases of tropical climates, and on the vast importance of the sudorific plan of treatment; especially in the use of baths, frictions, and diaphoretic drinks, in addition to the usual remedies, by which fevers and inflammations, dysentery, dropsy, gout, and a multitude of disorders, he had found to be curable. He considers the present practice as very defective, in consequence of the general neglect of such resources; he reprobated as murderous the prevalent custom of repelling exanthems, and erysipelas especially, upon the vital parts, by the application of lunar caustic.

# VARIETIES.

*Christenings and Burials.*—A General Bill of the Christenings and Burials within the City of London, and Bills of Mortality, from Dec. 9, 1834, to Dec. 15, 1835, according to the Reports made to the King's most Excellent Majesty, and to the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, by the Worshipful Company of Parish Clerks:—

	Christenings.	Burials.
In the 97 Parishes within the Walls . . . . .	963	970
In the 17 Parishes without the Walls . . . . .	4,654	3,658
In the 24 Out-Parishes in Middlesex and Surrey . . . . .	17,019	13,376
In the 10 Parishes in the City and Liberties of Westminster . . . . .	3,492	3,411
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	Christenings.	Burials.
Total . . . . .	{ Males, 13,152 Females, 12,976	{ Males, 10,964 Females, 10,451
		26,128 21,415



*Diseases and Casualties.*

<i>Diseases.</i>			
Abscess . . . . .	176	Inflammation of the Brain . . . . .	162
Age and Debility . . . . .	2345	Inflammation of the Lungs and Pleura . . . . .	406
Apoplexy . . . . .	437	Influenza . . . . .	1
Asthma . . . . .	879	Insanity . . . . .	165
Cancer . . . . .	101	Jaundice . . . . .	37
Certain Disease . . . . .	6	Jaw, Locked . . . . .	6
Childbirth . . . . .	277	Liver, Diseased . . . . .	300
Cholera . . . . .	5	Measles . . . . .	734
Consumption . . . . .	3662	Miscarriage . . . . .	12
Constipation of the Bowels . . . . .	16	Mortification . . . . .	224
Convulsions . . . . .	1955	Paralysis . . . . .	162
Croup . . . . .	167	Rheumatism . . . . .	24
Dentition, or Teething . . . . .	445	Scrofula . . . . .	12
Diabetes . . . . .	8	Small-Pox . . . . .	863
Diarrhœa . . . . .	36	Sore Throat and Quinsey . . . . .	52
Dropsy . . . . .	810	Spasm . . . . .	71
Dropsy on the Brain . . . . .	700	Stone and Gravel . . . . .	22
Dropsy on the Chest . . . . .	85	Stricture . . . . .	12
Dysentery . . . . .	5	Thrush . . . . .	90
Epilepsy . . . . .	31	Tumour . . . . .	38
Erysipelas . . . . .	52	Worms . . . . .	13
Fever, Intermittent or Ague . . . . .	7	Unknown Causes . . . . .	589
Fever . . . . .	420	Still-born . . . . .	966
Fever (Scarlet) . . . . .	445		
Fever (Typhus) . . . . .	77		
Fistula . . . . .	7		
Gout . . . . .	93		
Hæmorrhage . . . . .	38		
Heart, Diseased . . . . .	144		
Hernia . . . . .	18		
Hooping Cough . . . . .	652		
Indigestion . . . . .	15		
Inflammation . . . . .	1714		
Inflammation of the Bowels and Stomach . . . . .	226		

*Casualties.*

Drowned . . . . .	106
By Visitation of God . . . . .	45
Excessive Drinking . . . . .	19
Found Dead . . . . .	11
By various Accidents . . . . .	169
Murdered . . . . .	3
Poisoned . . . . .	10
Suicides . . . . .	41

*Of the Number Buried were—*

Still-born . . . . .	966	Fifty, and under sixty . . . . .	1816
Under two years of age . . . . .	5416	Sixty, and under seventy . . . . .	1769
Two, and under five years . . . . .	2319	Seventy, and under eighty . . . . .	1613
Five, and under ten . . . . .	1011	Eighty, and under ninety . . . . .	685
Ten, and under twenty . . . . .	754	Ninety, and under one hundred . . . . .	103
Twenty, and under Thirty . . . . .	1424	One hundred . . . . .	3
Thirty, and under forty . . . . .	1640	One hundred and one . . . . .	1
Forty, and under fifty . . . . .	1892	102, 104, and 105 . . . . .	3

Decrease in the burials reported this year, 264.

*The Port of London.*—The following statement, derived from authentic sources, furnishes satisfactory evidence of the increased employment of British shipping trading to London:—In 1823 the shipping which entered the London Docks presented an aggregate amount of 164,036 tons, the largest tonnage down to that period. In 1827 the opening of the St. Catharine's Docks raised a new competition; notwithstanding which the tonnage that entered the London Docks in the year just now expired is 164,448 tons, exceeding that of 1823; and as the stock of the other docks has also greatly increased in value in the course of the year, it would appear that, while the trade to London has increased, the docks have also become places of more general resort. The gross tonnage of British shipping which entered the port in the year ending Nov. 30, 1834, was 700,416 tons; of the year ending at the like period of 1835, 737,780 tons; an increase of upwards of 37,000 tons.



*Export of Coin and Bullion.*—The amount of gold coin shipped from the port of London during the last twelve months, was 57,764 ounces, which at the Mint price of 3*l.* 17*s.* 10½*d.*, is equal to 224,959*l.*; 11,211,576 ounces of silver coin, at 5*s.*, 2,802,894*l.*; 26,829 ounces of gold bars, 104,465*l.*; and 766,814 ounces of silver bars, 191,703*l.*; making a total value of 3,324,021*l.* These returns also show a decrease of 213,497 ounces of gold coin as compared with the exportation of the previous year; an increase in the exportation of silver coin of 3,313,693 ounces, an increase of 18,954 ounces of gold bars, and a decrease in the exportation of silver bars of 153,726 ounces, as compared with the same period; being a total decrease in the value of gold of 758,291*l.*, and an increase in the value of silver of 804,991*l.* The decrease in the exportation of gold coin to Lisbon is 103,543*l.*, and to Calais, where in 1834 about 22,000 ounces were exported, none has been forwarded this year. There has, however, been an increase in the exportation of silver coin to Calais of 5,649,256*l.*, and a decrease in the same to Lisbon of 194,162*l.*

*Post-Horse Duties.*—The post-horse duties were let for a year from Feb. 1, 1836, on Wednesday last, as follows:—North Britain, 16,000*l.*; Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Durham, 8800*l.*; Yorkshire, 14,500*l.*; Lancashire, Cheshire, and Derbyshire, 20,720*l.*; Lincoln, Notts, Leicester, and Rutland, 9180*l.*; Northampton, Warwick, and Oxon, 15,700*l.*; Worcester, Gloucester, and Wilts, 15,440*l.*; Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, and Cambridge, 14,120*l.*; Beds, Bucks, Herts, and Hunts, 12,000*l.*; Surrey, 9380*l.*; Middlesex, 31,260*l.*; Kent and Sussex, 17,220*l.*; Hants and Berks, 13,800*l.*; Cornwall, Devon, Dorset, and Somerset, 19,400*l.*; North Wales and Salop, 7400*l.*; South Wales, Hereford, and Monmouth, 6000*l.*

*Fossil Tree.*—In the quarry from which stones are at present being taken for the new church erecting at the Milton of Balgonie, was lately discovered a large fossil tree. It is lying nearly horizontal, and is as yet attached by about two-thirds of its circumference to the sandstone. It is about fifteen inches in diameter, and about seven feet of it are at present visible. As it tapers slowly to the outer end, the portion still undiscovered is probably considerable. It is wholly composed of white sand-stone similar to that in which it is embedded. This quarry is remarkably rich in vegetable impressions. Casts or marks of palm trees are to be found in great beauty and abundance.—*Sunderland Herald.*

*Literature and Art.*—The supplement to “Bent’s Literary Advertiser,” for 1835, just issued, contains lists of the new books and engravings published in London during the past year, with their sizes and prices. The number of books is about 1400, exclusive of new editions, pamphlets, or periodicals, being 130 more than in 1834. The number of engravings is 100 (including 47 portraits), 15 of which are engraved in the line manner, 75 in mezzotinto, and 10 in aquatinta, chalk, &c.

---

## FOREIGN VARIETIES.

Some very curious facts on the subject of marriage, as connected with longevity, are stated by Dr. Casper, in a paper of his lately published at Berlin. It had been long ago vaguely asserted that bachelors are less long-lived than married men. Hufeland and Deparcieux were of this opinion; and Voltaire observed that there were more suicides among those who had not given hostages to fortune than among those who had. Odier, however, was the first who set on foot the inquiry with exactitude, and he found (“Bibl. Britannique,” 1814), that in the case of females, the mean duration of life for the married woman of 25, was above 36 years; while



for the unmarried it was but 30½. At 30 there was a difference of four years in favour of the married; and at 35, two years, and so on. It may be said, perhaps, that married females ought to be considered as picked lives, but, as Dr. Caspar observes, this is far from being generally the case, especially in the middle and upper classes of society; it is chiefly among the lower orders, where a livelihood is procured by labour, that importance is attached to the bodily health and vigour of the female. With regard to men, we gather from Deparcieux and the Amsterdam tables, that the mortality of those from 30 to 45 years of age is 27 per cent. for the unmarried, while it is but 18 for the married; and that for the 41 bachelors who attain the age of 40, there are 78 married men. The difference becomes still more striking as age advances: at the age of 60 there are but 22 unmarried men alive for 48 married; at 70, 11 bachelors for 27 married men; and at 80, for the three bachelors who may chance to be alive, there are nine Benedicts. The same proportion very nearly holds good with respect to the female sex: 72 married women, for example, attain the age of 45, while only 52 unmarried reach the same term of life. M. Caspar, in conclusion, considers the point as now incontestably settled, that in both sexes marriage is conducive to longevity.

*French Corn Averages.*—The following are the average prices of wheat in France, at the end of December in each year, during the under-mentioned seventeen years, from 1819 to 1835 inclusive, the whole reduced into English measure and money:—

The hectolitre.				The quarter.				The hectolitre.				The quarter.			
	f.	c.	.		s.	d.			f.	c.	.		s.	d.	
1819	14	86		equal to	34	0		1828	22	91		equal to	52	6	
1820	19	90	—		45	3		1829	21	15	—		48	6	
1821	14	98	—		34	3		1830	22	25	—		51	0	
1822	16	3	—		36	9		1831	22	18	—		50	10	
1823	15	67	—		35	10		1832	17	99	—		41	3	
1824	15	1	—		34	4		1833	14	87	—		34	0	
1825	15	52	—		35	6		1834	15	26	—		34	11	
1826	15	90	—		36	5		1835	14	68	—		33	8	
1827	21	67	—		49	8									

The average of the whole period is 17*f.* 70*c.* per hectolitre, which is equal to 40*s.* 6*d.* per quarter; and it will be perceived that the average of December of the present year is the lowest of the whole period.

*Export of Cotton from the United States in 1834.*—From official returns and papers laid before Congress in March last, it would appear that, during the year ended 30th September, 1834, there were exported from the United States 8,085,937 lbs. of the Sea Island, and 376,631,970 lbs. of other descriptions and qualities of cotton, making a total of 384,717,907 lbs., valued at 49,448,402 dollars. Of this quantity, 5,689,759 lbs. of Sea Island, and 261,006,407 lbs. other sorts, together 266,696,166 lbs., valued at 33,762,334 dollars, were sent to England; 494,475 lbs. of Sea Island, and 17,013,052 lbs. other sorts, value together 2,279,719 dollars to Scotland; and 520,110 lbs. (no Sea Island), value 65,611 dollars to Ireland; making a total, exported to the United Kingdom, of 284,723,803 lbs., or only 3,817,128 lbs. short of three-fourths of the whole export of the States. France is the only other country importing the raw material to any considerable extent. By these returns it appears that she took within the same period 1,868,610 lbs. Sea Island, and 78,080,047 lbs. other sorts, value 10,968,633 dollars. This quantity exceeds a fifth of the United States' total export of cotton, about as much as it falls short of a fourth. It exceeds a fourth, but is far short of a third of the quantity exported from the States into Great Britain and Ireland.

There were published in France, during the last year, 6700 works in French, German, English, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, Latin, and Greek; 1049 engravings and lithographs; and 250 works in music.



A most curious discovery has been made on the borders of the Commune of St. Marie Kergues, near St. Omer. A labourer, in tilling the ground, turned up a great number of fossil bones of camels and dromedaries, some of them of extraordinary size. Several specimens have been sent to Paris for the inspection of men of science.—*French paper*.

One of the native papers gives the following extraordinary statement of the number of children carried off in the district of Agra by the wolves, for the ten preceding years :—

1825 . . . . .	33	1833 . . . . .	261
1826 . . . . .	80	1834 . . . . .	326
1827 . . . . .	161	Jan. 1835 . . . . .	16
1828 . . . . .	169	February . . . . .	18
1829 . . . . .	255	March . . . . .	22
1830 . . . . .	134	April . . . . .	20
1831 . . . . .	282	May . . . . .	33
1832 . . . . .	272	June . . . . .	22

## AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

*The Central Association—Diversities of Sentiment among its Members—A curious Hoax—Analysis of the Petition lately issued by the Association—Mistakes as to the Causes of Existing Distress—The true sources of Relief indicated—Rural Operations of the Season.*

The Central Association furnishes the great agricultural topic; but if the press be, as is often represented, the reflection of public sentiment, opinion seems too powerfully arrayed against the body of opulent and respectable individuals, for such they are, to allow of any very considerable reliance being placed on their proceedings. There is, indeed, something peculiarly unpromising in all their transactions. They begin on the expressed ground of concentrating the entire strength of the landed interest, fiscal, physical, and moral; the proprietor, tenant, and labourer, are all to enlist under its banner, and thus is to be raised a force too vast to be resisted, either by the government or the legislature. And how do they commence this aggregation? Why, by eternal and irreconcilable differences. Repeal Peel's Bill, saith one section; for the sake of consistency do not divide the body by any such proposal, echoes a second; no, saith another, down with the interest paid to the fundholder; very good, saith the fourth. This is all exceedingly well; but nothing short of abrogation of the malt tax and all taxes bearing on land, paying the poor's rate, the highway and the county rate, by a general property tax, will do. An equitable adjustment, cries a fifth; revise all contracts since Peel's Bill, and let compensation be given according to prices (of what, dear Sir?) at the period! Happily or unhappily, the Central Agricultural Association have omitted one party to their schemes, any of which might almost unhinge the state, and that party is *the Country*; and *the Country* will be too strong, too prudent, too well-informed, too experienced, too many, for the nobles and gentles of the Association. We need go no further than their manifesto, their petition to Parliament, for a demonstration of our anticipation.

Some years ago a wicked wag, who wished to turn the laugh against the clerical secretary of an agricultural association, raised a Swedish turnip in a hot-bed to an enormous size; he packed it in a huge hamper, landed it from a vessel in the port on the day of the society's meeting, had it conveyed to the room by the sailors, and with it he addressed a letter, dated somewhere in the north, descriptive of its growth and properties. He described it botanically, scientifically called it by its Latin denomination, and, reversing all the known phenomena of the laws of vegetable life,



asserted that it grew fastest in the severest frost—with other such interesting particulars. So prodigious a discovery was hailed with acclamations; Mr. Macfarlane (the name assumed), was voted an honorary member of the society, of whom he certainly had made an association. Were the reverend gentleman now alive who played this waggery on his brother parsons, we should almost be tempted to believe that he had framed this petition and palmed it off upon the honest country gentlemen assembled in London, so completely is it opposed to all the laws of economies best known and most completely established. A slight analysis will prove our assertion. The petition sets out with the averment, that “the distress has arisen mainly from legislative measures, and not from causes which are beyond the control of Parliament.” Peel’s Bill and the Corn Laws are thus, we presume, darkly shadowed forth. Very well. In our last month’s report we proved by facts, the paper issues and the relative prices of produce—wheat, and barley, and wool—that Peel’s Bill could not be the cause of the depressed price of wheat—the sole *alleged* cause, be it observed; for if a deficient circulating medium has thus affected one article, wheat, why has it not affected two others, barley and wool? If a deficient circulating medium was the cause of a depressed price of wheat, how did it happen, that in years when there was the largest issue of paper, wheat did not reach the highest prices? Why was wheat high in certain distant years after Peel’s Bill, as well as before it had passed? and lastly, why was corn as low, long before the bill passed, as it has been since? These facts, these contradictory facts, declare that demand and supply, not the currency, is the cause; and that while a good or a bad season, the application of more or less skill, capital, and labour to agriculture, and a superior or inferior cultivation influence the supply,—while an increasing or decreasing population possessing a power of augmenting the purchase of meat, and proportionally reducing the consumption of bread-corn, occasioned by the more or less active employment of the manufacturing districts,—have an effect on the production and the consumption of subsistence, so long will the consequence, depression, be the effect of causes—the course of nature and the progression of society—in other words supply and demand—“beyond the control of Parliament.” A man must be a member of a central association, before he is become blind to truths so palpable to everybody else. And what do these currency doctors promise the farmer from the introduction of one-pound notes? Loans of capital? We have before proved, that the reason why bankers refuse advances is not for want of capital, but because farming is not a gainful employment. Anybody can now have money on security, and how is a farmer to expect assistance when his request to the banker must run thus—“Sir, I have lost the greatest part of my own capital, and I can no longer carry on my farm profitably; I am every day sinking deeper and deeper, pray lend me a thousand pounds.” How would this, his plea, be helped by enabling the banker to issue more paper? to say nothing of the impossibility of increasing or diminishing the circulation beyond the actual demand, that is, the real transactions for which it is required. Can any scheme for a transfer of property be so shallow?

The next three or four paragraphs embrace assertions no less at variance with known truths. The collection of revenue is to be rendered impossible, national bankruptcy to ensue, and, descending to minor considerations, retail trade and manufacturing industry are to be ruined! What a dreadful catastrophe! How is it to be encountered? Simply by a very little plain truth.

Everybody who ever reflected for five minutes upon the subject, knows that revenue is a given portion of the entire production of a country; the interest of a national debt a part of that revenue, and barter is a mere exchange of equivalents. If then, an increasing population implies, as it in this case assuredly does, an increasing production—if a large growth of



corn, and a larger quantity of manufactured goods created by improved skill, augmented capital, and indefinitely facilitated by machinery, afford a greater sum of wealth for revenue to act upon—if a reduced price of subsistence indicates this abundance and encourages manufacture by its cheapness—if all these things be so, and so they are, the fear of “national bankruptcy,” the destruction of all our institutions—of “anarchy and revolution” threatened by the petitioners, are further off than ever. And if, lastly, it can be shown that the amount of taxation has been diminished nearly one-half, which it has been since the price of wheat (the only depressed commodity of agriculture) was double its present rate, even the Association will be puzzled to demonstrate any reasonable ground for their state of direful apprehension. In 1815 the amount of taxation was upwards of seventy-two millions; in 1834 it was forty-three; so far as taxation is concerned, even in its full extent, the farmer has not much to complain of: for if at the present price, it requires two bushels of wheat to pay the same amount which one would have discharged when wheat was at double the price, the taxation is permanently reduced one-half, while the price of wheat is fluctuating; it has been above its existing rate and may again rise, nay, it is expected to rise. This leaves the compensating price of barley and wool, and the probably greater quantity of wheat grown, also a compensation to its amount, whatever it be, out of sight.

We descend next to the retailers and manufacturers, who are about to be ruined by the curtailment of the expenditure of the agriculturists. It comes to this in plain English. The corn-grower says to the trader, *first* give me a certain and increased sum for my bread, and *then* I will give you a part of that sum *back again* for your articles. What would the trader be the better for this? Of such a nature, exactly, is the prosperous trade promised by the Association. If the framers of this petition were not completely ignorant of the laws of barter and of manufacture, they must know that every commodity is but the representative of the food consumed during its manufacture, together with certain other charges, the profits of stock, &c. Raise the price of subsistence, and *pro tanto*, the price of the commodity must rise; thus it settles at last into an exchange of equivalents.

The petitioners having dismissed this portion of the community to inevitable ruin, proceed to the labourers, when they rightly enough declare that these suffer the most grievous distress when deprived of work, through the inability of the owners and occupiers of land to employ as many labourers as are requisite for its due cultivation, and that the continuance of their employment is rendered very precarious by the rapid deduction of agricultural capital.—No doubt. But first, is not the want of employment at least in some degree attributable to the same cause that brings down wheat—a supply beyond the demand? Has not the population increased beyond the area upon which it is employed? It is undoubtedly true that without capital, labour would find increased difficulty. But we put two considerations to the landed interest. First,—Have they not paid, and must they not continue to pay in poor-rates for the maintenance of the idle pauper almost as much as they would pay for his employment, since maintained the man and his family must be. And presuming upon the well-known contingency, that labour is only profitable when its product is greater than its cost, must not the agriculturist be more stupid than any other animal upon his farm, if he fail to employ that which gives him a profit in lieu of making the same or nearly the same outlay for nothing? And again, if agricultural capital is “rapidly reducing,” who reduces, who gets it? Why, the landlord and the parson; for we have shewn that taxes are reduced almost equally with wheat. Seed-corn, horse provender, tradesmen’s bills, and labour itself follow the universal law, and have fallen: therefore the proprietor and the parson (not the Parliament) have the redress in their own power. The fact is, it rests with the principal



members of the Association themselves, and such as they: it rests with nobody but themselves.

When the petitioners finally pray "the Parliament will forthwith advise measures to grant speedy and effectual redress to the agricultural classes of the community, and *thus to restore* the country to its former prosperity," they pray only what Parliament has ever shewn the utmost anxiety to effect, and what is already done; for the country, on the whole, never was so prosperous—by which we mean that industry never made such large additions to national wealth in the same periods, never *created* so much new property of all kinds. But what can Parliament do for agriculture? Repeal the malt-tax and its direct burdens. To this Parliament is quite as earnestly inclined as the Association, though when done, the duration of relief from the one is short and dubious, and the other is hardly of much importance when the inevitable compensation from some other source to the revenue is taken into account. No; the *true remedy* lies in the reduction of the fixed expenses of rent, tithe, and taxes, and in increasing the produce per acre. The one is an absolute, a real, a substantive diminution of outlay, the other a no less intrinsic augmentation of income. Let the farmer stick to this text, and eschew Central Associations as contrivances to hoodwink his eyes, while somebody's hands will find their passage to his almost empty pockets. We have given him a glimpse into the inside of the heads of the scribes of that body, certainly not more full of brains than his purse is of coin. It is indeed difficult to imagine men weak enough to be blinded by their own selfish purposes, to fall into the belief that such arrant nonsense can pass in so enlightened a country, particularly when the farmer must be so sensitively alive to the situation to which he is brought, in spite of protecting laws, committees of both Houses, and societies. Can he not perceive that he has been the dupe of all this parade of redress? Why, he has heard of nothing else since 1814: that was the committee for him. They proposed an excluding duty of no less than 6*l.* a quarter! And had this extravagantly absurd proposal been adopted, how would it have ended? Why, just as now, only sooner. Capital would have flowed in to so lucrative a concern as agriculture would for a time have become, inclosures would have been made, cultivation carried to its acmé, and then, supply exceeding demand, would have brought price to the lowest possible level. We may thus dismiss the subject.

Rural operations have been very much confined to the preparation of the soil for spring sowing. The known effects of frost in reducing the particles of the soil, rendering them permeable to air and water, and its yet undefined chemical benefits—its destruction of mischievous insects, &c.—have been more felt during the past month than perhaps in the whole course of the preceding three years. The wheats are bettered by the timely check thus given to vegetation, the clovers look well, and, indeed, the whole winter growth is favourable. The scarcity of turnips has a good deal reduced the stacks of hay, but there does not seem to be any considerable apprehension for the coming interval between this and the growth of spring feed. It is stated in the Midland Reports, that the rooks and other birds, whetted by the cold weather, have attacked the Swedish turnips and the beans more especially. It has occupied the entire time of a man to guard a field, and this he could scarcely do effectually. Wheat threshing has been in many places suspended to provide barley and oat-straw for fodder. The price, however, remains nearly the same. Towards the middle of the month, it rose 1*s.* for good samples. This slight advance is, however, scarcely considered to be likely to continue. The flour trade is more firm, because wheat has risen. Barley is also improved, from the supply not being quite equal to the demand, and malt, from the same cause, is advanced. Oats a little better; beans and white peas the same.

Average price for the week ending January 8th, which governs the duty:—Wheat, 36*s.* 6*d.*; Barley, 27*s.* 8*d.*; Oats, 18*s.* 7*d.*

The Christmas markets were never better supplied with beef.



## RURAL ECONOMY.

*Draining.*—It has been often said that he who makes a blade of grass grow where a blade of grass never grew before, is a benefactor to his country; and surely it is no less true that he who makes a portion of the soil produce double or treble the amount of grass or grain which it produced before, is no less his country's friend. Following out this view, we recommend to our agricultural friends to make themselves acquainted with the system of draining now being carried into effect upon the lands of Rotchell, in the immediate vicinity of this town, by Mr. Robinson, from the county of Cumberland. It is now, we believe, about 25 years since a Mr. Elkington, in Lancashire, (if we mistake not,) discovered by accident a mode of draining, for which he received a patent, and in reference to which he published a treatise; and though his discovery was followed out by himself with success, and, since the expiry of his patent, has been followed out, with not less success, by many others in England, we are not aware that it is well known or much practised in this part of the country. Mr. Elkington's system, as followed by Mr. Robinson, is, to a certain extent, simple, and, in common with what has been done by many in this district, namely, to cut a pretty deep drain along the most hollow part of the land requiring to be drained, but instead of simply cutting all the other drains presumed requisite a certain depth, and then covering up the whole, he carefully examines the various strata excavated, and if he is not satisfied, when he has cut a reasonable depth, that he has caught the spring, he perforates or *taps*, as it is technically expressed, by means of a long iron bar, in the hope that he will hit upon it, knowing that the water will rise to the height of the source from which it proceeds, if required. In this he may not always succeed in his first attempt, but by perseverance, we understand, he seldom or ever fails in his purpose, though he has sometimes to bore to a very considerable depth. If we mistake not, he mentioned to us that he had bored not less than 21 feet from the bottom of a 6 feet drain, before the water followed the instrument. The instrument itself is remarkably simple. It consists of a long square bar of iron, if we may use the expression, with two cross bars, and by means of a screw these cross bars can be fastened higher or lower as the arms of those by whom the instrument is wrought may require. The square of this long bar is not more than an inch and a half, and in adhesive soils the aperture made will scarcely exceed two inches; but this has been found sufficient, and, when once made in the proper place, is certain to be kept open by the power of the water rising from the spring. We cannot at present enter at length into this subject, and, besides, we are aware that though description might seem plain to ourselves who have visited Mr. Robinson upon the grounds, it could not convey a clear conception to those who had no other information upon the subject; we are certain, however, that they who visit Mr. Robinson at Rotchell will find themselves amply repaid for their time and trouble. They will find Mr. Robinson at once discreet and intelligent.—*Dumfries Herald*.

*Dutch Vegetables.*—The almost total failure in this country of the crops of turnips, owing to the fly and the partial failure of the cabbage crop, from the long drought and consequent ravages of the caterpillars and the slugs, are being compensated by ample importations of those useful esculents from Holland. The quality is generally very good, the low lands of that country, from the periodical natural irrigation which they receive from the overflow of the canals, being greatly fertilized and adapted for the production of all kinds of garden produce. Of turnips they have sent us over two varieties, the large raapen, or long turnip, and the knol raapen, or round turnip. The latter differs scarcely at all from our own, except, perhaps, that the specimens run rather larger; the long turnip is in shape



something like a short thick carrot, has a rind tinged with copperish green at the upper part like a Swedish turnip, and is of rather inferior quality, being deficient in sweetness. Of cabbages, the kind sent is the *katte koppen*, otherwise *witte koolen*, or white cabbage. It is easily distinguished from its enormous size, and the compactness and whiteness of the leaves composing the heart. Borecole, commonly known as Scotch kail, and smaller greens, are likewise brought over thence.

## USEFUL ARTS.

*Discovery.*—A pendulum vibrating seconds, it is well known, has hitherto been estimated to be always of a determinate length in certain latitudes. This length has been considered as *fixed*—in short, as the attraction of the earth upon which the time of the vibrations depends—and has accordingly been recommended by philosophers as a *standard* for lineal and other measures. What, then, will be said to the fact, that an ingenious mechanic, a blacksmith in Comrie, has discovered the means of making a pendulum of almost any length below the standard perform the same office. This is no hoax; the writer of this note actually saw one of about eighteen inches long (not half the regular size) pace it away to the tune of movements—tick, tick, tick, as solemnly, slowly, and accurately, as the full-length pendulum. His means of accomplishing this are extremely simple, but in the meantime, of course, belong properly to the discoverer.—*Stirling Journal*.

An observatory has recently been erected by two spirited individuals, named Dix, in Long-lane, near St. George's church, Southwark, and within ten minutes' walk of the bridges. The observatory is upwards of sixty feet in height, moving on a rotatory plane, fixed upon a platform forty feet at the base, and having a telescope thirty feet long, with object-glass fourteen inches diameter, ground and fitted by an eminent optician. The erection has been attended with considerable expense, and, when completed, which will be in the course of a few days, a committee of scientific gentlemen, who have been invited to assist in the undertaking, intend to fix the terms of annual subscriptions and separate visits on an economical principle, which will enable those interested in astronomy to cultivate that science.

## NEW PATENTS.

To Charles Pearce Chapman, of Cornhill, in the city of London, zinc manufacturer, for his invention of improvements in printing silks, calicoes, and other fabrics.

To James Helliwell, of Springfield-lane, in the borough of Salford, and county of Lancaster, dyer, for his invention of an improved process or manufacture, whereby the texture of cotton, and certain other fabrics and materials, may be rendered impervious to water.

To Humphrey Jefferies, of Birmingham, in the county of Warwick, goldsmith and jeweller, for his invention of certain improvements in buttons.

To Thomas Robert Sewell, of Carrington, in the parish of Basford, in the county of Nottingham, lace manufacturer, for his invention of certain improvements in machinery for making lace, commonly called bobbin-net.

To James Cropper, of the town and county of the town of Nottingham, lace manufacturer, and Thomas Brown Milnes, of Lenton Works, in the county of Nottingham, bleacher, for their invention of certain improvements in machinery for manufacturing lace or net, commonly called bobbin-net lace.

To William Wainwright Potts, of Burslem, in the county of Stafford, for his invention of an improved method or process of producing patterns in one or more colours to be transferred to earthenware, porcelain, china, glass, and other similar substances.

To Thomas Parkin, of Dudley, in the county of Worcester, gentleman, being a member of the sect called Separatists, for his invention of certain improvements in sleepers or bearers applicable to rail-roads.

To Bennett Woodcroft, of Ardwick, in the



parish of Manchester, in the county of Lancaster, gentleman, for his invention of improvements in printing calicoes and other fabrics, whether manufactured of cotton, silk, wool, or linen, or of all or any two or three of those materials.

To Alexander Gordon, of Fludyer-street, in the city of Westminster, member of the institution of Civil Engineers, and James Deville, of the Strand, lamp manufacturer, for his invention of certain improvements in the production, maintenance, direction, or distribution of lights, parts of which improvements are applicable to other purposes.

To Richard Witty, of Stoke-upon-Trent, in the county of Stafford, civil engineer, for his invention of an improved method or methods of arranging and combining certain materials used in constructing houses, bridges, and other buildings, whereby superior strength and durability will be obtained.

To James Radley, of Oldham, in the County Palatine of Lancaster, gentleman, for his invention of certain improvements in the construction of gauges for indicating or measuring the expansive pressure of steam, or other elastic vapours or gases used expansively as a medium of power.

To Miles Berry, of Chancery-lane, in the county of Middlesex, civil engineer and mechanical draftsman, for a certain improvement or improvements in power-looms for weaving, being a communication from a foreigner residing abroad.

To Nathaniel Partridge, of Elm Cottage, near Stroud, in the county of Gloucester, gentleman, for his invention of the application of a certain composition paste, or materials, as an anti-attribution, applicable to the bearings of wheels and machinery generally.

To Robert William Sievier, of Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square, in the county of Middlesex, gentleman, for his invention of an improved water-proof cloth or fabric, made either elastic or non-elastic, applicable to various useful purposes, and for an improved manufacture of water-proof hats or caps.

To Nathaniel Partridge, of Elm Cottage, near Stroud, in the county of Gloucester, gentleman, for his invention of a certain improvement or certain improvements in mixing and preparing oil paints, whereby a saving of ingredients commonly used, will be effected.

To John Samuel Dawes, of Birmingham, in the county of Warwick, iron master, for his invention of improvements in the manufacture of iron by the application of certain known materials, and for improvements in preparing such materials, and for the recovery of certain products in the process of manufacturing iron.

To Jeremiah Horsfall and James Kenyon, both of Addingham, in the county of York, cotton-spinners, for their invention of certain improvements in engines used for carding cotton, wool, and other fibrous substances.

To John Bertie, of Basford, in the county of Nottingham, lace-maker, for his invention of certain improvements in machinery for making bobbin-net lace, for the purpose of producing ornamental net or lace of various

kinds, part of which improvements are an extension of certain improvements for which Letters Patent were granted to him and one James Gibbous, bearing date the 5th of June, 1834.

To John Houldsworth, of Glasgow, in the county of Lanark, cotton-spinner, for certain improvements applicable to drawing and slabbing frames, used in the manufacture of cotton and other fibrous substances, being a communication from a foreigner residing abroad.

To Lightly Sampson, of Manchester, in the County Palatine of Lancaster, chemist, for his invention of an improvement in the preparation of certain colours to be used for printing cotton and other fabrics.

To Frederick Hempel, of Prainenburg, in the kingdom of Prussia, Doctor of Chemistry, now residing in Great Portland-street, in the county of Middlesex, for his invention of certain improvements in oxidizing or oxidizing certain animal or vegetable substances, and for separating the several and different parts of such substances, and to render them, by means of different operations, not only separately, but also in combination with other materials, capable of producing useful articles.

To Daniel Dewhurst, of Preston, in the county of Lancaster, flax-spinner, and Thomas Hope, Joseph Hope, and Isaac Hope, all of Manchester, in the county of Lancaster, mechanics, for their invention of certain new and improved machinery for preparing flax and hemp, and certain new and improved machinery for spinning flax, hemp, cotton, silk, and other fibrous substances, by power.

To William Carpmal, of Crawford-street, in the county of Middlesex, gentleman, for certain improvements in locomotive steam-carriages, part of which improvements are also applicable to steam-engines and boilers in general, being a communication from a foreigner residing abroad.

To Robert Griffiths, of Birmingham, in the county of Warwick, for his invention of improvements in machinery for making rivets, screw-blanks, and bolts.

To William Coles, of Charing Cross, in the county of Middlesex, Esq., for his invention of certain improvements applicable to locomotive carriages.

To John Osbaldeston, of Blackburn, in the county of Lancaster, weaver, for his invention of an improved method of making a metal heald or healds for the weaving of silk, woolen, worsted, cotton, or any other fibrous substances.

To Ovid Topham, of Whitecross-street, St. Luke's, in the county of Middlesex, engineer, for his invention of certain improvements in dressing, starching, cleaning, and drying lace or net, known by the trade by the term of getting-up lace or net.

To John Warwick, of Three Kings-court, Lombard-street, in the city of London, merchant, for an improved lock and key, being a communication from a foreigner residing abroad.

To Henry Booth, of Liverpool, in the county of Lancaster, gentleman, for his invention of



an improved method of attaching railway carriages together for the purpose of obtaining steadiness and smoothness of motion.

To Pierre Erard, of Great Marlborough-street, in the county of Middlesex, for his invention of certain improvements on harps.

To John Baillie, of Great Suffolk-street, in the borough of Southwark, and county of Surrey, engineer, and John Paterson, of Mincing-lane, in the city of London, gentleman, for their invention of improvements in propelling of vessels and other floating bodies by means of steam or other power.

To Thomas Howell, of Clare-street, Bristol, for his invention of certain improvements in musical instruments.

To Nicholas Troughton, of Broad-street, in the city of London, merchant, for his invention of improvements in the process of obtaining copper from copper ores.

To John Thomas Betts, of Smithfield Bars, in the city of London, rectifier, for improvements in the process of preparing spirituous liquors in the making of brandy, being a communication from a foreigner residing abroad.

To John Heathcoat, of Tiverton, in the county of Devon, lace-manufacturer, for his invention of a method or methods of weaving or manufacturing divers kinds of goods and wares, and for machines or machinery applicable thereto.

## BANKRUPTS,

FROM DECEMBER 29, 1835, TO JANUARY 22, 1836, INCLUSIVE.

Dec. 29.—J. PARRY, Llanrwst, Denbighshire, draper. J. FOX, Barton-upon-Humber, Lincolnshire, grocer. R. STEVENSON and J. A. STEVENSON, Cobridge, Staffordshire, manufacturers of earthenware. S. LLOYD, Manchester, calico-printer.

Jan. 1.—C. GRAY, Southampton-buildings, Holborn, victualler. C. T. KIRBY, Crawford-street, Portman-square, laceman. E. BAUGH, Sloane-street, Chelsea, draper. B. GREGORY, Allen-street, Goswell-street, iron-founder. G. HARRIS, Coventry, corn-factor. J. WALLWORTH, Newton, Lancashire, common brewer. J. TREVETHAM, Bury St. Edmund's, Suffolk, carpenter. W. FURNISS, Leeds, victualler.

Jan. 5.—H. NICHOLLS, Quadrant, Regent-street, glover. O. J. G. HAWKINS, Upper Belgrave-street, Hanover-square, boarding-house-keeper. T. J. TITTERTON, Gray's Inn-lane, coach-maker. W. OXENDALE, Scorton, Yorkshire, cattle jobber. P. PARRY, Llangrwyney, county of Brecon, victualler. G. D. FISHER, Waterhouse-cottage, Bradford, Wiltshire. J. A. SMITH, J. LEES, and A. LEES, Bilston, Staffordshire, grocers. G. KING, Potten, Bedfordshire, money scrivener.

Jan. 8.—P. WALKER, Quickset-row, New-road, builder. W. BUCK, Hammersmith, victualler. J. MOSER, Oxford-street, cabinet-maker. A. ASHWORTH, Haslingden, Lancashire, woollen manufacturer.

Jan. 12.—R. DREW, Hampstead-road, Middlesex, currier. G. T. CLOUGH, George-street, Great Surrey-street, Blackfriars, baker. G. HEWITT, Brixton-road, North Brixton, Surrey, coachmaster. B. BROOK, South Lambeth, Surrey, surgeon. T. JOEL, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, dealer in gold and silver watches. W. SMYTH, Portsea, Southampton, coachmaster. L. J. C. CLAYETTE,

Manchester, commission-agent. W. GODWIN, Gillingham, Dorset, timber-merchant. J. REEVES, Broomwich, Staffordshire, coach-smith. H. PIERCE, Birmingham, victualler.

Jan. 15.—W. HARBRIDGE, Dunstable, Bedfordshire, horse-dealer. E. ERICHSON and A. B. CALLANDER, Mincing-lane, corn-factors. J. R. H. WITHERS, Bristol, linen-draper. W. WILLIAMS, White Hart-street, Drury-lane, victualler. H. HUTCHINSON, Jerusalem Coffee-house, Cowper's-court, Cornhill, master mariner. G. DOBSON, Hatton, Chester, grocer. STEPHENSON and Co., Bridlington Quay, Yorkshire, wine-merchants. J. DADD, Margate, grocer.

Jan. 19.—H. BLAIN, Lime-street, merchant. J. BALLY, Howford-buildings, Fenchurch-street, wine and spirit-merchant. J. HELINS and W. HELINS, Plymouth, linen-draper. J. H. JOYCE, High-street, Bloomsbury, auctioneer. W. THORPE, Glentham, Lincolnshire, farmer. W. HIND, Carlisle, carrier. J. PAGETT, High Ircall, Shropshire, J. SCHOLEFIELD, Oldham, Lancashire, grocer. B. MARTEN, Chilham and Sibertswood, Kent, dealer and chapman. J. SPARROW, Chesterton, Cambridge, victualler. The Hon. B. BEDFORD Barns, Bedfordshire, and J. LORD, Birmingham, merchants.

Jan. 22.—C. ELLIS, Stockwell, Surrey, coal-merchant. R. MARTIN, Sydenham, Kent, grocer. W. F. HOYLAND, Bradford, Yorkshire, grocer. D. PRICE, Llanwrthwl, Breconshire, cattle-dealer. T. CRACKNELL, Birmingham, grocer. J. STEVENSON, Bishop Wearmouth, Durham, saddler. F. HUTCHINSON, Heworth, Durham, manufacturer of Epsom salts. J. CHEESEWRIGHT, Bristol, stationer. G. ACKLAM, Cheltenham, coach-builder. W. GARBEL, Liverpool, merchant



## COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

The auspicious circumstances under which the year commenced have not held out delusive hopes of the continued prosperity of the commerce and manufactures of the country. The important branch of mining operations, which, from its intimate connexion with our superiority in machinery and engineering, is an object of primary interest in a national point of view—that, namely, which yields a supply of iron, has, after years of a state of prostration which it was grievous to contemplate, risen to a condition which affords ample profit to the masters, and abundant employment at full wages to the operatives. In those departments of industry in which the spinning-wheel and the loom are called into exercise, there is scarcely less activity, notwithstanding that the season of the year is that which is not generally favourable to the sale of cotton and silk piece-goods. In the former material, there is still a large and continually renewed demand for yarns; in the latter, the increased domestic consumption is such as, added to the export trade, appears to outrun the speed with which the raw material can be supplied. Every variety of wool-len manufacture, with scarcely an exception, is in the same healthy state of activity. A failure to a heavy amount has recently taken place in Manchester, that of the firm of Rostron and Co., whose liabilities are said to amount to upwards of 140,000*l.*; this event is stated to have been expedited, if not occasioned, by the destruction of a large quantity of silk goods, their property, in the lamentable conflagration which lately took place in New York.

There has been considerable heaviness of late in the market for Muscovado sugars, and a struggle is at present going on between the importers and the dealers as to a rise or fall in price, which limits the transactions to the narrowest bounds which the demands of the day will permit. One consequence of the payment of the West India claims, in so far as it has been effected, is already apparent, in the firmer tone held by the consignees of West India produce. from the greater abundance of capital suddenly placed at their disposal; and this, among other considerations, induces the belief that the buyers will ultimately be obliged to advance a little in price; although the very trifling sales which have lately taken place, and which have been confined to Barbadoes sugars, have been at

a decline of 6*d.* to 1*s.* per cwt.; yellow bringing 65*s.* to 67*s.*, soft grey to coloury 63*s.* 6*d.* to 66*s.* 6*d.*

In Mauritius sugars there is an equal reduction; low to good yellow, 63*s.* to 66*s.*; brown, 61*s.* to 62*s.* East India sugars are tolerably steady; good white Bengal, 37*s.* to 39*s.*; Siams, 31*s.* 6*d.* to 34*s.* 6*d.*

In foreign sugars there has been greater activity; Bahia has produced, by public sale, an advance of 1*s.* 6*d.* per cwt.

The stock of West India sugar is now 19,600 hhds. and trs., and of Mauritius 44,300 bags; being a diminution, as compared with the same period of last year, of 11,400 hhds. and trs. of the former, and of 15,400 bags of the latter.

The last average price of sugar, as Gazetted, is 1*l.* 18*s.* 11½*d.* per cwt.

British Plantation coffee has been dull of sale of late, and prices have given way to the extent of 2*s.* to 3*s.* per cwt. East India coffee has maintained its price more firmly, notwithstanding the large public sales which have recently taken place, and at which, Ceylon brought 55*s.* 6*d.* to 57*s.*; Mocha, 62*s.* to 80*s.* 6*d.*; Mysore, 58*s.* to 65*s.*; fair quality, Sumatra, 42*s.* 6*d.*. Brazil coffee, somewhat higher, at 52*s.* to 54*s.* In cocoa and spirits there is nothing to call for observation.

The public sale of 5506 chests of East India indigo commenced on the 26th with considerable spirit, and realized an advance of from 2*d.* per lb. on low and ordinary qualities, to 3*d.* and 4*d.* on middling and good.

Cotton and silk continue to be the subjects of continual and extensive transactions, and the market for each of them is upon the advance. The smallness of the stock of wool, particularly foreign, precludes any extensive business.

The Money market has maintained an equal and tranquil course through the transition from the old to the new year, which furnishes the most satisfactory proof of the well-balanced amount of the circulating medium, and of the wholesome state of trade and commercial credit. Accidental circumstances have occasionally caused a fluctuation of ¼ to ½ per cent. in Consols; but generally speaking they have made a slow but steady progress in improvement, influencing in like manner the quotations of Bank and India Stock and Exchequer Bills.

The Foreign Funds have been also



unusually free from all violent fluctuations; and latterly speculation seems to have been almost exclusively confined to Spanish Stock, and in that to have kept within very narrow limits. In hardly any description of Foreign Security do the quotations of the day differ 1 per cent. from those of last month.

But if there have been an unusual degree of tranquillity in the market for National Securities, it has been amply compensated by the extraordinary activity which has characterized the traffic in Shares, particularly those in Railway Companies. Almost every week has brought forth one or more new schemes, and they have only to be announced to find subscribers, and have only to be brought into the market to command a premium. That they will, many of them, lead to great public advantage, and some of them realize a fair profit to the adventurers, there can be no doubt; but that the indiscriminating haste with which antagonist schemes for some wild project are taken up, should not, in the long run, leave many to gather the bitter fruits of repentance for their folly, is scarcely less certain.

The quotations of the various Securities marketable on the Stock Exchange on the 26th, are subjoined.

#### ENGLISH FUNDS.

Bank Stock,  $214\frac{1}{2}$   $15\frac{1}{2}$ —Three per

cent. Reduced,  $91\frac{1}{2}$   $\frac{5}{8}$ —Three per cent. Consols,  $91\frac{1}{8}$ —Three and a Half per cent. Reduced,  $100\frac{1}{8}$ —Three and a Half per cent. New,  $99\frac{1}{2}$   $\frac{5}{8}$ —Long Annuities, 1860,  $16\frac{5}{16}$   $\frac{3}{8}$ —India Stock, 254 5—India Bonds, 4 6—Exchequer Bills, 20 2—Ditto Small, 20 2—Consols for Account,  $91\frac{1}{8}$   $\frac{1}{4}$ —Omnium,  $4\frac{5}{8}$   $\frac{3}{4}$ .

#### SHARES.

Brazilian, Imperial, 26 8—Ditto d'El Rey, 5  $\frac{1}{2}$ —Canada, 36 8—Colombian, 11 12—Real Del Monte, 20  $1\frac{1}{2}$ —United Mexican,  $4\frac{1}{2}$ —London and Birmingham Railway, 57 9p m—London and Greenwich ditto,  $28\frac{1}{2}$   $9\frac{1}{2}$ —London and Southampton ditto, 1 2 pm—Great Western ditto, 13 14 pm—London and Brighton, 10 11 pm—London and Blackwall,  $1\frac{1}{2}$   $2\frac{1}{2}$  pm—North Midland, 2 1 dis.

#### FOREIGN FUNDS.

Belgian, 5 per cent.  $101\frac{3}{4}$   $2\frac{1}{4}$ —Brazilian, 1824, 5 per cent.  $84\frac{1}{2}$ —Colombian, 1824, 6 per cent.  $33\frac{1}{2}$ —Danish, 3 per cent.  $76\frac{1}{2}$  7—Dutch,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.  $54\frac{3}{4}$  5—Ditto, 5 per cent.  $102\frac{7}{8}$   $3\frac{1}{8}$ —Mexican, 6 per cent.  $38\frac{1}{2}$ —Peruvian, 6 per cent.  $26\frac{1}{2}$ —Portuguese Regency, 5 per cent.  $83\frac{1}{2}$  4—Ditto 1835, 3 per cent.  $53\frac{1}{4}$  4—Russian 0½ sterling, 5 per cent.  $109\frac{1}{2}$  10—Spanish Active Bonds, 1834,  $48\frac{3}{4}$  9—Ditto, Deferred ditto,  $24\frac{3}{8}$   $\frac{5}{8}$ —Ditto, Passive ditto,  $16\frac{1}{8}$   $\frac{3}{8}$ .

## MONTHLY DIGEST.

### GREAT BRITAIN.

The increase on the corresponding quarter of the last year is 172,967£.; the decrease on the whole year 613,669£.—a sum beneath the calculated amount of reductions. The increase on the quarter is in Customs 214,694£., Stamps 64,085£., and Post-office 22,000£. The decrease on the quarter is in Excise (owing to transfer to Customs of tea duties, &c.) 136,437£., Assessed Taxes 57,474£., Miscellaneous 16,871£., &c. The increase on Customs for the year is 1,686,211£., and the decrease on Excise 1,621,295£., nearly balancing each other for the reasons above-mentioned. The greatest amount of decrease on the year is on Taxes, 874,091£., which is accounted for, as already observed, by late reductions of taxation; and the increased and increasing resources of the country may be safely inferred from those branches of revenue, which show an increase or no diminution.

The most remarkable item of improvement is in the Post-office, which shows an increase on the year of 57,000£., and on the quarter, as compared with the corresponding quarter of 1834, of 22,000£. The decrease on Stamps for the year is 12,000£., but the increase of that branch of revenue for the quarter is no less than 64,085£. The whole income for the quarter is 11,257,335£., and the charge 9,717,558£., leaving a surplus of 1,539,777£.



Abstract of the Net Produce of the Revenue of Great Britain in the Years and Quarters ended 5th of January, 1835, and 5th of January, 1836, showing the Increase or Decrease on each Head thereof.

	Quarter ended Jan. 5, 1835.	Year ended Jan. 5, 1835.	Quarter ended Jan. 5, 1836.	Year ended Jan. 5, 1836.	Year ended Jan. 5, 1836.		Quar. ended Jan. 5, 1836.	
					Increase.	Decrease.	Increase.	Decrease.
Customs—Consolidated Duties . . . . .	3,085,826	.....	3,435,899	.....				
Sugar Duty applicable to Consolidated Fund . . . . .	917,847	.....	1,034,416	.....				
Sugar Duty applicable to Supplies . . . . .	302,084	.....	.....	.....				
Total Customs . . . . .	4,305,721	16,936,695	4,520,315	18,622,906	1,686,211	.....	214,694	.....
Excise . . . . .	3,484,200	13,166,005	3,347,763	11,544,760	.....	1,621,295	.....	136,437
Stamps . . . . .	1,555,462	6,582,234	1,619,547	6,569,309	.....	12,925	64,085	.....
Taxes . . . . .	1,633,120	4,550,614	1,575,646	3,676,523	.....	874,091	.....	57,474
Post-Office . . . . .	233,000	1,361,000	345,000	1,418,000	57,000	.....	22,000	.....
Miscellaneous . . . . .	38,447	56,919	21,576	59,866	2,947	.....	.....	16,871
Total Ordinary Revenue . . . . .	11,339,950	42,653,517	11,429,847	41,891,364	148,484	.....	82,970	.....
Imprest and other Monies, including Repayments of Advances for Public Works . . . . .	59,611	390,359	142,581	533,843	.....	.....	.....	.....
Total Income . . . . .	11,399,561	43,043,876	11,572,428	42,430,207	1,894,642	2,508,311	383,749	210,732
The amount applied to the Consolidated Fund . . . . .	8,276,218	28,458,178	8,123,429	27,629,556	Deduct Incr.	1,894,642	210,782	Deduct Decr.
Ditto, to pay off Exchequer Bills charged on Sugar Duty . . . . .	302,048	3,004,399	1,034,516	2,496,631	.....	.....	.....	.....
Ditto, as part of the Ways and Means of the Year . . . . .	2,821,295	11,601,299	2,414,583	12,304,020	Decrease on the Year	613,669	172,967	Increase on the Quarter.
Total . . . . .	11,399,561	43,043,876	11,572,428	42,430,207	.....	.....	.....	.....

## THE COLONIES.

## BARBADOES.

At the sitting of the Legislature, a message from the Governor was read, enclosing despatches from Lord Glenelg. The first of these related principally to the approbation of the Government at finding the Legislature of Barbadoes had so satisfactorily closed the long-debated question, and had in every respect conformed to the wishes and suggestions of his Majesty's Government in propounding the several laws necessary to the new system in force with regard to the negroes. The second despatch condemns the acts of those persons who have bought or sold their claims for compensation, and states that the Compensation Commissioners had no



power to prevent such procedure. Lord Glenelg, in consequence suggests, that a legislative remedy should be adopted by the House to abolish a practice so much to be deprecated. The House of Assembly had adjourned to the 14th December.

## FOREIGN STATES.

### UNITED STATES.

Message from the President of the United States to the two Houses of Congress, December 8th, 1835 :—

“ Fellow-Citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives :

“ We have but to look at the state of our agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, and the unexampled increase of our population, to feel the magnitude of the trust committed to us. Never, in any former period of our history, have we had greater reason than we now have to be thankful to Divine Providence for the blessings of health and general prosperity. Every branch of labour we see crowned with the most abundant rewards; in every element of national resources and wealth, and of individual comfort, we witness the most rapid and solid improvements. With no interruptions to this pleasing prospect at home, which will not yield to the spirit of harmony and good will that so strikingly pervades the mass of the people in every quarter, amidst all the diversity of interest and pursuits to which they are attached, and with no cause of solicitude in regard to our external affairs, which will not, it is hoped, disappear before the principles of simple justice and the forbearance that marked our intercourse with foreign powers—we have every reason to feel proud of our beloved country.

“ The general state of our Foreign Relations has not materially changed since my last annual message.

“ In the settlement of the question of the North-eastern boundary, little progress has been made. Great Britain has declined acceding to the proposition of the United States, presented in accordance with the resolution of the Senate, unless certain preliminary conditions were admitted, which I deemed incompatible with a satisfactory and rightful adjustment of the controversy. Waiting for some distinct proposal from the Government of Great Britain, which has been invited, I can only repeat the expression of my confidence, that with the strong mutual disposition which I believe exists, to make a just arrangement, this perplexing question can be settled with a due regard to the well-founded pretensions, and pacific policy of all the parties to it. Events are frequently occurring on the north-eastern frontier, of a character to impress upon all the necessity of a speedy and definitive termination of the dispute. This consideration, added to the desire common to both, to relieve the liberal and friendly relations so happily existing between the two countries from all embarrassment, will, no doubt, have its just influence upon both.

“ Since the last session of Congress, the validity of our claims upon France, as liquidated by the treaty of 1831, has been acknowledged by both branches of her Legislature, and the money has been appropriated for their discharge; but the payment is, I regret to inform you, still withheld.

[A recapitulation of the most important incidents in this protracted controversy are here given.]

“ The subject had already been an affair of twenty years’ uninterrupted negotiation, except for a short time, when France was overwhelmed by the military power of united Europe. Upon the meeting of Congress, in December, 1829, I felt it my duty to speak of these claims, and the delays of France, in terms calculated to call the serious attention of both countries to the subject. The then French Ministry took exception to the message, on the ground of its containing a menace, under which it was not agreeable to the French Government to negotiate.—The American Minister, of his own accord, refuted the construction which was attempted to be put upon the message. The views taken by him received my approbation, the French Government was satisfied, and the negotiation was continued. It terminated in the treaty of July 4, 1831, recognizing the justice of our claims, in part, and promising payment to the amount of twenty-five millions of francs, in six annual instalments.

[After alluding to the session of 1832–3 having been allowed to expire without



any effort on the part of the French Government to get the necessary funds for the payment of the debt voted, the President proceeds.]

“ The French Chambers met on the 31st of July, 1834, soon after the election ; and although our Minister in Paris urged the French Ministry to bring the subject before them, they declined doing so.

“ Thus disappointed in our just expectations, it became my imperative duty to consult with Congress in regard to the expediency of a resort to a retaliatory measure, in case the stipulations of the treaty should not be speedily complied with ; and to recommend such as, in my judgment, the occasion called for. To this end, an unreserved communication of the case, in all its aspects, became indispensable. To have shrunk, in making it, from saying all that was necessary to its correct understanding, and that the truth would justify, for fear of giving offence to others, would have been unworthy of us. To have gone, on the other hand, a single step further, for the purpose of wounding the pride of a Government and people with whom we had so many motives for cultivating relations of amity and reciprocal advantage, would have been unwise and improper. Admonished by the past of the difficulty of making even the simplest statement of our wrongs, without disturbing the sensibilities of those who had, by their position, become responsible for their redress, and earnestly desirous of preventing further obstacles from that source, I went out of my way to preclude a construction of the message, by which the recommendation that was made to Congress might be regarded as a menace to France, in not only disavowing such a design, but in declaring that her pride and her power were too well known to expect anything from her fears.

“ Although the message was not officially communicated to the French Government, and notwithstanding the declaration to the contrary which it contained, the French Ministry decided to consider the conditional recommendation of reprisals a menace and an insult, which the honour of the nation made it incumbent on them to resent. The measures resorted to by them to evince their sense of the supposed indignity, were, the immediate recall of their Minister at Washington, the offer of passports to the American Minister at Paris, and a public notice to the Legislative Chambers, that all diplomatic intercourse with the United States had been suspended.

“ Having, in this manner, vindicated the dignity of France, they next proceeded to illustrate her justice. To this end a bill was immediately introduced into the Chamber of Deputies, proposing to make the appropriations necessary to carry into effect the treaty.

“ But this cheering prospect was soon destroyed by an amendment introduced into the bill at the moment of its passage, providing that the money should not be paid until the French Government had received satisfactory explanations of the President's message of the 2nd of December, 1834.—The conception that it was my intention to menace or insult the Government of France, is as unfounded as the attempt to extort from the fears of that nation what her sense of justice may deny, would be vain and ridiculous. But the constitution of the United States imposes on the President the duty of laying before Congress the condition of the country, in its foreign and domestic relations, and of recommending such measures as may, in his opinion, be required by its interests. From the performance of this duty he cannot be deterred by the fear of wounding the sensibilities of the people or Government of whom it may become necessary to speak ; and the American people are incapable of submitting to an interference, by any Government on earth, however powerful, with the free performance of the domestic duties which the constitution has imposed on their publicfunctionaries. The discussions which intervene between the several departments of our Government belong to ourselves ; and, for anything said in them, our public servants are only responsible to their own constituents, and to each other. If, in the course of their consultations, facts are erroneously stated, or unjust deductions are made, they require no other inducement to correct them, however informed of their error, than their love of justice, and what is due to their own character ; but they can never submit to be interrogated upon the subject, as a matter of right, by a foreign power. When our discussions terminate in acts, our responsibility to foreign powers commences, not as individuals, but as a nation. The principle which calls in question the President for the language of his message, would equally justify a foreign power in demanding explanation of the language used in the report of a committee, or by a member in debate.

“ Not having received any official communication of the intentions of the French Government, and anxious to bring, as far as practicable, this unpleasant affair to a



close before the meeting of Congress, that you might have the whole subject before you, I caused our Chargé d'Affaires at Paris to be instructed to ask for the final determination of the French Government; and in the event of their refusal to pay the instalments now due, without further explanations to return to the United States.

"The result of this last application has not yet reached us, but it is daily expected. That it may be favourable is my sincere wish. In any event, however, the principle involved in the new aspect which has been given to the controversy, is so vitally important to the independent administration of the Government, that it can neither be surrendered nor compromised without national degradation. I hope it is unnecessary for me to say, that such a sacrifice will not be made through any agency of mine. The honour of my country shall never be stained by an apology from me, for the statement of truth and the performance of duty; nor can I give any explanation of my official acts, except such as is due to integrity and justice, and consistent with the principles on which our institutions have been framed. This determination will, I am confident, be approved by my constituents.

"Having thus frankly presented to you the circumstances which, since the last session of Congress, have occurred in this interesting and important matter, with the views of the Executive in regard to them, it is, at this time, only necessary to add, that, whenever the advices, now daily expected from our Chargé d'Affaires, shall have been received, they will be made the subject of a special communication."

The Message, at some length, details the improvements which have taken place throughout the States, and the increasing prosperity of the country in all its internal affairs. It also takes a view of the state of the finances, which are described as being very flourishing, and then refers to the military force of the republic.

The accounts of the dreadful conflagration and destruction of property at New York, have created the deepest interest and the greatest anxiety amongst the mercantile classes in London, more especially those immediately connected with the trade to that city. Most of the very numerous private letters which we have seen have been written hurriedly, under the influence, of course, of much anxiety; but they generally attempt, and perhaps laudably, to put the best face upon the results of this great calamity. They generally calculate the probable amount of loss to be from 12,000,000 to 15,000,000 dollars, which (as, from the frequency of fires in that city, it has been the custom always to insure) will chiefly fall upon the fire insurance offices of the City and State of New York, amounting in number to 24; seven of which it has been stated will be enabled to pay in full; whilst it is considered that most of the remainder will only pay about 60 per cent., it is feared, however, to the ruin of most of the unfortunate shareholders; and as the capital of these establishments is chiefly employed in commercial advances, on bonds, and mortgages, much inconvenience will be felt by the commercial community, as well as by many private families, whose property was invested in these hitherto profitable concerns. Hope, however, exists that the State and the different banks will afford every possible accommodation.

#### FRANCE.

The King of the French has opened the session of the Chambers in person, in a speech, which, except as bearing testimony to the flourishing state of the country, and to the progress of constitutional liberty, is of no great importance. He announces the gratifying fact, that the "intimate union" between France and Great Britain "becomes daily more close," and in proof of this, he states, that his Majesty, our most gracious Sovereign, has offered his mediation in the dispute between France and the United States, and that it has been accepted by France. But after the clear and satisfactory explanation given by the American President, which prove beyond the possibility of a doubt that no part of the conduct of the United States can be regarded as insulting, or in any way disrespectful to



her, it is to be hoped that the French Government will see the propriety of at once terminating this untoward affair, and that no mediation will be required to settle what ought, it is now clear, never to have been matter of controversy.

## PORTUGAL.

The Queen of Portugal was married by proxy on the 1st of January, and opened the Cortes in person on the 2nd. We here give one extract of great public interest:—"The Portuguese arms, which have so lately succeeded in freeing this country from the fury of a civil war, and the efforts of an usurping and liberticidal faction, now contribute to sustain in a neighbouring kingdom the crown of our august ally, Donna Isabella II., against efforts not less hostile or adverse to the prosperity of Spain, the interests of which are at present so intimately connected with those of my kingdom; with the assurance that from our common efforts and the intimate relations which bind us to Great Britain and France, peace and tranquillity will result to the whole Peninsula."

## GREECE.

The Porte has at length accepted the map of Greece which has been tendered to it by the Conference, and which has been under discussion ever since the establishment of the independence of that kingdom. The settlement of this controverted point will be followed, of course, by the formal recognition of the Greek Minister at Constantinople, and probably by the appointment of a Turkish envoy to the court of Athens. From the latest accounts, it would appear that the public tranquillity remains undisturbed in all parts of the kingdom, and that there is every appearance of its continuing unbroken for years to come. The capital is rapidly increasing in extent and population. The king has given universal satisfaction by the judicious selections which he has made both for the legislative council and the synod of bishops, to whom the government of the church is confided.

---

## BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

## COLONEL ROBERT HALL.

THIS officer, whose death took place at Chelsea on the 10th Jan., in his eighty-third year, entered the Army as ensign, by purchase, in the 72nd Regiment, in 1780, and shortly afterwards joined his regiment at Gibraltar, where he continued to serve during the remaining period of the memorable siege. On the treaty of peace in 1783, he was, on reduction of the establishment, placed on half-pay. He afterwards exchanged into the 39th regiment, in which he purchased a lieutenancy, and served for several years. In 1793, he raised an independent company, and was attached for a short period to the 25th Regiment. In 1794, he embodied an entire regiment for service within the United Kingdom; which he perfected in the unprecedented short space of eleven weeks from the date of receiving the order, displaying an activity of mind and energy of character that have seldom been surpassed. Immediately upon the completion of the regiment, thenceforth denominated the Devonshire and Cornwall Fencibles, it was ordered on active service to Ireland, where it devolved upon its colonel to mould this crude mass of heterogeneous materials into an effective and disciplined regiment. The regiment served in Ireland from the commencement of 1795, till the middle of 1802, (embracing the entire period of the last unhappy rebellion,) with credit and efficiency, having frequently received the marked commendations of the general officers in command of districts. The present general, the Honour-



able W. M. Maitland, was its lieut.-colonel. The regiment returned to England in 1802, when, on the reduction of the army, consequent on the recent peace, it was disbanded. In 1802, Colonel Hall submitted to the Government a plan for cultivating the waste lands of the United Kingdom, by means of the military then about to be disembodied. His design was to retain those forces in concentrated masses, locate them, by encampments under canvass, until their own labour should have constructed huts, a single summer sufficing for this purpose, under their officers, on extensive ranges of uncultivated districts, such, for instance, as Exmoor and Dartmoor; and while their efficiency for the defence of the kingdom might have been preserved, the principal portion of their time was to be devoted to the cultivation and enclosure of these lands, the formation of road-communications through them, &c. Thus it was calculated that a very few years would not only have rendered those lands productive, and repaid the outlay, but would also have returned a very considerable overplus revenue to the nation. If some such plan had been adopted, the country would not now be burthened with its army of pensioners, of not fewer than 82,000 men, absorbing something over a million of revenue. A great proportion of these men, at the time of becoming pensioners, were still efficient as labourers, and, in lieu of pensions to continue for life, they might have received a regulated quantity of the land thus brought under cultivation. This plan may be still worthy of being worked out into a practical system.

While Colonel Hall was quartered in Ireland, he was tempted, chiefly by the circumstance of many of his soldiers being Cornish miners, to embark in mining speculations; although highly beneficial to the country, they became in the end ruinous to himself. He opened, we believe, no fewer than thirteen mines, in various parts of the south: the most extensive and important was that of Killarney, the produce of which extended, in value, to nearly 100,000*l.*; the whole of that sum was expended in the vicinity, giving employment to many hundred men, women, and children. The following passage is extracted from "*Croker's Researches in the South of Ireland.*"

"About the year 1804, Colonel Hall, who had been some time quartered at Killarney, conceiving a favourable opinion of Ross Mine, induced one or two gentlemen in the vicinity to join him in re-opening it. Having succeeded in clearing out the water and rubbish, the little company were encouraged by the flattering appearances to proceed to work it, which they did on rather an extensive scale, notwithstanding the unfavourable circumstances of its situation, nearly close to the lake, the ground not rising much above, and dipping towards it at an angle about thirty degrees from the horizon, so that in a short time the workmen had excavated completely under the lake, with every fear of its waters breaking in on them. The richness and abundance of the ore was, however, a sufficient inducement to counteract this danger and inconvenience, as, during the four years that Ross Mine was worked, nearly 80,000*l.* worth of copper was disposed of at Swansea, some cargoes producing 40*l.* per ton. But this very richness was the ultimate cause of its destruction, as several small veins of pure oxide of copper split off from the main lode and ran towards the surface. The ore of these veins was much more valuable than the other, consequently the miners (who were paid by quality as well as quantity) pursued the smaller veins so near the surface, that the water broke through into the mine in such an overwhelming degree, that an engine of thirty-horse power could make no sensible impression on the inundation; and thus a forcible stop was put to all further proceedings."

One of the last mines explored by Colonel Hall was that of Kippagh in the county of Cork; it is now in the hands of an English company, who have embarked an immense capital in the concern, and are very sanguine as to its ultimate success. A time will come, perhaps, when Ireland will acknowledge its debt of gratitude to an enterprising individual, who set an



example to men of large means,—men who will probably reap the rich harvest for which it was his destiny only to prepare the ground. As this topic must possess interest for many who have risked their money with the company, we copy another extract from the work of Mr. Croker.

“The mines on the estate of Lord Audley, in the county of Cork, about ten miles west of Skibbereen, were discovered and opened by Colonel Hall about the year 1814. Three distinct veins presented themselves at no very considerable distance from each other. The first worked was a bright yellow ore of iron pyrites, containing in general about 8 per cent. of copper. The second has been scarcely attended to, as it chiefly consisted of green carbonate of copper disseminated through a slate-clay, with small nodules of grey or purple ore appearing here and there. In the third (Kippagh), which has been more extensively pursued than either of the others, the ore is a very rich sulphuret of copper, containing from 55 to 65 per cent. of that metal, and near the surface gave every promise of being a very valuable vein, but it degenerated in depth, and was, as well as the others, relinquished.”

Among other attempts to render available the natural wealth of the country, one deserves, from its singularity, especial notice. Accident led Colonel Hall to discover a bog in the neighbourhood of Ross Carbery, the water of which was strongly impregnated with sulphate of copper, with a large quantity of precipitated metallic copper in the turf. He immediately took a lease of it; built kilns in the vicinity, converted the turf into ashes, and shipped it to Swansea, where it brought a remunerating price. His object, however, was to ascertain the source whence the water proceeded, by which it was ascertained the turf was impregnated—and which, it was naturally assumed, must have been a vein of exceeding richness and extent. In this attempt he failed, although shafts were sunk in several of the surrounding hills. Some more fortunate person may yet reap the benefit of his efforts.

Colonel Hall lost one son in the service, a Lieutenant in the Royal Welsh Fusileers, killed at the battle of Albuera in 1811, and another, a midshipman in the Navy, drowned at sea. One of his sons, Lieutenant William Hall, is assistant-editor of the “United Service Journal,” and the name of another, Mr. S. Carter Hall, has been long associated with various literary works.

#### SIR COLQUHOUN GRANT.

Lieut.-General Sir Colquhoun Grant, K.C.B. and G.C.H., died at Frampton, in Dorsetshire. He was in his 73rd year, and the disease of which he died was dropsy in the chest. His daughter and son-in-law, Mr. Sheridan, were with him in his last moments, and tended him with assiduity and affection. By Sir Colquhoun's death the colonelcy of the 15th Hussars, which regiment he has had since 1827, becomes vacant. Sir C. Grant entered the army as an ensign in September, 1793, in the 36th Foot, and joined that corps at Trichinopoly in the East Indies, immediately after his appointment. He exchanged into the 25th (since the 22nd Light Dragoons) in 1797, and served in that corps during the Mysore campaign; and was present at the capture of Seringapatam. He was promoted to a troop in the 9th Light Dragoons, in Ireland, in 1800; he got a majority in the 28th Light Dragoons, in February, 1801, and the lieut.-colonelcy of the 72nd Foot, in May, 1802. He commanded the latter regiment until 1808, and was present with it at the capture of the Cape of Good Hope, under Sir D. Baird, in 1806. He exchanged, in August, 1808, into the 15th Hussars, and commanded that corps during Sir John Moore's campaign in Spain; he was wounded at the battle of Sahagun, where the 15th greatly distinguished itself under Lord Anglesea. In 1811, he was appointed aid-de-camp to the Prince Regent, and had his brevet of colonel that year. He embarked for Spain in January, 1813, and commanded the Hussar



brigade at the action of Morales; he was present also at the battle of Vittoria, and served during the remainder of the Spanish campaign. On the 4th of June, 1814, he received the brevet of major-general, and commanded a brigade at the battle of Waterloo, in which memorable day he had five horses shot or killed during the battle. In 1830, he was appointed lieutenant-general. For his services, Sir Colquhoun Grant was appointed Commander of the Bath and Guelphic Orders, Knight of (Russian) St. Wladimir, &c.

#### SIR JOHN SINCLAIR.

THIS much respected and venerable baronet expired at his house in George-street, on Monday, the 21st of December, in the 82nd year of his age. It is not our intention to attempt even a sketch of the long and eminently useful life of this excellent and truly patriotic man; but we cannot make the melancholy announcement of his death without calling to mind that during a public life exceeding fifty years, there is almost no topic in the whole range of political, statistical, or medical science, to which Sir John Sinclair has not turned his active and inquiring mind, with a disposition, we believe, as truly patriotic and philanthropic as ever animated a human breast. As a patron and promoter of agricultural improvement in particular, his reputation was not merely British or European, but had extended to America, where his labours have been appreciated, and eulogised by some of the most eminent political economists in the United States. And in truth we know of no subject which has engaged his attention on which he has not collected and digested information in the highest degree interesting, accompanied with those suggestions for the practical application of that information to the actual business of life and of the world, which remarkably characterizes Sir John Sinclair's various writings and compilations. We leave the duty of pronouncing a suitable eulogium on this distinguished public character to those better qualified than we can pretend to be for the task; but we should ill discharge the debt of gratitude which we owe, and which every Scotchman owes, to Sir John Sinclair, were we not to avail ourselves of this occasion to express our sincere regret at his death, and to offer our humble tribute of respect and veneration for his memory.—*Edinburgh Paper.*

#### SIR JOHN KENNAWAY.

Sir John Kennaway was born at Exeter, March 6, 1758, and received his education at the Free Grammar School, then conducted by Mr. Marshall. On the 18th February, 1772, he sailed for India, in company with his elder brother, the late Richard Kennaway, Esq., having been presented with a cadetship by Sir R. Palk.

In 1780 he received his Captain's commission, and served in the Carnatic, in the grand army, commanded by Sir Eyre Coote, against Hyder Ali, until the battle and siege of Cudalore.

On his return to Bengal, his skill in the native languages, and his talents for diplomacy, recommended him to the notice of the Marquis Cornwallis, then Governor General of India.

In the year 1786 this distinguished nobleman made him one of his Aids de Camp; and in 1788 sent him as envoy to the Court of Hyderabad, to demand from the Nizam the cession of the maritime province of Guntoor. In this mission he was eminently successful; not only obtaining that which he came to demand, but inducing the Nizam to enter into a treaty of offensive and defensive alliance against Tippoo Sultan. For this service his Majesty was pleased to create him a Baronet; and he received a mark of still further approbation from the Court of Directors, in a vote which they passed to take out the patent of creation at the Company's expense.

In 1792, Lord Cornwallis again made use of his diplomatic talents in the



arrangement of a preliminary and definitive treaty of peace, in concert with the commissioners of the Nizam and the Mahrattas on the one part, with those of Tippoo Sultan on the other. By this treaty Tippoo ceded half his dominions, and agreed to pay three million three hundred thousand pounds to the three allied powers, and to give two of his sons as hostages for the faithful performance of the engagement. From this time, Sir J. K. resided at the court of the Nizam at Hyderabad, with the title of Resident, being the first English representative that had been permanently received there.

Having suffered much in health from the climate of India, he returned to England in the year 1794. The high estimation in which he was held by the Directors of the East India Company, may be estimated by the unusual grant of a pension of 500*l.* per annum, which they voted him on retiring from the service.

Since this time he has constantly resided at Escot, in Devonshire, and his services, as well in the Commission of the Peace, as Deputy Lieutenant, and as Colonel Commandant of Local Militia and Yeomanry, are well known. It would be impossible to name a Magistrate whose character for strict and impartial integrity was superior to his. But the increasing infirmities of age, and especially a total privation of sight, with which it pleased God to visit him eight years ago, have now for some time withdrawn him from active life. Still, his loss will be deeply felt—his tenantry have to mourn a most kind landlord; his friends, a constant friend; his children, a father whose heart was truly paternal; and his widow the uninterrupted care and solace of thirty-nine years. His extensive charities, both in the county and beyond its limits, bear witness to his large and Christian liberality; and the poor of his neighbourhood will not cease to bless his name.

---

## MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

*Married.*]—Captain the Hon. Henry Rous, R.N., the heroic commander of the *Pique*, when she struck on the rocks on the coast of Labrador, to the daughter of J. Cuthbert, Esq.

John Dunlop, Esq., M.P., to Lady Harriet Primrose, daughter of the Earl of Roseberry.

Lieut.-Col. Hamilton Tennent, to Helen Howorth, only daughter of the late Lieut.-Gen. Graham.

Rev. Charles Rawlins, to Charlotte Hill Rickards, youngest daughter of the late Geo. Rickards, Esq., of Piccadilly.

John Alexander Drought, Esq., to Caroline Susanna, daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. John White.

The Right Hon. Lord Carrington, to Mrs. Trevelyan.

Rev. Charles Henry Barham, to Elizabeth Maria, only daughter of the late Wm. Boyd Ince, Esq., of Nahutty, near Calcutta.

---

*Died.*]—At Wynnstay, Lady Henrietta Antonia, wife of Sir Watkyn Williams Wynn, Bart., M.P., and daughter of the Earl of Powis.

At Tunbridge Wells, Lieut.-Gen. Sir John Hamilton, Bart., Colonel of the 99th Foot.

At Coventry, aged 106! Isaac Cohen, sur-

viving his second wife two years, whose age was 101. He retained his faculties to the last.

Mr. C. H. Simpson, late Master of the Ceremonies at Vauxhall.

In Portman-square, the relict of Sir John Sheffield, Bart., of Lincolnshire.

At Truro, aged 61, Edward Budd, Esq., sole conductor of the "*West Briton*" newspaper.

At York-terrace, Portman-square, aged 43, Lady Poltimore.

Viscount Brome, only son of the Earl Cornwallis.

Capt. J. Black, R.N., C.B., aged 61.

Sir George Cornwall, Bart.

At Paris, the Hon. Anthony Lionel Ashley Cooper, youngest son of the Earl of Shaftesbury.

In Wimpole-street, in the 85th year of his age, the Right Hon. Sir Henry Russell, Bart.

At Llan Gregor Castle, Perthshire, Murray Maxwell, youngest son of Captain Hallowell Carew, R.N., of Beddington Park, Surrey.

In Mortimer-street, the Dowager Lady Blunt, in her 91st year.

At Richmond, Surrey, Lady Stanley, wife of Sir Edmond Stanley, late Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Judicature at Madras.

At Woolwich Common, Mrs. Fead, widow of the late Lieut.-Gen. Fead, of the Artillery.



## PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES

### IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

#### LONDON.

*Consumption of Food, &c.*—The consumption of animal food in London is very great; but, to form a proper idea of its extent, the average weight, as well as the number of the animals, must be ascertained. About the year 1700, the average weight of the oxen sold in the London market was 370lbs.: of calves, 50lbs.; of sheep, 28lbs.; and of lambs, 18lbs.: the present average weight is, of oxen, 800lbs.; of calves, 140lbs.; of sheep, 80lbs.; and of lambs, 50lbs. The number of oxen annually consumed in London has been estimated at 110,000; calves, 50,000; sheep, 770,000; lambs, 250,000; hogs and pigs, 200,000; besides animals of other kinds. Smithfield is the principal market for the above articles, and the total value of butchers'-meat sold there annually is stated at 8,000,000%.

The quantity of fish consumed in the metropolis is comparatively small, on account of the high price which it generally bears; but this will probably be remedied, though some kinds of fish, at particular seasons, are cheap and of good quality. There are, on an average, annually brought to Billingsgate-market, 2500 cargoes of fish, of 40 tons each, and about 20,000 tons by land carriage; in the whole 120,000 tons. The supply of poultry being inadequate to a general consumption, and the price consequently high, that article is mostly confined to the tables of the wealthy. Venison is sold chiefly by pastry-cooks, at a moderate rate, but the chief consumption, which is considerable, is amongst the gentry and proprietors of deer-parks.

The annual consumption of wheat in London may be averaged at 900,000 quarters, each containing eight Winchester bushels; of porter and ale, 2,000,000 barrels, each containing 36 gallons; spirits and compounds, 11,000,000 gallons; wines, 65,000 pipes; butter, 21,000,000 lbs.; cheese, 26,000,000 lbs. The quantity of coals consumed is about 1,200,000 chaldrons of 36 bushels, or a ton and a half to each chaldron. About 9600 cows are kept in the vicinity of London for supplying the inhabitants with milk, and they are supposed to yield 7,900,000 gallons every year; even this great quantity, however, is considerably increased by the dealers, who

adulterate it by at least one-fourth with water before they serve their customers.

*City Antiquities.*—During the recent excavations in the City, more particularly for the formation of the sewerage in Newgate-street, and the foundation of the new school at Honey-lane Market, a great variety of interesting relics of antiquity have been discovered by the workmen, which, viewed collectively, throw a great deal of light upon the ancient history of the metropolis. A large number of these specimens have been placed in the very extensive geological museum of Mr. Saull, in Aldersgate-street, a gentleman of great antiquarian and scientific research, and which he has chronologically arranged, forming a very interesting and connected series of illustrations. The excavations in Newgate-street, carried on to a depth of about 30 feet below the surface, went underneath the whole of the foundations of the ancient cities, and above the solid diluvium left by deposition from the river, there were observed the successive debris of the British, Roman, and later London. The lowest was repeatedly seen at a depth of between 19 and 20 feet below the surface, consisting of cinders and charcoal, the probable remnants of the destruction by fire of the rude wigwams or wooden huts, forming the first settlement of our British ancestors, where likewise a great quantity of human bones were found. Above these were found specimens of Roman and Samian pottery, consisting of vases, lachrymatories, amphoræ, &c., many of which are in a fine state of preservation, retaining in legible characters the names of the makers. Coins of the Emperors Constantius, Constantinus Pius, Antoninus Pius, Nero, &c., a large quantity of vitrified tiles, &c.

Near the end of Newgate-street, approaching to Snow-hill, at a depth of about twenty feet, the workmen met with an obstruction which, from the hardness of the materials, for some time impeded their labours, and which, on examination, was found to consist of large solid blocks of chalk, cemented with an infrangible kind of grouting. On penetrating through, they entered a large magazine of human bones, loosely impacted together. From the direction of this wall, and the position of the



bones not leading to the idea that this was a place of sepulture, the probable conjecture is that it was an ancient city boundary, and that the latter are the relics of an army, who, attempting to force the portals, and perishing there, were afterwards loosely covered over. In the excavations at Cheapside, at a depth of about eighteen feet, embedded amongst many pieces of pottery and tiles, and what is supposed to have been the ruins of a Roman dwelling, was found a skull, now in Mr. Saull's collection, in a remarkably fine state of preservation, but which, phrenologically speaking, from the absence of the intellectual and great predominance of the animal organs, can give no exalted ideas of the moral character of the people to which the possessor belonged, the head being more like that of a Carib than of one of the natives of modern Europe. In the excavations at Honey-lane Market, likewise, a great many human bones have been found, in all probability of very great antiquity, from the immense quantity of Saxon coins which were also discovered there. Near the same spot were also discovered a great variety of tiles and pavements of the period of the Plantagenets, many of which, from the inscriptions on them, must have formed the foundation of some sacred place. From the chronological arrangements, and founded on these data, it would appear that the site of London must have been raised at least twenty feet from its first foundation, the ground occasionally rising by the aid of floods from the river, but the debris being most materially increased by conflagrations to which the city was formerly so subject, and particularly at the "Great Fire of London."

## SURREY.

*Borough Improvements.*—We understand it is in contemplation to form a hop-market in the commodious arches of the Greenwich Railway, which will have the effect of removing an intolerable and dangerous nuisance now existing in the Borough, opposite the Town-hall, and give a fair competition to the country dealers, as in the case of the corn, leather, fruit, fish, and other markets.

## SOMERSETSHIRE.

At the meeting of the Somersetshire Agricultural Labourers' Friend Society, held in the Bath Assembly Rooms, on Friday, the 18th of December, the Bishop of Bath in the chair; in the course of the proceedings several speeches

having been made, the following calculations were submitted by Dr. Parry:—

"The number of acres in England alone, according to population returns, are . . . . . 31,770,615

"Of which, those under cultivation, or which are capable of cultivation, are supposed to amount to . . . . . 29,000,000

"According to the same returns, the labourers employed in agriculture are 744,407

"The labourers not agricultural 500,000

"Total . . . . . 1,244,407

If 744,407 labourers in agriculture have, of the above amount of acres under cultivation, &c., a quarter of an acre each, 186,102 acres will be required, or about 1-155 part: or, in every 1000 acres, 6 acres 100-155.

Should these labourers receive only twenty perches each, (and thirty, perhaps, is the present average), then would be required only 93,051 acres, 1-310 of the whole, or about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  acres in every 1000.

Or, secondly, supposing all the labourers, agricultural and not agricultural, were admitted, and had each a quarter of an acre, then 311,339 acres, or rather more than 1-93 part of the whole cultivated or cultivatable lands in England would be required; or, at twenty perches each, only 1-186 part, being as 10 70-93 and 5 70-186 acres in every 1000.

Now, if the produce of one acre thus cultivated may be valued at 20*l.*, and in some cases it is reckoned at 26*l.*, 27*l.*, even up to 60*l.*, it is clear that the whole value of the land thus cultivated by the surplus labour of the agriculturists alone, at a quarter of an acre each, is 3,722,040*l.*; or divided amongst them is 5*l.* per head; or reckoning 10*s.* for the rent of each allotment, 4*l.* 10*s.*; and in the same proportion for the smaller amount.

If, again, the labourers, agricultural and not agricultural, were occupying a quarter of an acre each, the money value of the whole produce would be 6,226,780*l.*; or, deducting as before, 4*l.* 10*s.* per head.

Now, it will be observed that, on the supposition of the whole labouring population being possessed of a quarter of an acre each, and that the money amount obtained by the surplus labour bestowed on field gardens equals, as it may fairly be presumed to do when the system is in operation throughout the kingdom, 6,226,780*l.*; such amount is only



159,754*l.* short of the whole sum expended for the relief of the poor in the year ending March 25, 1833 (6,486,534*l.*); or, deducting 1-10 as the charge of rent paid, there then remains only 882,442*l.* as a balance on the side of the late poor law expenditure, above the amount which may, it appears, be fairly within the reach of the surplus labour of those who may be benefited by the introduction of this system.

## YORKSHIRE.

*Singular Discovery.*—A short time ago, Mr. Fossell, of the Square, Dunstable, being about to erect a wall round his premises, employed some labourers, who commenced digging, when they discovered the remains of what were supposed to be the monasteries, which in “olden times” existed in that neighbourhood. On digging further, they discovered a leaden coffin, containing the skeleton of a human being, upwards of seven feet long, and proportionately large in its dimensions, the hair being perfect, and the nails and teeth undecayed. The labourers continued their exertions, when they succeeded in finding another leaden coffin, containing a skeleton of a similar description. The circumstance excited considerable interest and curiosity in the neighbourhood, and the relics are now in the possession of the above-named gentleman.

## SCOTLAND.

*Ancient Relique.*—As some workmen were making a level for a quarry, near the site, we can hardly say ruins, of the Castle of Polkelly, they found an ancient spear-head, with some of the wood of the shaft still attached to it. In form it is like one of the halberts, as they are called, which are usually carried by the town-officers in front of the magistrates of our Scottish burghs, and is unquestionably a very old specimen of the Scottish spear, in the use of which Scotsmen were so famous in days of yore. A quantity of bones were found at the same time, but whether they were human bones or not, we cannot say, as they were not preserved. It is impossible to say how long this relique of the olden time has remained in the earth; but that it had been lost in some “stricken field,” there can be very little doubt. The neighbourhood of Polkelly and Rowallan must often have been the

scene of broils and battles during the times in which the castles were held by the Cummins and the Mures, and in some of these, no doubt, fell the “follower” of one or other of these houses who had handled the spear. During the reign of Alexander III., when the powerful family of the Cummins lorded it over Scotland, Sir Walter Cummin took possession of Rowallan Castle by force, and Gilchrist Mure, the Baron of Rowallan, was obliged, for a time, to seek safety in the Castle of Polkelly. It may have been in some of the skirmishes which this state of things would often bring about, that the owner of the spear was slain; or he may have been a follower of the famous “Rudolf Rowallane,” who, in after times, was head of the ancient house of Mure. But enough of speculation on this ancient spear-head. The Castle of Polkelly seems to have been extensive, but hardly a stone of it now remains above the surface of the earth to speak of its form or its strength. Immediately behind, however, there is a level field, which has obviously been the garden. The soil of it is particularly deep and rich. We have been informed that it never was known in the memory of man to be left lea, but is cropped yearly with advantage. The lands of Polkelly are now the property of the Earl of Glasgow. The spear-head has been sent to the museum of Anderson’s University, Glasgow.

## IRELAND.

*Fossil Remains.*—On the lands of Castledown, within three miles of Tramore, upon the estate of Lane Fox, Esq. (where that gentleman is making extensive improvements, such as roads, drains, &c.), were lately discovered the skeletons of two elks or fossil deer. From the general appearance of the skeletons, the animals must have been amazingly large. They were found at the distance of about five feet from the surface, in a blue marly clay, with about 18 inches of turf at top. Mr. Stewart, agent to Mr. Fox, has written to John Shannon, one of the tenants, on whose land the skeletons were found, to collect all the fragments and keep them safe, as he intends taking them to England. The skeletons were found at the distance of 21 yards asunder, both lying on the back.—*Kilkenny Paper.*



# THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

---

## LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH.

### LETTER XIV.

FROM Oran, we learn that the cholera has made quick work with a sixteenth part of the population, but that his ravages are on the decrease. In hopes that he will not visit Algiers during my absence, I propose very soon to take a voyage along the eastern coast as far as Bona. In the mean time, I determined to get as far to the interior south of Algiers—if the words ‘far’ and ‘interior’ can be applied without ridicule to the distance of twenty miles. The village of Douera, where there is a French camp of 2000 men, is fifteen miles from Algiers. Five miles farther on, in the direction of Belida, is the plain of Boufaric, where the natives hold a weekly fair, and meet the French on terms of amity. Indeed, the French consider the tribes of that plain as their subjects, and my friend Colonel Maret has been appointed Aga of Boufaric; but no European ventures to the fair, except under military protection. At the weekly fair there was to be a review of the native cavalry in the French pay, and of some battalions of French infantry. So I took the road on horseback one morning, intending, after I had seen the fair and the review, to return ere nightfall to Algiers. I committed a double error, however; first, in not providing against the chance of rain, and, in the next place, in choosing a companion as ignorant of the country as myself, instead of riding by the side of Colonel Maret and his cavalry. These left Algiers by dawn of day, and, joined by a body of infantry at Douera, were at Boufaric long before noon. We set off an hour later, and when we reached the camp at Douera, the French troops had left it; but my ignorant and self-sufficient comrade assured me that he knew the way to Boufaric perfectly well. He showed his knowledge of the country, however, by leading me out of the shortest way, over pathless and wild fields, in quest of Boufaric, where we wandered a long time at random till we stopped at an Arab dascra, and then a native pointed out to us the plain of the fair with his finger. In the mean time, after a beautiful morning, the clouds gathered in blackness, and it began to rain halberds, as the French say. Those African showers know nothing of the *juste milieu*; I was soused for an hour as if under buckets, with nothing to protect me but a light great-coat, whilst my comrade sat covered with oilskins that made him waterproof from top to toe. At last we got a sight of the Zouaves, or Moorish horsemen, in their white bernousses, and as the rain abated, the weather permitted them to go through some of their wonderful evolutions. They skim the plain like swallows, and they wheel, stop, and load, and fire either forwards or backwards with a dexterity which I have never seen equalled, though I have witnessed reviews of the best troops of Europe.



If the French ever conquer this regency, it will be chiefly by increasing the native cavalry. A French dragoon officer tells me that he is learning the Moorish manœuvres, but for this purpose he has bought a Moorish saddle, which, as it curves up some half a foot both in back and front, gives the rider the longest possible command of his sword in a forward charge, and enables him to fire in retreat with a precision impracticable on a flat European saddle.

The fair at Boufaric offered no spectacle of any interest. There were some native temporary tents, at the doors of which the Kabyles and Arabs were selling all sorts of country produce, and here and there regaling themselves with coffee. Meanwhile, though with no regret, I had lost my companion, and curiosity prompted me to ride on alone in the direction of Belida. The face of the country, like all that I had seen since getting four miles beyond Algiers, is destitute of all the rich cultivation which surrounds the capital. Trees are to be met with, but not in abundance. Generally speaking, the landscape has a brown, desolate appearance like that of the Scotch Highlands, and afar off you might think it covered with heath. But the principal production of the soil is the dwarf palm-tree, which, though called so, has no affinity with the tree of dates, but is only a shrub: it is, however, a far richer shrub than our Highland heather: its leaves are browsed upon by cattle, and its root is eaten by the Arabs themselves. I rode so far south as to get a very dim and distant sight of Belida. The country is wild and houseless, but I came up to a native dascra, consisting of a few miserable sheds covered with reeds, and seeing a girl milking a cow before one of them, I signed to her that I wanted a drink, and held out a piece of silver. The little wench, however, looked very saucily at me, and with an angry wafture of her hand desired me to depart. I rode on for some time in the direction of Belida, saying to myself, ‘This is really tantalizing—to be so near a genuine Moorish town, and not to get as far as even its suburbs;’ but reflecting that I could not well return to Algiers except in European company, and feeling my curiosity damped by the wetness of my skin, I turned round, and reached the French troops just as their review was concluding.

Belida is situated so very near to the foot of the lesser Atlas, that when the Kabyles and Arabs forced the French out of it, their balls from the lowest fastnesses of the mountain used to reach into the middle of the town. I understand that it is surrounded by a wall of no great height, which, like all the houses, is built in what is called *pisé*, that is, of clay compacted in frames of wood; a mode of building which you often meet with in France to the south of Lyons. The houses are constructed after the general Moorish fashion, with the windows looking into an internal square court, but scarcely any of them have more than one story. In 1825 an earthquake shook Belida, and the only houses that were spared were the lowest-roofed. Of the earthquake it cannot be said, as of Death, that he knocks with an impartial foot at the palaces of kings and the cots of paupers, for he seems to have a sworn spite at lofty architecture; accordingly, the Belidians have since omitted second stories.

In July, 1830, the people of Belida invited the French to come and defend them against the Kabyles. General Bourmont set out with twelve companies of the *élite*, and some chasseurs and artillery, and slept in the town on the night of the 23rd. But on the following day,



before noon, some of his *picked* men were *picked* off by the muskets of the mountaineers, and he thought it was incumbent on him to order a general retreat. His troops set out in column between two lines of flankers. From two o'clock till sunset, they were harassed by a force of 4000 natives, the Moors of the town having been compelled to join against them, and the natives skirmished with them in front, flank, and rear, till they halted and bivouacked a few miles beyond Boufaric, in the direction of Algiers. There they spent a hideous night amidst the cries of their own wounded \*. In this retreat the French remarked that the Moors harassed them less fiercely than the Kabyles and Arabs; and they had scarcely reached Algiers when a messenger arrived from the Belidians, apologizing for their conduct, and ascribing it to compulsion. It surprises me that Captain Rozet, who is otherwise so candid as to blame the misdoings of his countrymen very freely, should inveigh against Bourmont in this instance, because he had the ill-timed clemency, "*la clemence intempestive*," not to have shot this messenger in front of the camp. It is an extreme case, indeed, that would justify the execution of an ambassador, and General Bourmont, in my opinion, behaved very properly. He accepted the apology on an understanding that the people of Belida would be friendly in future to the French. I believe that the former spoke the truth in saying that they had been compelled to take arms against the French.

Belida, before the earthquake, contained between 6000 and 7000 inhabitants—at present it scarcely reckons half that number, so that the fighting men cannot exceed 500. The Bedouins were oppressing them—they prayed the French to come and protect them; expecting, of course, that they would come in sufficient force: but the troops had scarcely slept and breakfasted when they found themselves obliged to evacuate the town—the Bedouins entered, and commanded its citizens to take arms against the Christians. What could the Belidians do? I see no proof of treachery in their conduct.

In the following year, under Clausel's government, the French, with a force of 7000 infantry, besides cavalry and artillery, took Belida by storm; and on that occasion they could not well be accused of any *ill-timed clemency*, for the pillage of the place continued an entire day, and one-half of their army having gone out to pursue the Bedouins up Mount Atlas, as well as to lay waste all habitations with fire, the remaining battalions, suspecting that the townsmen were plotting an insurrection, amused themselves for six hours with military executions. The night that closed on that butchery exhibited the orange orchards and the fairest fields in the world illuminated for miles around by the conflagration of huts and houses. Really, at the hazard of appearing inconsistent, I could sometimes retract my wishes for the success of the French in Africa, when I read their own accounts of these absurd and brutal expeditions. Nobody can regret that they reaped no permanent advantage from conquests thus misused. One of their generals, indeed, con-

---

\* There is a difference between Capt. Rozet's account of the loss of the French in this retreat, and the account of Bourmont himself. The General says, in his despatch to the Minister, Prince Polignac, that, in the whole course of the 24th, the day of retreat, there were only eight Frenchmen killed and thirty wounded, but almost all slightly. Capt. Rozet reckons the entire number *mis hors de combat* at fifty-one, of whom eleven were killed. Among the slain was Bourmont's chief aide-de-camp.



gratulated his army on their glory when the fires of their bivouacs might be seen on the mountain-tops mingling their blaze with the stars of heaven. But this mock sublime ended in serious humiliation. The army of Mount Atlas returned hunted and diminished to Algiers.

Notwithstanding these reflections on the misconduct of the French, I rejoined them at Boufaric, very glad of their company, which I had all the way to Douera. By this time the weather had changed from showers to heat and brilliance. The sun of this climate, if he hides himself for a time, bursts suddenly from his concealment, like a tyrant who is jealous that you may have forgotten him. For the present I found no fault with the power and splendour of his solar majesty; he warmed my chill skin, and he dried my clothes, till they smoked like a blanket, or flannel petticoat, fresh from a tub of hot water, that has been wrung out by the hands of some strong washerwoman, and hung up before the fire. I might have guessed that this was not a wholesome way of being dried (*si mens non læva fuisset*); but my sensations were agreeable, not to say delicious, as I wound along a sunny road, skirted with laurel-roses, and listened to the martial music of the band. Arrived at Douera, I felt an irresistible drowsiness come over me. My clothes, I thought to myself, are now completely dried; the dews of the night, and possibly rain, will come on before I can reach Algiers, so I will seek a lodging here. I therefore struck up along the camp to a sorry auberge which lies behind it, which has only a billiard-room on the ground floor, frequented by the French officers, and a garret aloft, with a ladder for stairs. "Can you give me a good bed, landlord?" "Yes, Sir, a very good bed." So I ascended the *gradus ad Parnassum*, but found that the *tres bon lit* comprised only a paillasse and a rug; nathless, I was very weary, and I laid myself down in my clothes. In two hours, however, I awoke in great agony, feeling every act of respiration like the driving of a tenpenny nail into my left breast; in short, I had a regular pleurisy. I got up, and, groping my way to the trap-door, descended to the lower room, where I seated myself beside the fire. The French officers, seeing me so ill, behaved very humanely. One of them went off immediately to the camp for a surgeon, and brought him. The doctor's advice that I should be bled, and put into a comfortable bed, produced a confession from the aubergiste, that my *bon lit* had no bed-clothes. On this, a French colonel (his name I am ashamed to leave a blank, for though I took it down next day, I unfortunately lost the memorandum) sent for bed-clothes from his own tent. The kindness of this worthy man I shall never forget: his strong resemblance to my brave and gentle cousin, Captain Robert Campbell, of the Navy, now no more, heightened, though fortuitously and fancifully, my sense of his attention. Bleeding, and a cataplasm applied to my breast, afforded me a little relief, and thus I hoped to have spent the night, if not in sleep, at least in comparative composure. I consoled myself with thinking that, sharp as the pain was, it was not quite so hideous as I could imagine pain to be. But I was disturbed in these thankful reflections, by finding that my garret was infested by a legion of rats. Some of them, of the size of leverets, leaped upon my bed. The pleasant smell of my cataplasm had made me popular among them. "Oh!" I exclaimed, like Mrs. Beverley in the "Gamester," "if affliction would take any shape but this!" for my horror of rats is unspeakable; and



that night passed over me “*like a phantasmagoria or a hideous dream.*” By efforts of my voice that brought back the tenpenny nail in its full vigour, I got the landlord to come up. “Oh, mon hôte! have you never a cat in the house? I will give twenty francs for her company till to-morrow.” “Helas! Monsieur,” he replied, “if you gave me a thousand francs I could not find you a cat; there is no keeping one in the camp of Douera!” “Why not?” “Because the French soldiers steal them.” “And what do they do with them?” “Why, it is alleged that they make pies and soup of them.” “Confound them, I wish these rats were down their throats: but have you no dog?” “No, Sir, none but that fierce chained mastiff who is barking in the yard, and he would be as likely to devour you as the rats.” “Woe’s me,” I said, “then put a couple of candles at my bedside, and reach me my horse-whip.” With that weapon in the hand of my arm which had not been bled I had now to defend myself; and though the effort was agonizing, I struck frequently at the intruders. I have an indistinct recollection of seeing and striking at one who was sitting on his hind legs, and whetting his teeth in the act to spring at me; but I cannot quite trust to my recollections, for I certainly became light-headed, and imagined I saw black, white, and blue rats. I nevertheless got a short morning sleep, and was well enough to receive some of the French officers who called to inquire for me. In the course of next day, I was conveyed in a carriage to Algiers, and never was I more thankful than to find myself in my bed in M. Descousse’s house, and my skilful friend Dr. Riviere prescribing for me. He applied seventy-five leeches to my breast, and as many between my shoulders. How relative are our ideas of home! Algiers is now to me a home; I have friends here to watch me night and day, and their care has already relieved my sufferings.

#### LETTER XV.

By means of leeches—the only backbiters that ever did good in this world—I got rid of my pleurisy; but it was followed by an attack of acute rheumatism, which for a time set my doctors—for I had two of them—with all their bathing, bleeding, and diète (the last is a scientific term for starvation), at defiance. Whilst I was thus suffering, my friend our consul called on me, and insisted that I should be removed to his house, where I should find many comforts and conveniences that could not be expected in a lodging. I accepted his invitation, and experienced every possible kindness and attention under his roof. Among the many marks of Mr. and Mrs. St. John’s friendship, that which I felt as most delicately hospitable, was their sending every morning to inquire after my health—not one of their domestics, but one of their sweet little saints, who, without entering, knocked with her pretty knuckle at my chamber-door and said, “Papa and mamma have sent me to ask how you are this morning?” I felt as if there was a healing charm in the voice of the inquiring cherub. By-and-by I was able to come down and shake hands with all the family in their breakfast parlour. At the end of a month I was quite recovered.

If you remember the story of an Irish actor, who advertised that having lost considerably by his last benefit he was *thereby* induced to take another, I am afraid you will compare me to that sapient personage when I tell you that I had no sooner recovered the health I had lost in



my trip to Boufaric, than I resolved on making another to Bona. That place, still remarkable for its coral fishery, is the farthest eastern town in the Algerine regency possessed by the French. I got a passage thither for myself and my servant on board the government steamer, and was happy to have for my fellow-voyager Mr. Brown, the American consul at Algiers. Recollecting my voyage across the Mediterranean, I winced sorely at the anticipation of sea-sickness in a mid-winter sail along the coast, of 200 miles in going, and as many in returning. But the holy St. Austin, I verily believe, sent us propitious weather, if the saints in Heaven have anything to do with earthly weather and steam navigation. We were aboard about noon, and though it was the 8th of January, the deck was warm with sunshine, and the sea was as smooth as glass. The motion of the vessel, far from sickening me, combined with the balmy air to exhilarate my spirits. My fancy luxuriated in comparing our vessel to the car of some ocean divinity, and I recalled the line,

“Atque rotis sammas levibus perlabitur undas.”

I paced the deck with no other discontentment than a longing for dinner, and sat down at times to peruse a small Elzivir copy of “Leo Africanus,” which I had brought in my pocket. I find that Leo describes Algiers as having been famous even in his time for the beauty of its circumjacent villas and gardens, and the plain of the Metidja, which, by the way, was so called after the name of a Roman emperor’s daughter, as remarkably fruitful. We sailed—or, I should rather say, we wheeled—too far from the coast to have a distinct view of it, but were near enough to see that it is rocky and mountainous. Early in the day we passed the place where the river Bouberak discharges itself into the sea, and forms a boundary between the provinces of Titeri and Constantina. About a league from thence I could compute, though I could not discern, that we were off Dellys, a town described by Leo Africanus under the name of Tedelles. How much would I have given if I could have baited with safety for an hour or two at this interesting spot, that I might have compared Leo’s account of Tedelles with its present condition; but to land at any point of the coast which the French have not occupied would be making a voluntary sacrifice of one’s life and liberty. Leo describes Tedelles as, in his own time, a very large town surrounded with strong and high walls, and occupied by an industrious and wealthy people famous for dyeing cloth, an occupation to which their streams and fountains were favourable. Speaking as a contemporary, he adds, that the inhabitants were gay and ingenious, almost every individual being able to play on the harp and accompany it with singing. Their land, he says, is fruitful, and their dress is sumptuous. Fish, he tells us, was so plentiful, that there was no need of a fish-market, for the amateurs of fishing caught such loads that they distributed their booty gratis. John Leo Africanus, the traveller and geographer, was a native of Granada, of Moorish extraction. When that city was taken by the arms of Ferdinand and Isabella in 1492, he retired into Africa, from which circumstance he derived his surname. He studied the Arabic language at Fez; and partly as an ambassador from the king of the country, partly for his own pleasure, he made several journeys in Europe, lesser Asia and Africa, of which he wrote a narrative in Arabic. Having fallen into the hands



of pirates at the Isle of Zerb, he was sold to a master who presented him to Leo X. That pontiff afforded him a favourable reception on account of his learning and talents, and having persuaded him to renounce Mahometanism, gave him his own names of John and Leo at the baptismal font. He acquired the Italian language at Rome, and translated into it his work on Africa, dating it 1526. His description of Africa, though its geography has the defects of the age, is reckoned one of the most curious of early voyages and travels, and is, upon the whole, in good credit for veracity. He had visited in person the most of the places he describes.

Leo travelled in Africa early in the 16th century. Doctor Shaw, whose travels were published two hundred years afterwards, found Dellys but an insignificant place surviving amidst the ruins of a larger ancient city, and ill supplied with water; but Leweson, half a century later, commemorates the industry of the inhabitants and their skill in manufacturing woollen cloth. The last of these authors, however, describes a part of the population as addicted to a less laudable sort of industry. The few ships, he says, that anchor here, are exposed to the thievery of the natives, who, being expert swimmers and divers, cut the anchor ropes at night in order to occasion shipwrecks.

On the 9th of January, before daylight, we anchored off Bougia, and early in the morning I went ashore, as the steamer always rests here for half-a-day on its way between Algiers and Bona. The harbour of this place is pretty spacious; but, like every other on the Algerine coast, it is insecure. The town itself lies on the slope of a hill considerably above the level of the sea. Its few streets—for it is now a miserable place, though once of better account—are steep and tortuous, but not so narrow as those of Algiers. Poor as it is, it commands a glorious view of land and water; and even a portion of its own ruins is picturesque. The remains of a shapely arch on the sea-shore, which I imagine to have been of Roman construction—though it is covered with brushwood—struck me as a beautiful object. But such is the grandeur of the surrounding mountain scenery, that I drop my pen in despair of giving you any conception of it. Scotchman as I am, and much as I love my native land, I declare to you that I felt as if I had never before seen the full glory of mountain scenery. The African Highlands spring up to the sight not only with a sterner boldness than our own, but they borrow colours from the sun unknown to our climate, and they are mantled in clouds of richer dye. The farthest-off summits looked in their snow like the turbans of gigantic Moors, whilst the nearer masses glowed in crimson and gold under the light of morning. “Would that I had here,” I exclaimed, “one of our own true British artists!”—for we alone have landscape painters. What would not Turner make of this scene, whilst I am vainly shedding ink to pourtray it! *Apropos* to Turner, I can give you an instance of his ready wit. Once at a dinner, where several artists, amateurs, and literary men were convened, a poet, not unknown to you, by the way of being very facetious, proposed as a toast the health of the *painters and glaziers* of Great Britain. The toast was drank, and Turner, after returning thanks for it, proposed the health of the British *paper-stainers*. I am afraid if Turner saw these mountains, and any attempt of mine to describe them, he would set me down as a paper-stainer.



I spent an hour in contemplating this splendid picture and colossal sculpturing by the hand of Nature. The wildness of the scene is not unsoftened by traits of repose. The sea was like a mirror to its surrounding rocks, as well as to its ships at anchor in the quiet bay. On the slope of the opposite mountains you can see some native villages, where

“ Summa procul villarum culmina fumant ;”

and here and there a white marabout shows its head. To the right of the city, as you look over the harbour, a valley of some breadth extends, through which the river Mansourah\* discharges itself into the sea; and from this valley the lowing of the Kabyle cattle may be heard.

After a morning stroll, I met my friend Brown, and we called together on the English consul of the place, a Mr. Bransil. He gave us an excellent *dejeuner à la fourchette*. Mr. Bransil is a Swede—a well-educated man, deserving a better residence than this barbarous nook of the world. His abode, which has nothing to recommend it but a little orangery in front of it, and a fine view of the country, costs him twice the rent that it would fetch in London. It consists of a court, flanked on three sides by as many hovels, each inferior in architecture to a respectable English cow-house. He has fitted up their interior, however, with tasteful neatness. Distance from home makes people familiar on short acquaintance. The books on his shelves denoted a man of elegant reading, and his conversation showed that he had moved in good society.

I could not help saying to Mr. Bransil, “ You must find this place a dreary sort of *sejour* ?”

“ Dreary enough, God knows !” he answered, with an affirmative sigh.

“ Pray, how do you kill the time ?”

“ I don’t kill it—it kills me.”

“ Have you any society ?”

“ Um—O yes !—a few French serjeants and corporals, and now and then an enlightened skipper of a trading vessel.”

“ Pleasant enough ; and then for your salary ?”

“ I have no salary.”

“ But surely there are perquisites ?”

“ Next to none !”

“ How the devil then do you remain in this horrid consulship ?”

“ Why, I don’t mean to remain long, and I believe I shall scarcely find a successor.”

Bougia is at present little better than a mass of ruins, and among its houses there are still marks of the carnage that attended its last siege about a year and a half ago. Mr. Bransil’s house, which, bad as it is, was the abode of the Sheik of Bougia, has a window at which an unfortunate native was either firing, or endeavouring to make his escape, when a French ball dispatched him, and left traces of his blood, which are still uneffaced. Bougia was taken in 1833, by the active and intrepid General Trezel. I made acquaintance with this officer at Algiers, where he is next in command to Count D’Erlon. In my walk around the town I fell in with a French soldier, to whom I put some questions about the siege, as he told me he was one of the four thousand men who stormed the place under the command of Trezel.

---

\* The same river which Shaw calls Summam.



"I know the General," I said.

"Then you know," replied the soldier, "as brave a little man as ever drew sword for his country."

"I believe you," I said; "I am pleased with your enthusiasm. Trezel has lost an eye in the service of his country, but in the other there is as much intelligence as would serve a dozen common countenances."

"Vous avez raison, Monsieur," quoth the *militaire*; "and I can tell you a singular story about the manner of his losing that eye. In the battle of Waterloo he was charging at the head of his regiment, when a musket-ball, which was supposed to have rebounded from a tree, struck out one of his eyes. Search was made for the ball, to ascertain whether it had entered into the head or not, but it could nowhere be found. The wound was dressed, and externally healed, but still the General felt a weight in the inside of his head, and for a couple of years suffered considerable pain. At last the ball forced its way down to the respiratory duct, between the nose and the mouth, and was extracted from the roof of the mouth."

I give you this story as the soldier told it to me. If it be true it is an extraordinary case in surgery. Our friend, the Scott of Bromley, will tell you if it can be true.\*

"It was a bloody day," continued my informant, "that of our storming Bougia. The little General was never more put to it in his life, nor made greater personal exertions. He had recently been wounded in the leg, and the surgeon told him that if he exerted the limb, it would infallibly gangrene. Nevertheless, as there was fighting from street to street, he was obliged to exert himself, let the consequences be what they might. In charging the Kabyles up the main street, he saw many of his soldiers slinking into the recesses of doors, in order to avoid the bullets that were showering down upon them. Both he and his aide-de-camp dismounted from their horses, and taking each a side of the street, went along," to use my informant's phrase, "spooning the skulkers with their sabres out of the doors."

The town has still two small forts to defend the harbour, and a third on the summit of a mountain behind it, which is two thousand and eleven feet above the level of the sea. After breakfast, we made a party on foot to this mountain stronghold, and reaching it after a zigzag ascent, which took us three hours, we sat down to a cold pic-nic collation, in a still colder atmosphere, where we found the barometer two degrees lower than in the town. But we procured some cogniac, that made us independent of the barometer.

The description of the place by Leo Africanus corresponds very ill with its present condition. "Bougia," he says, "is a very ancient city, which, as some will have it, was founded by the Romans. It is surrounded by very high walls, in the most elegant style of ancient fortification. It is built on the side of a very high mountain looking towards the Mediterranean. That part of it which is now inhabited numbers more than 8000 families; but if all parts were built upon, it

---

\* Delicacy subsequently prevented me from asking General Trezel himself as to the fact, but one of his aides-de-camp told me he fully believed the account; and on consulting Sir Charles Bell, only yesterday, he said, "The case is to me neither new nor surprising."



might contain 26,000 houses; for it is of almost incredible length." From this it appears that in Leo's time the population of Bougia was probably 30,000 souls, and it is possible that it may have once amounted to above 100,000. At present, exclusive of the French garrison, I do not believe that it contains 500 persons; for, by the report of M. Genty de Bussy, the population of Bougia in November, 1833, was as follows:—After the occupation of the place by the French, there remained in it fifty-six individuals—men, women, and children; the inhabitants who had fled, but returned after the siege, were nineteen; the Bougiotes who were in Algiers at the time of the expedition, but who returned afterwards, were 44; the native guides of the French army, and the other native Africans who settled in the place, amounted to fifteen; making a total of 134.

Leo's further description of Bougia contrasts equally with its present dilapidation. "Wonderful," he says, "is the architecture of its houses, its temples, colleges, and palaces. Numerous are the professors of the arts: some of them are teachers of law; others, of natural philosophy." He speaks also of its sumptuous inns, its wide and elegant market, and of walls adorned with the most beautiful inscriptions in wood and plaster. Did Leo mean all this description to apply to the town when it was under Spanish domination? I certainly think not; for he immediately adds, that the opulent citizens of Bougia gave great vexation to the Spaniards by their powerful piratical galleys; on which account, Peter, Count of Navarre, was sent by the King of Spain with an army and fourteen ships of war; and that the natives, flying from the town, gave it up, full of rich plunder, to the Spaniards. This was in 1508, when Leo was sixteen years old. He published his "History of Africa" in 1526, and if he ever saw Bougia, is more likely to have seen it under Spanish than Moorish dominion. Nevertheless, I think he ascribes to the Moors, and not the Spaniards, all the splendid edifices of which he speaks, although it is probable that the Moors had employed Italian architects. A few years afterwards, Barbarossa made an attempt to recover Bougia, but it proved abortive.

Whilst I was passing down to the harbour, to embark for Bona, I observed, on the walls of its fortress nearest the sea, two stones, with an inscription on each, but at such an elevation, that I could not read them. Mr. Bransil, however, kindly promised to copy them for me; and, on my return from Bona, I found that they were as follows:—

SEPT. 30. SIENDO CAPITAN Y ALCAYDE EN  
ESTA FORTALEZA POR EL EMPERADOR  
CARLO QUINTO DON LUIS DE PERALTA, HIJO  
DE DON ALONZO DE PERALTA Y DE DONNA AÑA  
DE VELASCO MARQUES DE FALCES—LOADA  
SEA DIOS. ANNO 1543.

The other inscription is in Latin, to the purity of which, if you object, I can only say that I give it as Mr. Bransil transcribed it for me:—

ECCE TESTES VICTORIÆ OBTEÑTÆ  
IN EPIPHANIA PROPRESIDE SEBASTIANO  
DEL CASTILLO PRO LUDOVICO DE PERALTA  
GENERALI. ANNO 1545.



From the latter inscription, it is evident that there had been hostilities between the natives and the Spaniards long subsequent to the repulse of Barbarossa, and in the interval between that event and the final abandonment of the place by the Christians.

Laugier de Tassy, writing early in the eighteenth century, mentions Bougia as a town pretty strong and well peopled. It is the capital, he says, of a province bearing the same name, which formerly was a kingdom under the dominion of the Arabs. It was built by the Romans, and the Goths established there the seat of their empire. Abni, a Saracen prince, chased them from thence in 762. Joseph, the first King of Morocco, conquered it, and gave it to Huchan Urmeni, a prince of his race, whose heirs reigned over it until the twelfth century. It was then conquered by the King of Tunis, who gave it to Abulferez, one of his sons, in whose family it continued till it was captured by Peter of Navarre, in the reign of Ferdinand V. of Spain. After the defeat of Charles V. before Algiers, the Algerines took advantage of the occasion, and marched with all their forces on Bougia. They stormed the castle on the harbour and the citadel on the heights; so that Alonzo de Peralta, the Spanish Governor, demanded a capitulation. He was allowed to return, with 400 men, to Spain, where the monarch condemned him to lose his head.

M. Genty de Bussy, late Intendant Civil, or Commissary General of the French Government in the Algerine Regency, has published the names of the native tribes, to the number of between thirty-five, who inhabit the territory around Bougia, to the distance of forty miles. He estimates their men capable of bearing arms at 15,000 infantry and 500 cavalry. From all these tribes, however, I do not believe that the French collect a single franc; the Bey of Constantina himself, in whose province they lie, cannot extort tribute from more than a third part of them. Those Highlanders maintain their independence as hardily against the French as they used to do against the Turks. It was but the other day that they skirmished with the former at the blockhouse, only a mile out of town, on the plain between it and the river Mansourah. They were expected to visit the French outposts on the very day of our first touching at Bougia; but they did not come, and thus disappointed us of the sight of a little battle. In Leweson's time, the Turks kept here 300 infantry and 100 cavalry; but this force was barely sufficient to keep the Kabyles on the outside of the walls. The Algerines, for the sake of their navy, were obliged to purchase timber from the woody mountains of this province, and to be their very humble customers. The products of the country are oil, soap, dried figs, and, above all, carpenters' wood; they also manufacture spades and ploughshares.

In the course of the day we embarked for Bona, and immediately on clearing the Bay of Bougia passed a place called Jigel, sometimes pronounced Gigery, which was once a considerable town, though now reduced to a few miserable houses. In looking to this part of the coast, I could not but recall the affecting adventures of an Irish family, who were once wrecked on it. Their story is told by Laugier de Tassy, which I shall give you pretty nearly in his own words. On the 23rd of October, 1719, Madame Bourk embarked from Cette, in Languedoc, on board a Genoese vessel; she had with her her son and daughter, and her



brother-in-law, the Abbé Bourk—besides a secretary and six domestics, four women and two men. She was bound for Spain, where she was expected by her husband, Count Bourk, who had followed James II. into France, and was now an officer in the Spanish service. The second day, being on the coast of Catalonia, near Barcelona, their vessel was captured by an Algerine corsair; but as the Countess had a passport from the court of France, the pirate captain treated her with the utmost respect, and assured her that no wrong should be done either to her or any of her suite. She asked permission to remain in the Genoese vessel with her family and servants, to which the corsair agreed; but he took the Genoese crew aboard his own ship, and put some Turks in their stead on board of the bark of Genoa, which he took in tow, and set sail towards Algiers. On the 30th of the month, however, a furious tempest came on from the north-west—the corsair was obliged to cut the cable with which he had towed his prize—and the Genoese bark, unable to keep his company and driven right before the wind, was forced on the coast between Bougia and Gigery, where it was broken to pieces. The Moorish Kabyles, who during storms from the north keep a good look-out on their mountain-tops for distressed vessels, watched their prey, and came down to plunder the wreck. The Algerine sailors, who saved themselves by swimming, told the natives ashore that they had left in the vessel a princess of France. The Kabyles threw themselves into the water to save the survivors of the wreck—but they could only find Miss Bourk, her uncle the Abbé Bourk, a maid servant, and two valets; Madame Bourk had perished with her son, her secretary, and three female servants. On landing, they conducted Miss Bourk and the other survivors to one of the most inaccessible places in the mountains, where tents and food were afforded them; next day the sheiks of the neighbouring tribes assembled to settle what should be done. It was debated whether they should write to the Aga of Gigery, and instruct him to communicate with the consul of France at Algiers about the ransoming of the young lady and her suite, or wait till the consul himself should apply for them; the latter resolution was adopted—upon which Miss Bourk, though she was only ten years old, wrote a letter to the French consul at Algiers, informing him of their sad situation, from which she conjured him to redeem them at whatever price. The Moors conveyed this letter to a Marabout near Bougia, whose sanctity was in such odour, that, when poor people in the country asked for charity, they begged for it in the name of God and of this Marabout; the holy man instantly sent off the letter by an express to Algiers. It reached the French consul; but as there happened to be a special envoy from France at the time in Algiers, the consul put the business into his hands.

Meanwhile, before an answer could be received, a young Kabyle, the only son of one of the most considerable sheiks saw Miss Bourk, and asked his father's leave to marry her. The consent, however, of the other sheiks was necessary, and when the father applied for it, some of the most powerful of them disputed the prize; but it was resolved in full council, that all individual claims to the little Christian's hand should be given up, and that her ransom and that of her suite should be divided among the tribes.

The envoy of his Most Christian Majesty made immediate application to the Dey of Algiers for the deliverance of the captives. The Dey



replied, that the Kabyles in that quarter did not acknowledge his authority, but promised to do his best for the relief of the sufferers ; and he sent orders to the Agas of Bougia and Gigery to use all possible means for recovering them : at the same time he wrote to the principal Marabouts of these two places, desiring them to act in concert with the Agas. On the 24th of November the envoy of France dispatched a vessel, which set sail for Bougia from the port of Algiers. On board this vessel was Ibrahim Hoja, the interpreter of the consul, who carried orders to the Agas and the Marabouts ; the instant that these letters were received, a negotiation for the ransom of the prisoners was commenced, and it finished in their being released. Miss Bourk and her suite reached Algiers in safety, and with equal safety returned to France.

#### LETTER XVI.

During our passage from Bougia to Bona, I again amused myself with reading Leo Africanus, particularly his account of the place to which we were steering. Bona, according to Leo, is situated more than a mile (*in secundo miliario*) from an ancient town called Hippo, which was founded by the Romans, and where the divine Augustine held his bishoprick. At the fall of the Roman empire Hippo, or Hippona submitted to the Goths ; but it was afterwards burnt by the Arabs. At the end of a great many years a new city was built out of the ruins of the ancient one, which is still called Bona by the Christians, but by the Arabs Beld el Huneb, or the town of Jujeb, on account of the vast quantity of that fruit which is dried in the summer and preserved for winter. "It numbers (says Leo,) about 300 families, and its people are ingenious and active both in merchandise and the useful arts. Their looms supply a great quantity of the cloth that is carried into Numidia ; but the houses and even public edifices are very mean, with the exception of one temple near the sea ; they have no fountains nor any fresh water but rain, which they keep in cisterns." After alluding to the sordid rags and sanctity of its Marabouts, he describes the spacious plain in the neighbourhood of Bona, which is forty miles in length and twenty-five in breadth. I was charmed with Leo's description of this fertile expanse, and dreamt of it all night.

Early next morning we entered the harbour of Bona. As you approach it the shore presents a singular and immense rock, to which nature in her sport has given such a likeness to a lion couchant, that you remark the resemblance before being told that this is called the Lion Rock. On the whole, the view of Bona from the sea is not unpicturesque, but the city has remained faithful to Leo's account of its miserable houses, which are lower than those of Algiers though the streets are wider. We repaired to the principal inn, where we breakfasted indifferently at the charge of four francs a-head, and were told that each of our beds would cost five francs a night. Ere noon I sallied forth with Mr. Brown and a French artist, who had come from Algiers to take sketches of the coast—and crossing the marsh that intervenes, got to the few ruins that remain of the ancient Hippo Regius. The river Boojeemah, which has a bridge of Roman workmanship built over it—runs along the western side of this marshy plain, as the Scibhouse, a much larger river, does to the eastward—both of them having their influx together into the sea.

The ruins of the ancient city are spread over a neck of land that lies



between these rivers, which, near the banks, is plain and level, but rises afterwards to a moderate elevation. These ruins are about half a league in circuit, and consist of large broken walls and cavities beneath the level of the soil, which are traditionally called the Roman cisterns. My friend Neükomm, who had visited Bona before I met him at Algiers, spoke to me about these enormous cavities, and insisted that they must have been churches. The French painter assured me that they had been granaries; but, with all respect both for painting and music, your poetical friend adheres to the old opinion that they were cisterns: the remains of an aqueduct between them and the river settles all doubt upon the subject. Among the ruins is shown the gable of a high building, which is said to be that of the convent of St. Augustine; some lofty trees overshadow the neighbourhood of the saint's abode. Undefinable but solemn feelings came over me, as I trod the ground.

We pursued our way beyond the ruins along the eastward road, and came up with an Arab family whose habitation was an old ruinous house on the road side. The father of the family was tending some cattle in an adjacent field, and the mother, a very good-looking woman, with the relics of true Arabian beauty, was weaving a web of woollen cloth on the grass near their habitation. The simplicity of her weaving was worthy of the first ages of the world; instead of a shuttle she employed a needle, which carried the woof along the threads of the warp that were stretched along the ground; she had a rude sort of reed, through which the threads of the warp were run, and by drawing in this reed she bound the woof and warp together. How pleasing is human art in all its stages, from simplicity to perfection! With full recollections in my mind of the wonderful power-looms which I had seen at Glasgow, I could still look with interest on the work of this poor female artizan. Her two little sons and a daughter were beside her—all the three struck us as remarkably beautiful. I made Brown, who understands Arabic, put some questions to her, and she answered them without interrupting her work, as gracefully and easily as if she had been receiving us in a drawing-room. "How old," I asked, "is this sweet little girl?" (she seemed to be about eight years' old.) "I cannot tell you," she answered; "she was born several summers and winters before the French came here." "Do you remember, then, how many summers and winters have gone by since the birth of either of your sons?" "No, I cannot tell you, but I was married not long after there was a battle in this neighbourhood, and when many heads were carried about on poles." In fact, these Arabs take no note of time, and have neither clocks nor registers; yet they are descendants of the people who taught us algebra.

On returning to the hotel we found a polite note from the Governor-General Monck D'Uzer, inviting us to dinner, and requesting us to consider his table as our own during our stay at Bona. We dined with him accordingly the same day, and whether it was imagination or not, I thought that the French General and his staff, surrounded by barbarians, were as glad to see European visitants as we were to receive their hospitality. I certainly remember few pleasanter evenings. General D'Uzer is a frank plain man. The French press speaks pretty freely about the character and conduct of the leading officers in this colony, and confidential conversation speaks still more freely about them; but I have never heard D'Uzer's name mentioned without respect; and even the Baron Pichon, who blames certain proceedings of the French with regard to Bona, ex-



culpates the present governor, and mentions him in laudatory terms. I was therefore flattered with the General's readiness, I could almost say zeal, in my conversation with him, to inform me of the relative position of the French and natives in this part of Africa. I felt as a compliment and as a good sign of the man his obvious wish that I should appreciate the justice and humanity of his principles in governing this part of Africa. He said to me, "I have conciliated the natives by kindness and probity; pray come out with me to-morrow, and we will take a morning ride over a part of the vast plain to the east of Bona, where we shall pass through encampments of the Arabs without a single French musket to guard us: we shall have none with us but native horsemen, and yet you shall be as safe as if you were in the streets of London." Well, we waited on the General next morning, and set out on Arabian steeds, with which he furnished us, with 100 native cavalry preceding, and 50 following us, all in their white bernousses. We cantered out from Bona to the distance of fourteen miles, in a procession that was as regular as a funeral, though a great deal quicker; and, riding at the side of the General, I had thus the advantage of his conversation for a couple of hours. To be sure, when our horses snuffed the country air, they shewed a disposition to scamper off without regard to order, but we reined them in pretty well till the end of our journey. We passed an eminence that was guarded by a company of Turks. I will tell you by-and-by how it happens that the French have Turkish soldiers in their pay near Bona. The guard of Turks turned out in long file to salute the General. They were tall, fine men, and I admired their gracefulness in performing the ceremony. They did not present their muskets, but kept them within their arms whilst they folded their hands on their breasts, bowing their heads as in the accustomed Oriental salaam. The General described to me the present produce and resources of the country, and enlarged on the advantages that might be drawn from it by European cultivation. He maintained his troops, he said, not by exactions from the natives, but by fair purchase, and at a very slight cost to the French government, meat being contracted for at two sous a pound, and bread proportionably cheap. As we proceeded on the vast plain that stretches to the borders of Tunis, I was struck with its verdure, and appearance of natural though neglected fertility. There were here and there tall and dry shrubs, and abundance of thistles; but the soil, as far as my eye could reach, was in general grassy and of a vivid green: for miles together I could have imagined myself riding over the turf of Kensington-gardens. I recalled to mind Joannes Leo's description of it, "*Huic oppido spatiosissima quædem est planities cujus longitudo quadraginta, latitudo autem viginti quinque continet miliara — hæc frugibus ferendis est felicissima.*" He then mentions the vast affluence of its cultivators in herds and flocks, and the quantities of butter and grain which they brought to market. After calculating in my own mind the number of square miles and acres which this plain must contain, I asked the General what he reckoned the population of its present cultivators to be, and he computed them at 2000 souls. Here, then, are 1000 square miles of richly capable land, or 650,000 acres, that would afford comfortable farms to six or seven thousand farmers, and would maintain the population of a little kingdom, inhabited by poor creatures who can people it only in the proportion of two heads to a mile. "And this plain must be healthy if I may judge



by the air that I breathe?" "It is less unhealthy," said the General, "than the marshy land near Bona, and than the town itself, where the rubbish of uninhabited houses and other causes have noxious influences; but those influences are declining, and I trust will soon be removed." The fee-simple of land may here be purchased at the rate of three francs an acre; but General D'Uzer was too candid to deny that the European settler would have to encounter some danger of bad health on the plain itself until the cultivation of the earth shall have improved the atmosphere. When nature is abandoned to herself there is always more or less insalubrity of climate: there is, moreover, throughout the whole region a scarcity of wholesome water, for there are very few fountains, and its rivers are turbid. At first, and for a considerable time, the mortality at Bona was frightful; in the January of 1833 the garrison, 4000 in number, had exactly 2000 in hospital. Even in 1834, the number of invalids was not diminished, but the deaths were much fewer. A repaired aqueduct now brings better water into the town; the hospitals have much improved, as well as the barracks of the soldiers; greater attention is also paid to prevent the soldiers from poisoning themselves with strong liquors and with fruits.

At the distance of some fourteen miles from Bona we halted, and allowed our horses to browse for half an hour on a grassy spot, whilst the native cavaliers sat smoking their pipes under groups of trees as picturesquely as if they had been sitting for their portraits to a painter. On returning, I was not so fortunate as to have much of General D'Uzer's company. We had scarcely remounted, when a portion of the Arabs, who had to return to their own villages instead of Bona, clapped spurs to their steeds, and swept away like wild-deer in a contrary direction to the route pursued by the General and his staff. Their suddenly galloping off, caused, by some accident, a report to be spread that a wild boar had been started, and that the Arabs were in chase of him; and my steed, catching the rumour, neighed, as much as to say, "Ha, ha!" and set off with me, as if he had been willing to shew the *mettle of his pasture*. When I reined him in, he reared on his hind legs, and gave me hints that if I did not go forward with him he would leave me behind—so I let him carry me over bush and briar, whilst the hard, dry thistle-heads were banging against my stirrups, till we came up with the native troop. One of them, who understood French, kindly acted as interpreter between me and my horse. Clapping the buttocks of the noble animal, he told him in Arabic, in the first place, that I had no desire to hunt a boar, and in the next place that there was no boar to hunt. Having converted my horse to the same opinion, I persuaded him to turn round and rejoin the General's cavalcade. On our way back to Bona we visited an encampment of the Arabs. One of them came out to meet us, and presented to me a cup of buttermilk, which he poured out of a pitcher. The beverage was welcome after a fatiguing ride; but I turned to the General, and requested him to drink first; he refused, however, saying, "I am at home here—this compliment is intended for you as a stranger;" and observing that I had my hand in my pocket, he added, "Don't offer any money—this man is the Patriarch of the Adouar." Unlike the generality of the Arab patriarchs, the man before us had a mean appearance; but of course, after the General's information, I thanked him only with a salaam.

---



EVIDENCES OF A NEW GENIUS FOR DRAMATIC  
POETRY.—NO. I.

THE striking prerogative of Genius is its power over adverse circumstances. The most unpropitious fortunes, the most desperate calamities, are unavailing against it. Galileo continued to track the motions of the planets upon the walls of his dungeon; the imprisoned Cervantes, the wounded and neglected Camoens, never once despaired; we can still hear Tasso, from the darkness of his cell, cheerily asking his cat to lend him her lustrous eyes, that he may see to write his verses; and we behold Milton, in a more fatal darkness, with “no jot of heart or hope” abated. Genius is self-included; nothing outward can affect it; it is no more to be repressed by punishments than to be called into existence by rewards; its origin, as well as its protection, is in itself. It is a plethora—a fullness of the blood—a something which must be vented in self-relief, or it is nothing. In none of the remarkable eras of Genius do we hear of its having required a premium for its exertions. Hogarth had nothing to do with Royal Academies; nor did Handel receive silver claret-jugs for his music, nor Steele a gold medal for his wit. Men of genius do not wait to have a path pointed out for them by others. No one about the Court of Elizabeth ever dreamt of a taste so ridiculous as that of preferring a theatre to a bear-garden, until Shakspeare and his fellows suddenly started up, and drove the bears out of fashion. There is no instance on record of Genius being other than self-raised. It leads, it does not follow; it creates, it does not imitate; it opposes rather than flatters; it is not a means, but an END. Hence it is impossible that men of genius can fail, in the intellectual sense, to be men of courage. We can think of nothing that should quench their ardour; we can conceive of no “squint-eyed suspicion or grinning scorn” that should serve to abate the strength of their feelings, or weaken the force of their impressions. They can afford to wait. It is a wise and happy ordering, that those minds which are the most entitled to instant appreciation can best put up with the postponement of their claims to it.

These few remarks may possibly have prepared the reader to entertain seriously the title we have prefixed to this paper. We are going to prove, notwithstanding the adverse evidences of the play-bills of the day,\* that a new genius for dramatic poetry is among us. Of the works which now lie on our table, and which, with reference to this object, we mean to notice in succession, we shall commence with the most recent, and possibly the least known:—*PARACELsus*. BY ROBERT BROWNING.

This is the simple and unaffected title of a small volume which was published some half-dozen months ago, and which opens a deeper vein of thought, of feeling, and of passion, than any poet has attempted for years. Without the slightest hesitation we name Mr. Robert Browning at once with Shelley, Coleridge, Wordsworth. He has entitled himself to a place among the acknowledged poets of the age. This opinion will pos-

---

\* Since this was written, after a long interval of melo-drama and tinsel of various sorts, a new tragedy has been produced at Drury Lane. It possesses little merit, however, as a literary work, and is sustained solely by the noble acting of Macready.



sibly startle many persons ; but it is most sincere. It is no practice of ours to think nothing of an author because all the world have not pronounced in his favour, any more than we would care to offer him our sympathy and concern on the score of the world's indifference. A man of genius, we have already intimated, needs neither the one nor the other. He who is conscious of great powers can satisfy himself by their unwearied exercise alone. His day will come. He need never be afraid that truth and nature will wear out, or that Time will not eventually claim for its own all that is the handywork of Nature. Mr. Browning is a man of genius, he has in himself all the elements of a great poet, philosophical as well as dramatic,—

“ The youngest he  
That sits in shadow of Apollo's tree”

—but he sits there, and with as much right to his place as the greatest of the men that are around him have to theirs. For the reception that his book has met with he was doubtless already well prepared,—as well for the wondering ignorance that has scouted it, as for the condescending patronage which has sought to bring it forward, as one brings forward a bashful child to make a doubtful display of its wit and learning. “ We hope the best ; put a good face on the matter ; but are sadly afraid the thing cannot answer.” We tell Mr. Browning, on the other hand, what we do not think *he* needs to be told, that the thing *WILL* answer. He has written a book that will live—he has scattered the seeds of much thought among his countrymen—he has communicated an impulse and increased activity to reason and inquiry, as well as a pure and high delight to every cultivated mind ;—and this in the little and scantily-noticed volume of “ *Paracelsus* !”

Before going farther, it may be as well to come to some understanding with the reader respecting the course of this article. In sitting down to write, we confess we had intended to limit ourselves to the matters strictly embraced in our title, and we took up Mr. Browning's volume with the intention of waiving many new and striking points of philosophical suggestion contained in it, for the purpose of considering more emphatically the evidences it abundantly presents of a new genius for dramatic poetry. We find, however, on examination, that we cannot restrict ourselves to so narrow a view of the poem. Its subject-matter and treatment are both so startlingly original, and both so likely to be altogether misunderstood ; it embraces in its development so many of the highest questions, and glances with such a masterly perception at some of the deepest problems, of man's existence ; that we feel, while to touch upon these various topics will not interfere with the object we first proposed, it is only in this way that a proper and just appreciation of the singular power and beauty, even of the dramatic portions of this poem, can be conveyed to the reader. We venture to promise him, in accompanying us through our criticism, that if, in its course, we do not break even a wholly new ground of philosophical inquiry into character, we shall at least suggest to him some valuable and very interesting trains of thought. It is the greatest glory of such labours as those of Mr. Browning, that they open up, on every side of us in the actual world, new sources of understanding and sympathy. The view we shall present, for instance, in the course of this notice, of the actual results of the life of *Paracelsus*, which, suggested by Mr. Browning's imaginative



treatment of his character, we have ascertained to be borne out no less by all the tendencies of his writings, is, we believe, perfectly new, and will be found, in all general respects, a sufficient solution of one of the most extraordinary problems contained in the history of men of science and letters.

Mr. Browning's poem is shaped in the general outline of a drama, but subjected to none of the dramatic restrictions. It is divided into five scenes, extending over thirty-four years of existence. Four persons are concerned, two of them exquisitely sketched, and the other two nobly and completely presented. In a few prefatory lines, Mr. Browning describes his work thus:—"It is an attempt, probably more novel than happy, to reverse the method usually adopted by writers whose aim it is to set forth any phenomenon of the mind or the passions, by the operation of persons and events. Instead of having recourse to an external machinery of incidents to create and evolve the crisis I desire to produce, I have ventured to display somewhat minutely the mood itself in its rise and progress, and have suffered the agency by which it is influenced and determined to be generally discernible in its effects alone, and subordinate throughout, if not altogether excluded." Excluded, we must be allowed to observe, in so far as the essential dramatic characteristic is concerned, it certainly never is; for here lies one of the striking beauties of the poem. Passion is invariably displayed, and never merely analysed. Even at those moments when we seem most of all to be listening to its results alone, we are made most vividly sensible of the presence of the very agents by which the results have been determined. Mr. Browning has the power of a great dramatic poet; we never think of Mr. Browning while we read his poem; we are not identified with him, but with the persons into whom he has flung his genius. The objections to a dialogue of the French school do not apply. We get beyond conjecture and reasoning, beyond a general impression of the situation of the speakers, beyond general reflections on their passions, and hints as to their rise, continuance, and fall. We are upon the scene ourselves,—we hear, feel, and see,—we are face to face with the actors,—we are a party to the tears that are shed, to the feelings and passions that are undergone, to the "flushed cheek and intensely sparkling eye." The same unrelaxing activity of thought and of emotion, by which the results of the poem are meant to be produced, is made to affect the reader in its progress; and he is as certain of the immediate presence of all that is going on, as in life he would be certain of any thing that made him laugh or weep. *In the agitation of the feelings, sight is given to the imagination.* This is an essential dramatic test, in which Mr. Browning is never found wanting.

How beautiful is the opening of his poem! We are in a garden in the environs of Würzburg, with two youths and a gentle girl:—Paracelsus; his dear friend and fellow-student, Festus; and Michal, with calm, sweet countenance, the more than sister to Paracelsus, the promised wife of Festus. The opening line is a picture, and observe into what a vivid and natural effect the emotion at once rises:—

"PAR. Come close to me, dear friends; still  
closer—thus:  
Close to the heart, which, though long time  
roll by  
Ere it again beat quicker, press'd to yours,  
As now it beats—perchance a long, long time—  
At least henceforth your memories shall make  
Quiet and fragrant, as befits their home.

Nor shall my memory want a home in yours.  
Alas! that it requires too well such free  
Forgiving love as shall embalm it there!  
For if you would remember me aright—  
As I was born to be—you must forget  
All fitful, strange, and moody waywardness,  
Which e'er confused my better spirit, to dwell  
Only on moments such as these, dear friends;



My heart no truer, but my words and ways  
More true to it: as Michal, some months  
hence,  
Will say, this autumn was a pleasant time  
For some few sunny days; and overlook  
Its bleak wind hankering after pining leaves.  
Autumn would fain be sunny—I would look  
Liker my nature's truth; and both are frail,

And both beloved for all their frailty.

MICH. Aureole! . . .

PAR. Drop by drop!—she is weeping like a  
child!

Not so. . . I am content—more than content—  
Nay, Autumn wins you best by this its mute  
Appeal to sympathy for its decay. . .  
Look up, sweet Michal—”

—and he ceases not his affectionate re-assurings till the “old smile” again returns; nay, he will have her laugh, as he points out to her the little tenants of the garden, and bids her fancy the crickets, each one in his house, “looking out, and wondering at the world.”

“MICH. In truth, we have lived carelessly  
and well!

PAR. And shall, my perfect pair—each,  
trust me, born  
For the other—nay, your very hair, when  
mixed,

Is of one hue. For where beside this nook  
Shall you two walk, when I am far away,  
And wish me prosperous fortune? . . . Stay!  
that plant

Shall never wave its tangles lightly and softly,  
As a queen's languid and imperial arm,  
Which scatters crowns among her lovers, but  
you

Shall be reminded to predict some great  
Success to me. Ah, see! the sun sinks broad

Behind St. Saviour's . . . wholly gone, at last!

FEST. Now, Aureole, stay those wandering  
eyes awhile:

You are ours to-night at least; and while you  
spoke

Of Michal and her tears, I thought that none  
Could willing leave what he so seem'd to love;  
But that last look destroys my dream—that  
look!

As if where'er you gazed there stood a star!  
How far was Würzburg, with its church and  
spire,

And garden walls, and all that they contain,  
From that look's far alighting?

PAR. I but spoke

And look'd alike from simple joy—”

Believe it not! It was not “simple joy.” But the reader will have his memory recalled to that deep gaze. With the sun that has just set closes the last day of the residence of Paracelsus at Würzburg—the last day, as it were, of his youth and its untroubled time. On the morrow he sets out on a wide search, and with vast aims. The time, it will be recollected, trembles on the dawn of the Reformation, when liberty of thought was rising in the world, and men's brains were busy, and their spirits stirring with curiosity and zeal. *A great time!* Paracelsus has devoted himself to the acquisition of knowledge, and prompted by a fierce and self-confident energy to despise the teaching of the Schoolmen, has resolved to task his own unaided strength in the accomplishment of his vast longings; he fancies he has already struck out the way to this; he sees in the distance the secret of the world, of man, and man's true purpose, path, and fate; and on the morrow he sets forth alone, to travel till he attains it. Festus is beset by a thousand fears. His childhood and his youth, to the present hour, have been passed with Paracelsus, and he knows the weakness as well as the strength of his friend; he thinks his aspirations great and valuable, but he fears that they are pursued too much for success alone; he would have the divine object more prominent; moreover, he would have the affections more immediately brought forward to assist the attainment, seeing not what the subtler intellect of Paracelsus sees, though it is afterwards foiled by his pride, that in the course of the attainment the rest would follow, with the knowledge of “how much our sense of all that's beautiful is one.” Festus is intellectual and thoroughly amiable; he is a noble and tender creation; he stands for much that is good in the world, and for nothing that can ever be evil; what there is of weakness in his character is sustained by the strength of his affections; he has too much knowledge and imagination not to aspire, but he has too much “stuff of the conscience” to achieve; and he would rather have Paracelsus rest quiet in Würzburg, than risk the chance of one fatal step, in the course of his great journey. All this they have discussed often before this



last interview ; but it is not now revived for our sakes only ; it is evolved with the utmost nature and beauty. Paracelsus begins by assuring the lovers, smilingly, of the many reasons he has to act well-advised in what he purposes—

“ and last, because  
Though heaven and earth, and all things, were at stake,  
Sweet Michal must not weep our parting eve.”

The last ominous words rouse Festus, he sees the evening darkening over them, fancies he has a thousand things still to say, and asks leave to tell his inmost mind.

“ We have been brothers, and henceforth the world

Will be between us....all my freest mind?...  
'Tis the last night, dear Aureole !

PAR. Oh, say on ;  
Devise some test of love—some arduous feat  
To be performed for you—say on ; if night  
Be spent the while, the better : recall how oft

My wondrous plans, and dreams, and hopes,  
and fears

Have—never wearied you...oh, no !...as I  
Recall, and never vividly as now,  
Your true affection, born when Einsiedeln  
And its green hills were all the world to us,  
And still increasing to this night, which ends  
My further stay at Würzburg...Oh, you shall  
Be very proud one day !...say on, dear friend !”

—But what *can* Festus say of the value of repose and love, for such were the themes he was about to urge, to one who feels them already—thus ! It was a vain embassy that sought to win the favour of the eastern king, by gifts,

“ Which were but dazzling dust  
Shed from the ore-beds native to the clime !”

He changes his theme, and urges weak points of pride, and overweening aims, as the germs of failure. Through the course of the dialogue Michal plays a slight but perfect part, which can only be properly felt in a perusal of the whole. Sometimes Paracelsus turns to her with a happy earnestness and sweetness—

“ 'Tis this way, Michal, that he uses”—

and disposes her to think that even her Festus may be inconsistent, though she will only believe it from his own lips—

“ MICH. Is it so, Festus ?  
He speaks so calmly and kindly,—is it so ?”

And beautiful it is, when Festus so confuses himself with the matter he has to urge, that it all seems leaving him, to see the simplicity and directness with which the innocent and loving mind of Michal seeks to recall him to his object—

“ MICH. Ask at once, Festus, wherefore he should scorn—  
FEST. Stay, Michal : Aureole, I speak guardedly  
And gravely, knowing well,” &c.

Poor Festus ! Little chance has his guarded and grave words against the glowing periods of Paracelsus ! What avails the warning of uninstructed confidence ? The Enthusiast answers—

“ Be sure that God  
Ne'er dooms to waste the strength he deigns  
impart.  
Ask the gier-eagle why she stoops at once  
Into the vast and unexplored abyss !

What full-grown power informs her from the  
first !  
Why she not marvels, strenuously beating  
The silent boundless regions of the sky !  
Be sure they sleep not whom God needs.”

Equally vain are the endeavours Festus makes to induce his friend not to disregard the labours of old scholars, to accept at least the light they lend. Paracelsus urges a higher teacher, “ God everywhere, sustaining and directing,” and points to the Earth as the mistress that shall be made to yield *her* secrets up—



"And I am young, Festus, happy and free !  
I can devote myself ; I have a life  
To give : I, who am singled out for this.  
Think, think ; the wide east, where old Wis-  
dom sprung ;  
The bright south, where she dwelt ; the popu-  
lous north,  
All are pass'd o'er—it lights on me. 'Tis time  
New hopes should animate the world—new  
light

Should dawn from new revealings to a race  
Weigh'd down so long, forgotten so long ; so  
shall  
The heaven reserved for us at last receive  
No creatures whom unwonted splendours  
blind,  
But ardent to confront the unclouded blaze  
Whose beams not seldom lit their pilgrimage,  
Not seldom glorified their life below."

Yet how finely Festus again urges him on this point, to avail himself of the labours of the sages of old time—

"To lift himself into their airy place,  
To fill out full their unfulfilled careers,  
Unravelling the knots their baffled skill

Pronounced inextricable, but surely left  
Far less confused. A fresh eye, a fresh hand,  
Might do much at their vigour's waning-point."

—So earnest, indeed, is Festus here, and so startling is his warning to the aspirer, that in rejecting thus any help from any source, "friend, foe, assistant, rival," in such objects as his, he leaves doubt whether it is knowledge which is paramount in his love—that Paracelsus is driven back on the excuse that what he feels is a divine and spiritual prompting, not to be resisted. He tells of what "whispered in the evening, and spoke out at midnight." He speaks of "the breath so light upon his eyelids, and the fingers light among his hair." He describes the influences of these visitations as possessing him with an oppressive joy to benefit mankind, while it had rendered to him a matter of indifference, "a station with the brightest of the crowd, a portion with the proudest of them all,"—

"And from the tumult in my breast, this only  
Could I collect—that I must thenceforth die,  
Or elevate myself far, far above  
The gorgeous spectacle ; what seem'd a longing  
To trample on yet save mankind at once—  
To make some unexampled sacrifice  
In their behalf—to wring some wondrous good  
From heaven or earth for them—to perish,  
winning  
Eternal weal in the act ; as who should dare  
Pluck out the angry thunder from its cloud,  
That, all its gather'd flame discharged on him,  
No storm might threaten summer's azure  
weather—  
Yet never to be mix'd with them so much  
As to have part even in my own work—share

In my own largess. Once the feat achiev'd,  
I would withdraw from their officious praise,  
Would gently put aside their profuse thanks,  
Like some knight traversing a wilderness,  
Who, on his way, may chance to free a tribe  
Of desert-people from their dragon-foe ;  
When all the swarthy race press round to kiss  
His feet, and choose him for their king, and  
yield  
Their poor tents, pitch'd among the sand-hills,  
for  
His realm ; and he points, smiling, to his scarf,  
Heavy with rivet'd gold—his burgonet,  
Gay set with twinkling stones—and to the  
East,  
Where these must be display'd."

We should be tasked to point out in the entire range of dramatic poetry a more striking or more vividly expressed passage than that. With glorious eloquence the ardent enthusiast bursts forth again : the vision presses upon him—

"I go to prove my soul !  
I see my way as birds their trackless way—  
I shall arrive ! what time, what circuit first,  
I ask not ; but unless God send his hail  
Or blinding fire-balls, sleet, or stifling snow,  
In some time—his good time—I shall arrive :  
He guides me and the bird. In his good time !

MICH. Vex him no further, Festus ; it is so !  
FEST. Just thus you answer ever. This  
would hold  
Were it the trackless air and not a path  
Inviting you, distinct with footprints yet  
Of many a mighty spirit gone that way."

Exquisite is that yielding of Michal, and soon Festus yields—

"FEST. And who am I to challenge and dis-  
pute  
That clear belief?... I will divest all fear.

MICH. Then Aureole is God's commissary !  
he shall  
Be great and grand—and all for us !

PAR. No, sweet !  
Not great or grand. If I can serve mankind,  
'Tis well—but there our intercourse must end :  
I never will be served by those I serve.

FEST. Look well to this ; *here* is a plague-  
spot, veil it,  
Disguise it how you will : 'tis true, you utter  
This scorn while by our side and loving us—  
'Tis but a spot as yet ; but it will break  
Into a hideous blotch if overlooked.  
How can that course be safe, which from the  
first  
Produces carelessness to human love ?"

With the truest and most gentle feeling is the following conceived—Festus still speaks :—



"Had I been chosen like you,  
I should encircle me with love—should raise  
A rampart of kind wishes ; it should seem  
Impossible for me to fail, so watch'd  
By gentle friends who made my cause their  
own ;  
They should ward off Fate's envy—the great  
boon,  
Extravagant when claim'd by me alone,

Slowly but resolvedly Paracelsus repeats to himself, " my course allures  
for its own sake," when Festus—striving to be re-assured with the  
thought—

"That there would be  
A monstrous spectacle upon the earth,

—is suddenly interrupted by Michal's cry, "Stay with us, Aureole!" This  
is a fine conception. The angel of her sweet nature has whispered her  
that man should be humble, and that, where he is not so, quick repulse  
is not to be dreaded so much as a complete success. "You will find all  
you seek, and perish so!" The destiny of the poem here presses sensibly  
upon the scene, and gives even Paracelsus pause. It is only for a mo-  
ment. He recovers himself—

"Are these the barren first-fruits I should  
fear?  
Is love like this the natural lot of all?  
How many years of hate might one such hour  
O'erbalance! Dearest Michal, dearest Festus,

Calmly he now presents to them (a parting gift) the outline of his  
scheme of enterprise more mildly and affectionately designed. He per-  
mits himself, subdued by the emotion of their last hour together, even to  
console Festus with the assurance that he has not slightly disesteemed  
the precepts and labours of old sages—

"But then  
Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise  
From outward things, whate'er you may be-  
lieve:

There is an inmost centre in us all,  
Where truth abides in fulness; and around,  
Wall within wall, the gross flesh hems it in,  
Perfect and true perception—which is truth;  
A baffling and perverting carnal mesh  
Which blinds it, and makes error; and 'to  
know'

Rather consists in opening out a way  
Whence the imprison'd splendour may dart  
forth,

Than in effecting entry for the light  
Supposed to be without. Watch narrowly  
The demonstration of a truth, its birth,  
And you shall trace the effluence to its spring  
And source within us, where broods radiance  
vast,

To be elicited ray by ray, as chance  
Shall favour; *chance*—for hitherto,  
Even as we know not how those beams are  
born,

As little know we what unlocks their lair;  
For men have oft grown old among their books  
And died, case-harden'd in their ignorance,  
Whose careless youth had promised what long  
years

Of unremitted labour ne'er performed;  
While, contrary, it has chanced some idle day,  
To autumn-loiterers, just as fancy-free  
As the midges in the sun, has oft brought forth  
A truth—produced mysteriously as cape  
Of cloud grown out of the invisible mist.

Hence may not truth be lodged alike in all,  
The lowest as the highest? some slight film  
The interposing bar which binds a soul?  
Some film removed the happy outlet whence  
It issues proudly? seeing that the soul  
Is deathless (we know well), but oftener coop'd  
A prisoner and a thrall, than a throned power;

Being a gift to them as well as me.  
If ease seduced or danger daunted me,  
How calmly their sad eyes should gaze re-  
proach!

MICH. O, Aureole, can I sing though all  
alone,

Without first calling, in my fancy, both  
To listen by my side—even I! And you!  
Do you not feel this?—say that you feel this!

Beneath the pleasant sun, among the trees,  
A being knowing not what love is—"

What shall I say, if not that I desire  
Well to deserve that love; and will, dear  
friends,  
In swerving nothing from my high resolves.  
See the great moon!"

That it strives weakly in the child, is loosed  
In manhood, clogged by sickness, back com-  
pelled

By age and waste, set free at last by death;  
That not alone when life flows still do truth  
And power emerge, but also when strange  
chance

Affects its current; in unused conjuncture,  
Where sickness breaks the body—hunger,  
watching,

Excess, or languor—oftenest death's ap-  
proach—

Peril, deep joy, or woe. One man shall crawl  
Through life, surrounded with all stirring  
things,

Unmoved—and he goes mad; and from the  
wreck

Of what he was, by his wild talk alone,  
You first collect how great a spirit he hid.  
Seeing all this, why should I pine in vain  
Attempts to win some day the august form  
Of Truth to stand before me, and compel  
My dark unvalued frame to change its nature,  
And straight become suffused with light—at  
best

For my sole good—leaving the world to seek  
Salvation out as it best may, or follow  
The same long thorny course? *No, I will  
learn*

*How to set free the soul alike in all,  
By searching out the laws by which the flesh  
Accloys the spirit.* We may not be doom'd  
To cope with seraphs, but at least the rest  
Shall cope with us. Make no more giants,  
God!

But elevate the race at once! We ask  
But to put forth our strength, our human  
strength,

All starting fairly, all equipp'd alike,  
Gifted alike, and eagle-eyed, true-hearted,  
See if we cannot beat thy angels yet!"



A great task nobly expressed ! We feel with Paracelsus on the verge of this gorgeous enterprise, our breasts heave with his enthusiasm, throb faster with his hopes ! Three hundred years have leapt back, and out of that little garden of Würzburg we emerge with the Great Reformer, thirsting to know the truth, that the truth may set us free, and willing to accompany him through the world in search of the mysterious knowledge which is thereafter to identify with *the present life* the most beauteous hopes and fancies, which is to elevate God here, and not leave all to the world to come.

"Thus was life scorn'd; but life  
Shall yet be crown'd: twine amaranth ! I am  
priest !

And all for yielding with a lively spirit  
A poor existence—parting with a youth  
Like theirs who squander every energy  
Convertible to good on painted toys,  
Breath-bubbles, gilded dust ! And though I  
spurn

All adventitious aims, from empty praise  
To love's award, yet whoso deems such helps  
Important, and concerns himself for me,  
May know even these will follow with the  
rest—

As in the steady rolling Mayne, asleep  
Yonder, is mingled and involved a mass  
Of schistous particles of ore. And even  
My own affections,—laid to rest awhile—  
Will waken purified, subdued alone  
By all I have achieved; till then—till then...  
Ah ! the time-wiling loitering of a page

Through bower and over lawn, till eve shall  
bring

The stately lady's presence whom he loves—  
The broken sleep of the fisher whose rough coat  
Enwraps the queenly pearl—these are faint  
types !

See, see, they look on me—I triumph now !  
Tell me, Festus, Michal, but one thing—I have  
told

All I shall e'er disclose to mortal . . . now,  
Do you believe I shall accomplish this ?

FEST. I do believe !

MICH. And I, dear Aureole !

PAR. Those words shall never fade from out  
my brain.

'Tis earnest of the end—shall never fade !  
Are there not, Festus, are there not, dear  
Michal,

Two points in the adventure of the diver :  
One—when, a beggar, he prepares to plunge ?  
One—when, a prince, he rises with his pearl ?  
Festus, I plunge !"

Here the first scene of the poem, which is entitled "Paracelsus Aspires," is closed. Is the writing not new, bold, vigorous, and beautiful ? Is there not sound understanding in it, and subtle judgment, united with the highest imaginative faculty, as well as the most finely impassioned temperament ? Is there not prodigious strength and energy, as well as the most natural grace, the most touching delicacy ? Has not the reader already, even in these extracts of ours from this first scene, enlarged materially his stock of "permanent impressions, recurring thoughts, pregnant recollections ?" Wait till we advance. We will take him through four scenes more, each transcending the other in power and passion, in the laying open of the inmost folds of the heart, in the expression of hard-earned knowledge, in the suggestion of profound results, till, from the death-bed of Paracelsus, a final strain of wisdom issues, melodious, full-voiced and supreme !

Meanwhile, let us take advantage of this pause in Mr. Browning's work, to review briefly the actual life of Paracelsus, in the new view which is suggested by this imaginative treatment of his youth. There will not be a better opportunity than we have now. We stand between the aspirer and his destiny, between the brave hopes of a glorious ambition, and the ragged achievements of an inglorious quackery. For who knows not, from whose lip does it not trip off with a flippant confidence, that the real Paracelsus turned out to be a quack ? O yes ! a most egregious quack was Paracelsus. Nevertheless we will venture, prompted by Mr. Browning's genius, to suggest that there was something in such quackery as his, which knowledge may be taught to reverence ; we will use the imagination of this young poet, to break the spell of misbegotten disdain that has held bound for centuries the fame of a great Destroyer and Discoverer ; we will advance from that scene in the little garden of Würzburg, and reconcile its purest aspirations even with the most bitter and debased records of the actual life of Paracelsus, with the un-



grateful slanders of Oporinus, with the base envy of Erastus ;—and open up, for the generous consideration of men of science, a vindication, which they may render nobly complete, of the strange destiny of the Man, who, during life, achieved in the world of medicine something nearly analogous to what Luther achieved in the religious world, and Bacon in the philosophical, but whose only reward, since death, from the men for whom he toiled, from the professors of that science for whose advancement he struck out the road, has been the scornful imputation of empiricism, or the more charitable one of madness ! In showing how it has gone with the actual Paracelsus in that matter, we will assist the reader to a deeper sympathy with Mr. Browning's poem, and to a readier appreciation, as we trust, of the singular union of reason and imagination which is presented in its treatment.

In Bacon's "Advancement of Learning," there is a masterly passage descriptive of the character of the Schoolmen. "Surely," he says, "like as many substances in nature, which are solid, do putrefy and corrupt into worms : so it is the property of good and sound knowledge to putrefy and dissolve into a number of subtle, idle, unwholesome, and (as I may term them) *vermiculate* questions ; which have indeed a kind of quickness and life of spirit, but no soundness of matter or goodness of quality. This kind of degenerate learning did chiefly reign amongst the Schoolmen, who having sharp and strong wits and abundance of leisure, and small variety of reading ; but their wits being shut up in the cells of a few authors, (chiefly Aristotle, their dictator,) as their persons were shut up in the cells of monasteries and colleges ; and knowing little history either of nature or time,—did, out of no great quantity of matter, and infinite agitation of wit, spin out unto us those laborious webs of learning which are extant in their books. For the wit and mind of man, IF IT WORK UPON MATTER, WHICH IS THE CONTEMPLATION OF THE CREATURES OF GOD, worketh according to the stuff, and is limited thereby ; but if it work upon itself, as the spider worketh his web, then it is endless, and brings forth indeed cobwebs of learning, admirable for the fineness of thread and work, but of no substance or profit." Now all this was seen by Paracelsus. While yet in extreme youth, a schoolboy of the Abbot Trithem at Würzburg, he had evinced his disregard of the then prevalent doctrines of the Schoolmen, by directing his wit and mind to the consideration of matter, the "contemplation of the creatures of God."

" Shall I sit beside  
Their dry wells, with white lips and filmed eye,  
While in the distance heaven is blue above  
Mountains where sleep the unsumm'd tarns ?"

We have it on excellent authority\* that he had already, at this early time, plunged himself into the mysticism and mysteries of chemistry, or alchymy, as it was then called ; that he had even overcome the greater difficulties, and arrived at the knowledge of many secret virtues and hidden things of nature. Suddenly he left Würzburg and remained abroad, travelling all the regions of the world, for fourteen or fifteen years. The story of his travel would be a strange one. In a treatise which is extant he alludes to it in simple and unaffected terms. He tells his students that he "had turned over the leaves of Europe, Asia, and Africa ; and in

---

\* Melchior Adam.



so doing had suffered much hardship; that he had been in captivity, and borne arms as a soldier." In further descriptions we learn that he had travelled among the mountains of Bohemia, in the East, and in Sweden, in order to inspect the labours of the miners, to be initiated in the mysteries of the Oriental adepts, and to observe the secrets of nature and the famous mountain of loadstone. He professes also to have visited Spain, Portugal, Prussia, Poland, and Transylvania, where he communicated freely, not merely with the physicians, but with the old women, charlatans, and conjurers, of these several lands. No living source appeared to him too humble for the satisfaction of his thirst of knowledge. Jews, quacks, wizards, bath-men, beggars, old witches, their secrets and characters, were all explored. His captivity is described by Van Helmont as having been incurred while on a mining excursion on the borders of Muscovy, where he was taken prisoner by the Tartars, and carried before the Khan, whose son he afterwards accompanied to Constantinople, for the purpose of obtaining the secret of Trismegistus from a Greek who inhabited that capital. Nobly does Paracelsus himself vindicate this passion for travel! "Ecce amatorem adolescentem difficillimi itineris haud piget, ut venustam saltem puellam vel fœminam aspiciat: quanto minus nobilissimarum artium amore laboris ac cujuslibet tœdii pigebit?"\*

Consider this account in connexion with Mr. Browning's picture of the ardent and intrepid student, and is the latter not perfectly borne out? We cannot doubt the truth of the poem. We cannot doubt that Paracelsus had conceived some vast scheme of setting free the soul of man, by a discovery of those laws "by which the flesh accloys the spirit." He sought to "elevate the race at once." He formed to himself a gigantic plan for something like the general emancipation of the mind through the perfecting of its corporeal organs, and all the travel and exertions of his youth were obviously devoted to an elucidation of the laws of matter, with reference to the accomplishment of the first grand portion of this scheme, the *de Emendatione Intellectûs*. It may be very fashionable now to talk of the fantastic extravagance of such projects, but the age of great conceptions and discoveries had not then passed, it was only dawning, and with it rose the magnificent purpose of Paracelsus, which it is no proof of a philosophic mind to treat with disregard. The true philosophy, we firmly believe, is yet far behind, and will remain so, till the

---

\* *Defensiones septem adversus Æmulos suos* 1573. *Def. 4ta.* "*De Peregrinationibus et Exilio.*" Out of many authorities which corroborate this account of his travels and attainments, we may quote the following:—"Inexplebilis illa aviditas naturæ perscrutandi secreta et reconditarum supellectile scientiarum animum locupletandi, uno eodemque loco, diu persistere non patiebatur, sed mercurii instar, omnes terras, nationes et urbes perlustrandi igniculos supposebat et cum viris naturæ scrutatoribus, chymicis præsertim, ore tenus conferret, et quæ diutius laboribus nocturnisque vigiliis invenerant una vel altera communicatione obtineret."—*Bitiskius in Præfat.* "Patris auxilio primùm, deinde proprâ industriâ doctissimos viros in Germaniâ, Italiâ, Galliâ, Hispaniâ. aliisque Europæ regionibus, nactus est præceptores; quorum liberali doctrinâ, et potissimùm propriâ inquisitione ut qui esset ingenio acutissimo ac fere divino, tantùm profecit, ut multi testati sint, in universa philosophiâ, tam ardua, tam arcana et abdita eruisse mortalium neminem."—*Melch. Adam. in Vit. Germ. Medic.* "Paracelsus qui in intima naturæ viscera sic penitùs introierit, metallorum stirpiumque vires et facultates tam incredibili ingenii acumine exploraverit ac perviderit; ad morbos omnes vel desperatos et opinione hominum insanabiles percurandum; ut cum Theophrasto nata primùm medicina perfectaque videtur."—*Petri Rami Orat. de Basileâ.*



mystery of matter is rendered more intelligible. For what is known of it now, but in its relation to mind, or as an assemblage of powers to awaken certain sensations? The greater knowledge will dawn upon us one day of its relation to the Creator himself. Hear what the divine Milton said, in a passage which he seems to have derived from this very project of Paracelsus, a passage which Mr. Browning might have used as a motto to his great work, and which only expresses in the highest strain of poetry what Milton had strenuously insisted on in his prose treatise on "Christian Doctrine."\* The "Wing'd Hierarch" speaks—

"O Adam, One Almighty is, from whom  
All things proceed, and up to him return,  
If not depraved from good, created all  
Such to perfection, *one first matter all*,  
Indued with various forms, various degrees  
Of substance, and, in things that live, of life:  
But more refined, more spirituous, and pure,  
As nearer to him placed or nearer tending,  
Each in their several active spheres assign'd,  
*Till body up to spirit work*, in bounds  
Proportion'd to each kind. So, from the root  
Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the  
leaves  
More aery, last the bright consummate flower  
Spirits odorous breathes; flowers and their  
fruit,  
Man's nourishment, by gradual scalesublimed,

To vital spirits aspire, to animal,  
To *intellectual*;—give both life and sense,  
Fancy and understanding; whence the soul  
Reason receives, and reason is her being,  
Discursive or intuitive; discourse  
Is ofttest yours, the latter most is ours,  
Differing but in degree, of kind the same.  
Wonder not then, what God for you saw good  
If I refuse not, but convert, as you,  
To proper substance: time may come, when  
men  
With angels may participate, and find  
No inconvenient diet, nor too light fare;  
And from these corporal nutriments *perhaps*  
*Your bodies may at last turn all to spirit*,  
Improv'd by tract of time, and wing'd ascend  
Ethereal.—"  
*Par. Lost, Book V.*

In exact purpose with this noble ascending series of Milton was the design of Paracelsus. To the spiritual, his bold and enterprising genius prompted him to advance, in the very teeth of the habits of his age, through the material alone. His design, as he projected it, was that of a great philosopher. He saw, as from a tower, the end of all. He had no detached projects, but one immortal scheme. From the high vantage ground of genius he had, from the first, traced, "as in a map the voyager, his course," and with a strong and gallant spirit he set forward to attain it. The first of his achievements was a very grand one, for the first difficulty he stumbled on he turned into a triumph. His project of elucidating the laws of matter had included the necessity of reviving chemistry, and chemistry, *quasi ab orco* †, Paracelsus revived. Here was the augury of a more complete success, and thus far all was well.

Suddenly, however, after his long absence, Paracelsus re-appeared in Germany. Basil rung with the repute of cures performed upon some of her most eminent citizens. The noblest of mankind, "broken in body, yet untired in spirit," had been able, by the skill of a wonderful physician, to renew their vigour, and bid death retire. It was Paracelsus!

Reader! have you ever been interrupted in the course of an inquiry, in the progress of a story, by the sudden blurting out, from some half-informed but ingenious listener, of the result or the catastrophe, before its causes were explained, or its natural time had come? Have you undergone that feeling of hot and irritable impatience? Then judge the feeling of Paracelsus, when, in the midst of his lonely travels and labours, while wringing forth slow results one by one, while pursuing, it might be, through all the laws of matter, some single truth—which first from mountains "rough with pines" had dimly beacons him, which over

\* See Bishop Sumner's recent edition of that work.

† Nobilem hanc medicinæ partem, diu sepultam avorum ætate quasi ab orco revocavit Th. Paracelsus. Gerard. Vossius *De Chymia*.



dazzling wastes of frozen snow had flitted and winked before him, and which only at last he saw tremble

“ Into assured light in some branching mine,  
Where ripens, swathed in fire, the liquid gold—”

—judge, we say, what must have been the feeling of Paracelsus, thus strenuously engaged in his chosen task, forcing out truths from their material prison, but never losing sight of the more brilliant sphere, the spiritual nature, which he was as yet merely qualifying himself to approach and explore—when suddenly the VOICE OF LUTHER reached him, declaring that NOW the time had ALREADY come for the exaltation of the spiritual nature, announcing its escape and freedom, and so precipitately anticipating the result which Paracelsus was still far from being prepared for! This, we venture to suggest, irritated Paracelsus into a premature return to Europe. He felt that the world might be thrown back for the purposes of his vast plan, unless immediately taught, in opposition to Luther's process of reaching the material through the spiritual, that the spiritual was to be effectually reached through the material alone. “ Oporinus dicit se (Paracelsum) aliquando Lutherum et Papam, non minùs quam nunc Galenum et Hippocratem redacturum in ordinem minabatur, neque enim eorum qui hactenus in scripturam sacram scripssissent, sive veteres, sive recentiores, quenquam scripturæ nucleum rectè eruisse, sed circa corticem et quasi membranam tantùm hærere,”—are the words of his bitter assailant, Erastus. One eagle-glance over the truths he had already won, and back he resolved to come, to give his gains, imperfect as they were, to men, and wait some brighter and more distant day “ to mould them, and complete them, and pursue them.” Is it not probable, too, that with that voice of Luther, the sense visited Paracelsus first, of a body in danger of fading, and of energies in danger of flagging; for with subtle truth is it said in Mr. Browning's poem, that long seasons may pass over a man—

“ Until one hour's experience shows what no-  
thing  
It seem'd could clearer show, and ever after  
An alter'd brow, and eye, and gait, and speech

Attest that *now* he *knows* this adage true—  
‘ Time fleets, youth fades, life is an empty  
dream.’ ”

—We feel that that bitter dread may now have suddenly struck upon the soul of Paracelsus, and that the very truths he had achieved, and the anticipation of those to come, would only serve to make the blow more fatal—

“ Do not they seem to laugh, as who should  
say—  
‘ Great master, we are here indeed; dragg'd  
forth

To light: this hast thou done; be glad! now,  
seek  
The strength to use which thou hast spent in  
getting!’ ”

What wonder, then, if we seem to hear Paracelsus, in a desperate endeavour to silence such warnings, reason thus—

“ Knowing ourselves, our world, our task so  
great,  
Our time so brief; 'tis clear if we refuse  
The means so limited, the tools so rude  
To execute our purpose, life will fleet,  
And we shall fade, and nothing will be done.  
We will be wise in time; what though our  
work

Be fashion'd in despite of their ill-service,  
Be crippled every way? 'Twere little praise  
Did full resources wait on our good-will  
At every turn. Let all be as it is.  
Some say the earth is even so contrived  
That tree, and flower, a vesture gay, conceal  
A bare and skeleton framework!’ \*

\* We need scarcely observe that all our extracts are from Mr. Browning's work, though we do not at present use them in immediate illustration of it, but to further this new view of the actual life of Paracelsus, which has been suggested to us by the poet's treatment. These words are given to Aprile in the poem.



What wonder, next, that we behold him, before his time, returned to Basil!

Installed, almost instantly, into the chair of a chemical professorship, founded for him by the magistrates of Basil—the first chair of chemistry known to Europe, but whose duties embraced not merely the Spagyric art, as chemistry proper was named by Paracelsus, but medical chemistry also, surgery, and the practice of physic—Paracelsus found himself, as it were, tied to the stake. He had now no course but one. Combining in his genius, to a most extraordinary degree, the principles of pulling down and of building up, but tasking his strength, as we have explained, prematurely, he was now obliged to let the destructive spirit do its fell work, while the materials for rebuilding were yet seen but in dim perspective. He did not begin by arguments, he burnt in the public amphitheatre the works of Avicenna and Galen! Hear him, as from his distant grave, to one who questions this—

“ Pray, does Luther dream  
His arguments convince by their own force  
The crowds that own his doctrine? No, indeed:

His plain denial of establish'd points  
Ages had sanctified and none supposed  
Could be oppugn'd while earth was under him  
And heaven above—which chance, or change,  
or time  
Affected not—did more than the array

Of argument which follow'd. Boldly deny!  
There is much breath-stopping, hair-stiffening  
Awhile, amazed glances, mute awaiting  
The thunderbolt which does not come—and  
next

Reproachful wonder and inquiry; those  
Who else had never stirr'd are able now  
To find the rest out for themselves—perhaps  
To outstrip him who set the whole at work,  
As never will my wise class its instructor.”

Bold, indeed, was the denial of Paracelsus! He took his astonished auditors by storm! Feebly an opponent or two were at the first heard, and they sneered at him as “Luther alter.” “And why not,” he exclaimed; “Luther is abundantly learned, and therefore you hate him and me; but we are at least a match for you.” “*Nam et contra vos et vestros universos principes Avicennam, Galenum, Aristotelem, Hippocratem, Celsum, me satis superque munitum esse novi. Et vertex iste meus calvus ac depilis multò plura et sublimiora novit quàm vester vel Avicenna vel universæ academix. Prodite, et signum date, qui viri sitis, quid roboris habeatis? quid autem sitis? Doctores et magistri, pediculos pectentes, et fricantes podicem.*” “The meanest hair on my head knows more than all your writers put together; the very buckles of my shoes are more learned than your Galen and your Avicenna, and my beard has more experience than all your academies.” Nothing could withstand the torrent of his destructive genius. The old rulers and the tyrants of philosophy and medicine sank before him, and over the tomb of their already-buried doctrines he crowned himself the true philosopher of nature, the monarch of physicians! “You shall follow me,” he cried, “you, Avicenna, Galen, Rhasis, Montagnana, Mesue; you, gentlemen of Paris, Montpellier, Germany, Cologne, Vienna, and all soever whom the Rhine and the Danube nourish; you who inhabit the isles of the sea; you, likewise, Dalmatians, Athenians; thou, Arab; thou, Greek; thou, Jew; all shall follow me, and the monarchy shall be mine!”\*

Amazed admiration hailed and hounded on Paracelsus, and in the novel stimulus of the staring and shouting audiences in the crowded amphitheatre of Basil, no wonder his better thoughts, his nobler aspirations, began to get obscured. He was now, for the hour, the wondrous Paracelsus, the dispenser of life, the commissary of fate, the idol of princes! It is to be observed, however, that though all this vulgar

\* Erastus, who relates this, subjoins a remark which is not meant as an extraordinary compliment to Englishmen—“*Mirum quod non et Garamantos, Indos, et Anglos, adjunxit.*” Cool, certainly!



applause, purchased as it were by the break down of the general aims of his ambition, excited and pleased him for the time, he had still the secret consciousness that he would not after all be exposed to the reproach of achieving it under false pretences; since—though the materials for rebuilding what he was now throwing down on all sides were, as we have said, yet only seen by him in the dim perspective—he had, nevertheless, a stock in hand of recent, and most undoubtedly brilliant, discoveries, which would serve, as it were, for him to eke out *en attendant*, while by the time *they* were fairly deposited, and sufficient space cleared away for the new building, he flattered and consoled himself that he would be ready with all the rest.

These are new suggestions towards the character of Paracelsus, but certain are we that they are not inconsistent with a just, considerate, and patient view of all the circumstances. We have examined them in this spirit. Paracelsus, let men of science believe, was no sturdy Destructive, whose mission is accomplished in the mere levelling of his predecessors' edifice. Paracelsus was rather an Augustus, who only pulls down the Rome he finds "all brick," for the purpose of reconstructing it "all marble."

Why, then, did he so egregiously fail? We answer at once—he failed, because, in his case, the pulling down was effected while as yet the marble was unhewn in the quarry, and the bystanders would not wait beyond the upheaving of a block or two! He failed, because his first process was too successful, and because for his first audience he had a vulgar, noisy, impatient crowd. Before he had rubbed his eyes clear of the dust and smother of the first magnificent tumble down of the old fabric, he was surprised by a peremptory demand on all sides for his own contrivance in its stead. He gave up the samples he had, and was at once asked how far *they* would go to the building a new Rome, and by some of his more scornful audience, a batch of that numerous set

"Who bitterly hate established schools, and help  
A teacher that oppugns them, till he once  
Have planted his own doctrine, when the teacher  
May reckon on their rancour in his turn—"

he was even asked if they were other than common brick. This was the beginning of the end! All might even have gone well with Paracelsus but for this! He might have recovered his ground, and gathered up the treasures whose possession had been for a time prematurely foiled, and held on his course till he achieved his fit destination. The grand result of all, it is to be recollected, had already beamed upon his mind, with a light, whose reflux, supposing it steadily kept up by the ministering help of the Known, by the genuine knowledge he had already discovered, might yet have itself achieved the Unknown, might have illustrated all the inferior grades in the process of inquiry, and explained "each back step in the circle." But alas! in the vulgar vanity of his listeners, assisted by the labours of a few sagacious knaves among them,

"Whose cunning runs not counter to the vogue,  
But seeks by flattery and crafty nursing  
To force a system to a premature  
Short-lived development—"

this chance was effectually destroyed. If Paracelsus, in short, had had endless Galens and Avicennas to burn, it would have been quite another matter. The stupid starers of Basil would have continued their loud huzzas. They would have let Paracelsus grow grey in the exposition of



all sorts of antics, if the stock had lasted long enough ; they would still have flocked to the amphitheatre,

“ Poor devils ! jostling, swearing, and perspiring,  
Till the walls rang again,”

if he could still have supplied them with new marvels. But alas for Paracelsus ! he thought them capable of being taught no less than of being amazed, and when their clamorous voices asked for his new invention, (expecting no less a wonder than the first !) he simply produced the materials we have alluded to, those brilliant discoveries which, patiently pursued, were sure to have led to more, which, though imperfect as a system, yet contained in themselves the spirit which should have instigated search to the entire truth. He had made a bitter mistake—

“ Forthwith a mighty squadron straight  
Filed off—‘ the sifted chaff of the sack,’ I said,  
Redoubling my endeavours to secure  
The rest ; when lo ! one man had tarried so  
long  
Only to ascertain if I supported  
This tenet or the other ; another loved  
To hear impartially before he judged,  
And now was satisfied ; one had all along  
Spied error where his neighbours marvell’d  
most :

This doctor set a school up to revive  
The good old ways which could content our  
sires,  
Though not their squeamish sons ; the other  
worthy  
Discover’d divers verses of St. John,  
Which read successively refresh’d the soul,  
But mutter’d backwards cured the gout, the  
stone,  
The cholic, and what not——”

—*Quid multa ?* The end was a clear class room, and quiet leers, and reproachful looks, from the grave authorities, who, cap in hand, had scarcely a year before triumphantly installed him in his chair !

His audience, however, did not leave Paracelsus unchanged. Though, almost instantly upon this, (having paid back with blasting scorn a disgraceful attempt of the magistrates of Basil to withhold from him his just reward for saving one of their brethren from the gripe of a hopeless disease,) he was driven out of the city,—he left it an altered man. The stimulants of vulgar praise, mean as they were, were yet stimulants ; the presence of an audience, vain and noisy as they had proved, was yet inspiring ; and these he could no longer dispense with, bitter as the price was at which alone they were purchaseable. Here, then, Paracelsus, as we believe, first began a compromise with his principles. The obstacles he had encountered suggested tricks to him that were foreign to his nature ; the recollection of the envy and the hate, the blind opposition, the brutal prejudice, the bald ignorance, the misbegotten admiration, burnt into him at Basil, all tended to sink him to the level of humouring new audiences thereafter “ the way they most approved.” His first fault had been recoverable, but now he clung to it and clenched it. The very resources of his character, at all times brilliant, tended to bring this more directly about. From his defeat, he sought to wring out consolation ; from its ugliness, he set to work to derive a beauty. His conscience, which it is not to be supposed rested all this while, he quieted with the promise of some bright hereafter, that should yet legitimately complete his schemes. Unfortunately this was not the only thing which, in the course of this compromise, he fatally tampered with. The present objects of his soul, as it were, losing their elevated and sustaining aspect, his body—

“ worthless, save when tasked  
Under that soul’s dominion—used to care  
For its bright master’s cares, and to subdue  
Its proper cravings—not to ail, nor pine,  
So he but prosper——”

—this tried and patient body of Paracelsus, lost to its first self-supporting



destiny, demanded new excitements now to supply the place of his dead aims. Those aims themselves supplied them!

“ From their very roots”  
Springs up a fungous brood, sickly, and pale,  
Chill mushrooms, coloured like a corpse’s cheek—”

—in the very effort (born of the dregs as it were of his once grand system) to turn even his weakness to account, (for his hair was already grey and his brow furrowed,) it became necessary that Paracelsus should

“ Push the ruins of his frame, whereon  
The fire of vigour trembled scarce alive,  
Into a heap, and send the flame aloft!”

We are now prepared for the worst slanders of Oporinus,\* for those words, which, directed by the pen of a servant against the fame of the master who had raised him, cherished, and trusted him, have formed the convenient text for all slanderers since. On his flight from Basil, Paracelsus took refuge at Colmar, in Alsatia, whither Oporinus followed him with his chemical apparatus. For two years afterwards this very simple surgeon but most arch knave hung about him, in the hope of winning wonderful profit at last, dogging his every step “as a gaunt crow a gasping sheep.” Foiled in this hope, he afterwards vented his bitter disappointment, in the following description of his master’s habits during their intercourse. We seek to conceal nothing. Friends, as well as foes, have done their worst on Paracelsus, but his character will yet bear the truth. We quote the celebrated letter to Wier.

“Adeo erat totis diebus et noctibus, dum ego ipsi familiariter per biennium fere convixi, ebrietati et crapulæ deditus, ut vix unam atque alteram horam sobrium eum reperire licuit: maxime postquam Basileâ discedens in Alsatiâ inter nobiles rusticos et rusticos nobiles, velut alter Æsculapius omnibus admirationi fuit. Atque interea tum cum maxime esset ebrius, domum reversus, dictare mihi aliquid suæ philosophiæ solebat. Noctu, toto quo ipsi convixi tempore, nunquam se exuit, plerunque enim non nisi ebrius ad extremam noctem ibat cubitum, atque ita ut erat indutus, adjuncto sibi gladio, quem carnificis cujusdam fuisse jactitabat, in stratum se conjiciebat; ac sæpe media nocte surgens per cubiculum nudo gladio ita insaniebat, ita crebris ictibus et pavementum et parietes impetibat, ut ego non semel caput amputatum iri metuerem.”

The reader, we feel, is prepared for this, and few remarks are necessary. We do not seek to give a new face to error, or to extenuate the least impropriety in the case of Paracelsus. We have traced the course of his life, in its influences, physical as well as intellectual; and we now behold him, weakened by the first, misguided and betrayed, as it were, by the last—struggling with all the affecting frailties of our common nature—resorting to forced stimulants—and vainly hoping that, in this excitement, he is lapsing back into youth; and fancying he feels, in a pulse by such means made quick again and fluttering, that there is yet a hope for the realization of all his aims. Up to this day, there is the best authority for saying, not a single bodily excitement had been demanded by Paracelsus. But up to this day Paracelsus had been the follower of a great purpose, and was able to find joy or grief alone in its fulfilment, to rejoice only as it proceeded prosperously, and to sorrow only when mischance retarded it. Suddenly, as we have seen, a vulgar fate interposes itself before this plan, it is removed to a distance, and expedients, such as Oporinus tells of, are desperately called in to sustain the flagging body, till it is able to arrive again to where the diviner portion of its soul awaits it, and complete its destiny. The agony and sweat with which such excitements react upon the frame, we see also illustrated in this memorable extract: it only requires the following,

---

\* Oporinus thoroughly repented his treachery to Paracelsus, improved as he grew in years, and died an old and highly respected citizen of Basil.



from Melchior Adam, to complete Oporinus's account, in all its singular aspect of knavery and simplicity.

"Domi, quod Oporinus amanuensis ejus sæpè narravit, nunquam nisi potus ad explicanda sua accessit, atque in medio conclavi ad columnam *πετυφωμένος* adsistens, apprehenso manibus capulo ensis, cujus *κοίλωμα* hospitium præbuit ut aiunt spiritui familiari, imaginationes aut concepta sua protulit:—alii illud quod in capulo habuit, ab ipso Azoth appellatum Medicinam fuisse præstantissimam aut lapidem Philosophicum putant."

In this it is impossible not to remark two or three striking and emphatic evidences of that intermediate state which we have attributed to Paracelsus as the result of the compromise of his principles.

His excitements, it is clear, were not resorted to for the sensual gratification. We see here that he drank deep only when preparing himself to dictate his various writings, or when called into the chamber of the sick, to practise a profession which (contrasted with his grander objects) he abhorred. "Quis quæso deinceps," as he somewhere asks, "honorem deferat professione tali, quæ a tam facinorosis nebulonibus obitur et administratur?" He drank to elevate himself above the consciousness of the false pretences in the midst of which he was consenting to live; for, from this time forth, till he should get back to his old objects, and achieve them, he knew that his works must be false pretences. An Æsculapius, in all the potency and reverence of Godhead, among the "noble rustics and rustic nobles" of Alsace and the other places of his sojourn, he felt it as necessary to his existence to keep up his divinity with these, as it had been to fill the admiring eyes of the learned and the noble at Basil. And this he kept up by what must certainly be called quackery—by jumping conclusions—by asserting hypotheses to be proved hereafter, and, meanwhile, inventing all sorts of machinery to account for them. In this we describe the majority of his treatises; and we have evidence, in these extracts before us, if the Sword and Azoth fables are to be accepted, of still more extraordinary modes by which he riveted the wonder and admiration of the ignorant and simple. Still, let it be kept in mind, Paracelsus was never lost to the better prospect of the future, nor had forgotten his old hopes,—

"No less, no less

Even now what humours me, fond fool, as when  
Their faint ghosts sit with me, and flatter me,  
And send me back content to my dull round ;"

and his writings, we feel certain, were never meant to reach posterity in their present condition, such as we have described it. The character of much of their language,—which is isoteric, full of hidden meaning, written to be explained by properties yet latent,—sufficiently evidences this. We have likewise more direct proof of it in his having withheld all of them, with two exceptions, from publication. Only two appeared till death placed all at the mercy of his disciples; that death was premature, or they might never have been seen at all. For no wonder that Paracelsus, who had wrought himself up to the vain pitch of hoping that he should live to a vast age, and establish all his grand surmises, was unwilling to perpetuate his sad intermediate state. As if the poor struggler, who is to be rich one day, would take painful care to eternize the wretched coat he is wearing in his misery, into a perpetual record of ragged and humiliating memories!

Paracelsus died amidst his struggles, as we have said, prematurely. After his flight out of Basil he lived only thirteen years, wandering from



place to place, leaving every community he visited in rapt admiration of his more than mortal skill, and ever and anon flattering himself into a few steps in his old course, as a learner and student of nature. His consideration he maintained to the last. The most exalted characters of the time continued to do him honour, and even the Emperor was gracious. His last known act was to dedicate his Chronicle to the States of Carinthia, in 1538, in gratitude for the many kindnesses with which they had honoured his father. In 1541, in Saltzburg, whose archbishop loved and honoured him, Paracelsus, probably at the very moment when feeling as if the time for accomplishment had come at last,—when

“Glory dawned, and all was at the best,”—

died. His property was very considerable, and he left it all to the poor. “*Bona sua in pauperes distribuenda collocandaque erogavit.*” We have no means of knowing to whom his library fell; but it was not extensive. It consisted of the Bible, the New Testament, the Commentaries of St. Jerome on the Gospels, a printed volume on medicine, and seven manuscripts. The works that were afterwards published in his name—the fruits of his lectures, as reported by pupils; the hurried offshoots of his over-fertile genius, as stolen by Oporinus; the various dictations of the moment, as designed for a more brilliant completion,—form in themselves a most prodigious library. According to Valentine de Rhetiis and Adam de Bodenstein, his writings, in Latin, German, and other tongues, consist of two hundred and thirty books on Philosophy, forty-six on Medicine, twelve on Politics, seven on Mathematics, three treatises entitled “*Theophrastia*,” and sixty-six treatises on occult and abstruse subjects!

And this was Paracelsus! We feel him, as we write these words, vanishing from the earth he might have exalted and ennobled, if he had proved strong enough to resist, in his own case, that portion of the earth’s grossness which he sought to purge out of his fellow-men. He was to the physical creation what Rousseau was to the moral. Nature intended them both, in their respective sphere, for heroes; the world made them both cowards. In the character of their minds there are many forcible resemblances. Rousseau differed from Voltaire and the other pullers down of his age, inasmuch as he was a builder up as well, which they were not; and in this is the distinction of Paracelsus. It is not to detract from it to ask with a sneer for the buildings they have erected. We have shown the way cleared, and the foundation laid. It is to be deeply regretted, certainly, that they felt the truth so strong in themselves, and have explained it so imperfectly to others; for here again, as with Paracelsus in the physical, was it with Rousseau in the moral. Much of their knowledge in both cases appears to have been intuitive; great results were arrived at in ignorance of any process; they inculcated duties where they were themselves the greatest delinquents; and seriously damaged their doctrines by their own extraordinary illustrations of them. The Secret they appear to have had, but in the shape of a vast perception unexpressed, uncomprehended by their narrow thought, but felt and known, even in every shift and change of the spirit they bore. Both of them, as was natural in such circumstances, were men of brilliant excuses; and the Theosophy of Paracelsus, so strikingly put forward in all his works, seems to us to have been only a famous expedient



to excuse his inability to work out thoroughly his perceptions. He would have smiled, if a glance into the future had shown him the Rosicrucians and Jacob Behmens building up their dainty philosophies in his name ; for all these sects had their origin in Paracelsus. In behalf both of him and of Rousseau we must be permitted to remark, in conclusion of the parallel, that, at the period of their respective writings, nature was a puzzling theory, no less in her material than in her spiritual aspects ; and if, since their time, we have been permitted to recognize the features of both made out with a profounder distinctness, let us not forget the Professor of Basil and the Citizen of Geneva. If it is necessary that we should dwell upon their vices, in remembering them let us not fail to correct them, and be thankful that, at the heels of these, follow many virtues to imitate, many blessings to be deeply mindful of. To Paracelsus, for instance—independent of all his giant reforms, among which—embracing, as they did, the highest equally with what a meaner genius would have considered the most unimportant matters—we should not forget his having restored his native language to that office it has since so nobly discharged, the exposition of enlightenment and learning, which thus, for the first time, were permitted to reach the poor and lowly—to Paracelsus we owe the discovery and the explication of the most powerful remedies that have yet been discovered for the pains and diseases of humanity. The use of opium, of mercury, and of some others of the most wonderful medicines known to the suffering world, are everlastingly identified with his name. To glance even at a few of the great hints of which he was the author, and which, since his death, have been wrought upon and developed by clever appropriators, would require much space, and a greater knowledge of his neglected books than we have had the opportunity of mastering. Let the reader suppose, however, from one or two, what the rest may be. Paracelsus discovered the circulation of the blood and the sanguification of the heart. He was master, too, of all the more valuable knowledge of practical physiognomy, and is alluded to by Lavater on this point as a man of prodigious genius. Prodigious indeed ! And what should the failure of his general scheme avail, against all these deathless claims ? Nobly does Mr. Browning say for him—

“ Come, I will show you where my merit lies.  
I ne’er supposed that since I fail’d no other  
Needs hope success. I act as though each one  
Who hears me may aspire. Now mark me well :  
’Tis in the advance of individual minds  
That the slow crowd should ground their ex-  
pectation  
Eventually to follow—as the sea  
Waits ages in its bed, till some one wave  
Of all the multitudinous mass extends  
The empire of the whole, some feet, perhaps,  
Over the strip of sand which could confine  
Its fellows so long time ; thenceforth the rest,  
Even to the meanest, hurry in at once,  
And so much is clear gain’d. I shall be glad

If all my labours, failing of aught else,  
Suffice to make such inroad—to procure  
A wider range for thought ; nay, they *do* this ;  
For whatsoe’er my notions of true knowledge  
And a legitimate success may be,  
I am not blind to my undoubted rank,  
When class’d with others. I precede my age ;  
And whoso wills, is very free to make  
That use of me which I disdain’d to make  
Of my forerunners—(vanity, perchance ;  
But had I deem’d their learning wonder-worth,  
I had been other than I am)—to mount  
Those labours as a platform, whence their own  
May have a prosperous outset.”

Many, indeed, have already done this ; but the platform still commands a wide prospect, which waits to be possessed. This glance at the philosophical claims of Paracelsus will therefore not have been made in vain, if it shall induce any man of letters or science to examine some few of his now neglected books. We will answer for it that unthought-of treasures may be found there. “ There are more things still in heaven



and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy" (wonderfully perfect as, in our own conceit, we believe that to be); and it would not much surprise us if the light that shall reveal them, be found some day issuing even from the literary carcase of the great quack of Basil. Hence, we do not apologize for having been betrayed into a longer digression from the original purpose of our inquiry than we had dreamt of making, since it is possible we may have "done the state some service," in presenting, after this fashion, the thoughts that have been suggested by Mr. Browning's work.

In a future paper we shall restrict ourselves to *The poem, Paracelsus*, and prove from that, and from other works we have had the pleasure of receiving lately, that dramatic genius,—perfectly new, born of our own age, the offspring of original thinking and original expression, grafted upon those noble points of universal character which only are enduring,—is now actually amongst us, and waits only the proper opportunity of exercise, to redeem the drama, and to elevate the literary repute, of England. The latter, it is to be admitted, has not been advancing lately.

We will conclude, for the present, with a friendly word or two to an esteemed contemporary. If our words were other than friendly, we should ill repay the thousand pleasures we owe to Mr. Christopher North. But what has that excellent critic just said, in a burst of pardonable self-enthusiasm, of the young poets of the present day? "They long for 'a waking empire wide as dreams,' and they find it in the most beneficent of perennials, whose smile is fame, and whose praise is immortality. Christopher North is the tutor, the guardian, and the patron of the young poets. As they reverence him, they prosper; wanting the light of his countenance, they sicken in the shade, and prematurely die. But none who deserve it want the light of the countenance of the old man benign." Now, we truly believe that our venerable friend would have this so; for he is not churlish, nor would reserve his praise for the day which sees it to the poet valueless—"deaf the praised ear, and mute the tuneful tongue." Why, then, has he not yet mentioned Mr. Browning? We will hope that it is an omission to be redeemed: for here is a young poet, or rather—for greatness takes no account of age—a great poet, and his book has been buzzed at by the critics, and Christopher North has remained silent. Have we suggested the reason, in our distinction between youth and greatness? Yes. The old man eloquent prepares himself for a discourse on greatness in poetry, as distinguished from the "small luminaries now in ascension;" and the illustration shall be "Robert Browning"! Meanwhile, we offer these humble acknowledgments of ours.

---



## MILDRED PEMBERTON.

I NEVER saw a girl for whom the epithet lovely seemed so completely suited as Mildred Pemberton: she was made up of all bright colours. Her lip was of the most vivid scarlet, her cheek of the warmest rose, her eyes of that violet blue so rarely seen except in a child, and her skin of a dazzling white, so transparent, that the azure veins in her temples seemed almost as blue as her eyes. Her hair curled naturally, and no poetical simile ever went beyond the truth of their brightness. Gold, sunshine, &c., were the only comparisons for those glossy ringlets. When she was two-and-twenty she scarcely looked sixteen, and her manners were as childish as her face and figure. She was guileless, enthusiastic, and sensitive; too ignorant in every way both of books and things perhaps to be called clever, but she had in herself all the materials for becoming so: with that quick perception which the imagination always gives, and the energy which is the groundwork of all excellence.

Sir Henry Pemberton, her father, was a severe man, and it was said that a young and beautiful wife had withered in the ungenial atmosphere of his cold stern temper. Only that Englishmen have a travelling mania, and the more comfortable they are at home, the less they can abide to stay there, no one could have accounted for Sir Henry's coming to Rome. He cared nothing for the fine arts. I doubt whether the finest music would have wrung from him more than Dr. Johnson's ejaculation, when the difficulty of some celebrated overture was dwelt upon, "Difficult!—I wish it were impossible." I never heard him make but one remark on painting, namely, "wonder that people should go to so much trouble and expense to have that on canvass, which they see better in the streets any day." For antiquities he had no taste, and society he positively disliked. His daughter, however, had his share of enjoyment and her own too—she was delighted with everything. The poetry of her nature was called forth by the poetical atmosphere of Rome. She had that peculiar organization, on which music has influence like "the enchanter's wand;" while Corinne and Chateaubriand had already excited all her sympathies for "the world of ashes at her feet." But, after seeing her at the Spanish ambassador's ball dancing with the young Count Arrezi, I was persuaded that the fair English girl was investing all things around her with that poetry which the heart flings over the commonplaces of life once "and once only."

A night or two afterwards (for we both lived in the Piazza di Spagna) I heard the chords of a guitar accompanying a song from "Metastasio;" I also heard a window unclose, and then came a few extempore stanzas in honour of a certain wreath of flowers which I took for granted were thrown into the street. Now a guitar, a cloak, moonlight, and a handsome cavalier, what nature—at least what feminine nature—could resist them? Accustomed to the seclusion of a country-seat, or the small coterie of a country town, where her taste, feeling, and fancy alike were dormant, the effect of Rome on Mildred Pemberton was like a sudden introduction into fairyland. Her eyes and senses were alike fascinated—she lived in a dream of realized poetry. Love



and youth are ever companions, and Mildred was no exception to the general rule. But hers was one of those natures which love affects the most intensely ; it was, indeed,

“ The worship the heart lifts on high,  
And the heavens reject not.”

For such love is the emanation of all that is most elevated and most unselfish in our nature. On this subject any general rule is impossible ; love, like the chameleon, is coloured by the air in which it lives—and the finer the air the richer the colour. Some young ladies have a happy facility of falling in and out of love ; their heart, like a raspberry tart, is covered with crosses. But Mildred was too sensitive and too ideal for these “ light summer fancies.” Her affection was her destiny, and she loved the young Italian with the devotion and depth of a love that was half poetry. I never saw a handsomer couple—such perfect representatives of the north and south : she, fair as that sweetest of roses, the one called the maiden’s blush ; and he of that rich dark olive, which suits so well with the high Roman features.

There are always plenty of people to talk of what does not concern them, and a love affair would seem to be everybody’s business ; precisely because it is one of all others with which they have the least to do. At last the affair reached Sir Henry’s ears, and he was as furious as any father in a romance of four volumes ; bread and water, and to be locked up for life, were among the least of his menaces. I believe that he thought himself merciful because they were the only ones that he actually inflicted. He was wrong, as all are who rouse the passive resistance of a woman’s nature. The indignity and violence with which she was treated only made her turn more fondly to the shelter of the loving heart she believed was so truly her own. Kindness might have brought her to her father’s feet, ready to give up her dearest hopes for his sake ; but his harsh anger only made her tremble at the hopeless future. There was also another motive which strengthened her resolution, she had become secretly attached to the Catholic faith, and, like all young converts, was enthusiastic in her belief. Love might have something to do with the conversion. Sir Henry said that it had done all the mischief ; but Mildred at all events believed, that even had the Count d’Arrezi been out of the question, her vocation would have been the same, still she felt happy in the idea of their mutual conviction.

Well, one moonlight night a closely-shrouded couple were seen gliding across the Piazza di Spagna. The fountain’s low and melancholy singing was the only sound, and the moon shone full on the magnificent flight of steps which led to the convent della Trinita de Monti. The stately domes shone like silver in the lovely night, and Mildred ascended the vast steps with the buoyant feet of hope as she gazed upon them. They pointed out her place of refuge, and she was conducted thither by Arrezi. Gradually as she ascended, the singing of the fountain died away in the distance, but a still sweeter song arose on the air. The nuns were at vespers, and the solemn chant pierced even the huge walls by which they were surrounded. Mildred clung to her lover’s arm as they paused before the gates ; she started at the deep sound of the bell which announced their arrival—it struck like a knell on her heart. Her appearance was expected, and she was at once conducted to the Abbess ; a tall, stately woman, but one whose sad brow and cheek worn before its



time, told that suffering and sorrow had preceded the quiet of the cloister.

It was with strange feelings that Mildred laid down on the little pallet appointed for her. The room was small and lofty, apparently partitioned off from one of larger size, for the height was quite disproportionate, and the walls were covered with huge frescos, containing passages from the Holy Scriptures; these were abruptly terminated by a dark, carved wainscoting, that stretched on one side. The apartment was singularly gloomy, and the subject of the fresco served anything but to relieve it—it represented the Murder of the Innocents. Not a horror was spared; here a pale, wild-looking woman struggled, but vainly, with the ruffian who could only reach her child through herself; another was flying, but the infant in her arms wore the livid hues of death. To the left a female, whose high and Jewish but handsome features were well suited to the expression of a Judith or a Jared—stood with her arm raised, and her mouth convulsed with the blending of agony and prophecy—apparently in the act of cursing; but the most touching figure of all was a woman kneeling by the bodies of two children, twisted in each other's arms and pierced by the same blow. There was such a fixed look of intense despair in the large tearless eyes, such a stupidity of horror in the set and rigid face—as if every consciousness was gone but that of horror; the eyes of Mildred were riveted upon it. The thought of how strong a parent's affection must be arose in her mind, and at that moment she reproached herself for leaving her father; then the terror of his anger, mingled with tenderness for her lover, combatted her regret. "Oh! that my mother," exclaimed she, throwing herself on the rude pallet below, "had lived to counsel and to love me!" And the image of that pale lady seated lonely in her dressing-room, to which she was confined for months before she died, hardened Mildred's heart against her father. She was a little creature of some six years old when Lady Pemberton died; but her wan and lovely countenance, her sweet sad voice, the tears that rose so often unbidden to her faint blue eyes, were to her child as things of yesterday.

At length she slept; but the tears were yet glittering on her long eyelashes when the first rosy gleams of day-break awakened her: she started with that half recollection which attends our first confused arousing—she wondered where she was—the events of the preceding night flashed upon her—she trembled as she thought of the irrevocable step she had taken. The cross was hung at the foot of her pallet, and she flung herself on her knees before it, and a more fervent and unselfish prayer never yet arose to that heaven, where alone is pity and pardon. Her devotions over, she approached the window, and the calm and lovely scene gave its own cheerfulness: the crimson blush of the daybreak was melting around the spires that gleamed on high, and long, soft shadows fell from the ilex and cypress, whose huge size attested the long seclusion of the convent garden. The distant murmur of the little fountain was only broken by the rustle of the birds amid the leaves, and the early chirp of the cicada in the long grass beneath: Mildred felt soothed and cheered, it is so impossible for youth to resist the influence of morning.

Sir Henry was wild with rage when he heard of his daughter's flight. He challenged the Count, who refused to meet the father of his future



wife. Next he bent all his efforts towards the recovery of Miss Pemberton; a direct application was made to the Pope, that forcible means might be used for her restoration: this was refused. Miss Pemberton was of age, and the church would not refuse its protection to one about to become a member of its flock.

On receiving this answer, Sir Henry made immediate preparation for leaving Rome; but the morning of his departure he sent for the Count Arrezi. The lover obeyed the summons, supposing that it was some overture to a reconciliation; on his arrival he found Sir Henry pale with suppressed rage, and pacing the hall, at whose entrance the travelling carriage was waiting. Arrezi was somewhat staggered to perceive these signs of actual departure; however, he entered, and was received by his intended father-in-law with a polite bow.

"I have many apologies to make," said the Baronet, with a manner studiously courteous, "for giving you this trouble—but I wished to send by you a message to Miss Pemberton. You understand English, I believe, or my servant can interpret for me?"

"I understand ver vel," said the Count; "shall be too happy to take von message."

"Well then, Sir," continued his companion, "you will inform Miss Pemberton that she is entitled to one hundred a-year left her by her aunt, and that this will be punctually paid in to Torloni's; beyond this she is not to expect a shilling from me. I leave Rome to-day: I will never see her again—never permit her name to be mentioned in my presence. My property will go to my nephew—and all I shall ever leave her will be my curse." So saying, Sir Henry passed the Italian with a low bow, and entered his carriage.

"Holy saints!" exclaimed the Count in Italian, catching hold of the servant's arm, "he cannot mean what he says?"

"If you knew Sir Henry as well as I do," replied the man, "you would not doubt it," and he hurried after his master.

The Count stood as if the carriage had been Medusa's head—"A hundred a-year!" muttered he; "why, my mustachios are well worth that!"

He returned to his house, smoked two cigars, and then repairing to the Convent della Trinita, requested to see the Abbess. "Madam," said he, as soon as the stately superior had taken her seat in the large arm-chair, "there are some unpleasant affairs which are best settled through the intervention of a third person. Will you inform Miss Pemberton that I have seen Sir Henry this morning, who has left Rome, and that he desires me to let her know that the hundred a-year which she inherits will be punctually paid in to Torloni's; but that from himself she never must expect a shilling: he will leave her nothing but his curse. To that," continued the Count, with his most melo-dramatic air, "I will not expose her; I sacrifice myself, and leave Rome to-night. Will you tell her this, and spare both the unutterable agony of farewell?"

"You will excuse my undertaking any such mission," replied the superior, fixing on him her dark and flashing eyes, beneath whose scorn Arrezi felt himself quail for the moment; "you will say what you think proper to the English signora yourself." So saying she rang the silver bell on the table beside, whose summons was instantly obeyed by a novice, and Miss Pemberton's presence was requested in the parlour.



The Abbess averted her face and took up her beads, and the Count was left standing by the window to arrange the coming conversation as best he might. A light step was soon heard, and Mildred Pemberton came in, looking lovelier in the simple conventual garb than ever she had done with all the aids of dress; the folds only fastened in at the waist, suited her childish figure. The pure white of the veil was scarcely to be discerned from the pure white of the skin; the single braid of gold on either side her forehead betrayed how rich the hair was that lay concealed—and the small features gave something of the innocence of infancy to her face; a bright blush crimsoned her face as she entered, too shy to extend the little hand to her lover which trembled at her side.

“My angel,” said the Count, dropping on one knee, “I have seen your father this morning.” Mildred turned deadly pale. “Do not fear—I will give up everything, even yourself, rather than make you wretched. He has threatened our union with his curse. Thus I prevent its falling on you, Mildred—I renounce all claim upon you—I will leave Rome to-night.”

Mildred stood white and speechless. A woman whose lover resigns her, and as if for her own sake, though without consulting her, is placed in a most awkward situation. What can she do? Take him at his word? That is easy to say, but hard to do, when all the hopes and affections are garnered in his love. The Superior saw her painful position, and addressed the gentleman.

“You have forgotten to mention, Count Arrezi, that Miss Pemberton will in future receive only the hundred a-year that she inherits from her aunt.”

The colour came back to Mildred’s cheek and lips; she sought to meet her lover’s eye, but it avoided her own. With a woman’s quick instinct, where the feelings are concerned, she saw his motives. With a degree of dignity of which her slight form had scarcely seemed capable, she turned calmly to the Abbess, and said,

“Have I your permission that the Count Arrezi will leave us together? It seems to me unnecessary to prolong our last interview.”

The Count approached, and began some hurried sentences of good wishes, devotion, sacrifice of his own happiness, &c.; but she interrupted him almost sternly—

“I have but one favour to ask, which is, that you will leave me, and at once.”

Glad to have been released on such easy terms, for he had expected prayers, tears, and reproaches, Arrezi instantly obeyed. The door closed after him, and Mildred dropped senseless on the floor. The Abbess called for no assistance, she pitied the agony of the moment too much, to let it be observed. She raised the youthful sufferer in her arms, and bathed her face with essence, and when Mildred recovered, her head rested on the shoulder of the Superior, who was watching her with the tenderness of a mother. “These are the trials, my child, which make us turn to heaven. The holy Madonna keep you!” This was her only remark, and Mildred went to her cell.

It was fortunate for her that her health gave way beneath so much excitement—the body sometimes saves the mind. Next day she was too ill to move, and it was weeks before the fever left her. Of all things time can the least be measured by space. Years, or the effects



of years, had passed over the head of Mildred, before she rose from that couch of sickness. She left there the rose of her cheek, the light of her eye—

“ Her lip still wore the sweetness of a smile,  
But not its gaiety.”

The buoyancy of her step, her sweet singing laugh, were gone for ever, —she had lived past youth and hope. Some one has truly said—

“ ’Tis not the lover which is lost,  
The love for which we grieve,  
It is the price that they have cost,  
The memories which they leave.”

This was the case with Mildred—she despised Arrezi too thoroughly to regret him—she deeply felt how unworthy he was of her deep-devoted affection. Always accustomed to wealth, she did not understand its value; we must want money to really know its worth, and money seemed to her the vilest consideration that could have influence. She thought with astonishment on the duplicity of the Count. Inconstancy she could have forgiven; that would have come within the limits of her poetical experience. She had been capable of any personal sacrifice to secure his happiness, even with a rival; but to be left so unhesitatingly the moment that she had no longer the prospect of wealth, showed too plainly what his object had been from the first—all his enthusiasm, all his romance, had been mere acting. She shrank away from a world in which there was such deceit. To what could she trust whose confidence had been so betrayed? Mildred Pemberton had laid down on the pallet of her secluded cell a girl full of the confidence, the generous impulses, the warm affections of girlhood; she rose from it a grave and thoughtful woman. She had ceased to look forward, she wished for nothing but quiet, she hoped, but only in heaven. All the poetry of her imaginative temperament flung back violently upon herself, served only to strengthen the influence of her new creed. Beloved by all, the earnestness of her devotion made her thought almost a saint by some; and the sweet, strange accents of the English novice, blending in the hymns of the saintly choir, gave a new fervour to religious exaltation. She entered upon the duties of her new state with zeal, and in their performance, and the thousand chains of daily habit, sought forgetfulness of the past. Still it was hard to forget her native tongue, and her native land. Separated from her father, his harshness was forgotten, and she only remembered the ties that united them.

She had been in the convent nearly a twelvemonth, and the time for the final vows was rapidly approaching, when one day to her astonishment she heard an English voice in the garden, and saw the fair face of one of her own countrywomen. She soon became acquainted with Emily Pemberton, and found that she was her cousin, though from a family disagreement they had never met. Mildred was mistaken in supposing that she was dead to all sense of affection, for her heart warmed at once to her young relative. It was some time before she found courage to speak of the past, and at last she asked about her father.

“ He is quite broken by his last illness; pale, emaciated, he is but the shadow of what he was. It is a melancholy thing to see him wander through the dull rooms of the old hall, as if haunted by the memory of those who had once been there.”



This conversation sunk deep into Mildred's mind, though at the time she could not trust her voice to answer. Again and again it was renewed ; at last Mildred hazarded the question—

“ Do you think my father would see me ? ”

“ I am sure he would,” exclaimed Emily ; “ it is only pride that prevents him seeking you. But should not that be your part ?—you would not have a parent humble himself to his child ? ”

Before they parted that evening, it was settled that Mildred should accompany her cousin the following week, whither she was returning under the protection of her brother. The fact was, that the moment Sir Henry arrived in England he had sent for his nephew, executed a will in his favour, and was then seized with a violent illness, which truly had left him an altered man. He remembered his harshness to his wife and child now they were both removed from him. He missed Mildred more than he would have owned even to himself. Charles, his nephew, saw all this : from the first announcement of his uncle's intentions he had resolved not to profit by them, and the sight of his drooping spirits confirmed him in a plan he had formed. His sister entered into it with all the romance of youth, and off they set to Rome together, and, as we have narrated, carried their project into effect.

The next morning Mildred requested an audience of the abbess, whose kindness to her from the morning Count Arrezi left the parlour had never known change. She explained to her all her thoughts and feelings ; her misery at fancying her father desolate in his old age, and her conviction that she ought to seek his pardon. “ If he reject me, I return to your feet, my mother ! ”

The superior for an instant yielded to the weakness of humanity ; tears stood in her eyes, and her stately head rested for a moment on Mildred ; but the motion was soon subdued, and the voice was almost as steady as usual, as she said, “ Go, my beloved child ; your duty to your sick and solitary parent is paramount to every other ; in fulfilling that you best fulfil your duty to your God. Go ; but if the world again repeat its bitter lessons, and you shrink from a burden too heavy to bear, remember, while I live you have a home in the Convent della Trinita.”

Mildred bathed the hand pressed to hers with her tears ; they were the truest thanks.

A week more saw the cousins on the road to England, which they traversed with all possible rapidity ; and with a throbbing heart Mildred found herself in the Park which she had quitted so many months ago, and yet it seemed like yesterday, for not a sign of change appeared. The sun was sinking over the avenue of old oaks ; the lake was reddening with the glow ; the long shadows rested on the grass, while in the distance they mingled in undefined obscurity. The deer were gathered together beneath the trees, and a large dog-rose bush was in the full luxuriance of its faint and fragile flower.

Charles Pemberton and his sister went forward to prepare Sir Henry, but after a few moments Mildred's anxiety became uncontrollable. Gradually she approached the house ; she ascended the terrace, and, once there, thought that she might safely enter. There was a little room which opened upon it—it had once been her own favourite chamber, for it contained a picture of her mother, with herself, then a little creature



of two years old, in her hand. As she approached she heard voices, but the turn in the wall, for it was a corner room, completely concealed her. She stood, not daring to breathe, amid the long tendrils of the honeysuckle. She could not be mistaken—it was her father's voice and she heard him say, "Charles, I own the weakness—I do pine to see my child."

The next moment Mildred was at his feet. She found him much changed; illness had subdued his iron strength. He was lonely and dependent, and he now acknowledged the need of that affection which hitherto he had repelled. He soon could scarcely bear his daughter out of his sight, and she watched his every look. Sir Henry, almost confined to the house, driven about in a pony-chaise, was a happier man than he had ever been. One only subject of anxiety remained—he had openly made his nephew his heir, and he now saw the prior claim of his own child. They were gathered one summer evening in the little parlour, which still continued their favourite room, when Sir Henry introduced the subject. "It does not need," exclaimed the cousins, in a breath.

But Charles had yet more to say; he told Mildred that he loved her, and implored her father to give her hand, as of far more value than all the wealth that he could bequeath. Mildred allowed her hand to rest in his; but even the lover could draw no encouragement from the action. She was calm, but very pale—and her kindness was only kindness. "Charles," said she, looking on with the gentle affection of a sister, "I have loved once—however unworthily, I can never love again. I returned not to the world, but to my home—I am God and my father's!"

Charles gazed earnestly on the sweet eyes that sank not beneath his own. He saw that hope was out of the question, and pressing the hand which he relinquished, would have left the room; but detaining him, she turned to her father, and said, "He is my brother, is he not?"

"It shall be as you wish, Mildred," replied Sir Henry, "though I had hoped otherwise."

Charles soon after left them for a gay season in London, and where he formed an attachment to the beautiful but portionless orphan of an officer who had been killed in the Peninsula; it was Mildred who reconciled Sir Henry to the match. The young couple took up their residence at Pemberton House, and Mildred was to them as a sister.

At Sir Henry's death it was found that he had bequeathed his whole property to his nephew, with only a sufficient annuity to his daughter, and a little cottage which she had had built in the park. This was close to her cousins, without the strict retirement in which she lived being any check upon them. She never married, but passed her life in acts of kindness. Her place was by the sick bed, or with the afflicted,—the soother of every sorrow, the friend in every trouble. The children, who were fast growing up in the old Hall, adored her; and when, in after days, they passed her portrait in the gallery, it was with the same remark—"If ever there was an angel on earth it was my cousin Mildred!"

L. E. L.



## THE CAPTIVE ;

*A Tragic Scene in a private Madhouse.*

BY THE LATE M. G. LEWIS, ESQ.

[WE are enabled to present to our readers a literary curiosity—a mono-drama (hitherto unpublished), by the late M. G. Lewis, popularly known as *Monk Lewis*. It was written at a time when, by his “*Monk*,” his “*Tales of Wonder*,” his “*Castle Spectre*,” &c. the author had established himself the undisputed sovereign of the realms of terror. It is not our purpose here to enter into the question of the literary merits of Mr. Lewis’s dramatic productions, nor would we have it inferred from our silence upon the subject, that we think slightly of them ; but as evincing a knowledge of stage effect, and the power, by such means, of exciting interest, surprize, and (chiefly the author’s favourite object) terror, they are scarcely surpassed. In the present instance, however, he has somewhat overstepped the legitimate boundary of his own dominions, and trenched upon the territories of horror. This the mere reader will acknowledge. They, therefore, who have witnessed any of the powerful performances of the representative of the “*Captive*,” (Mrs. Litchfield,) will readily conceive the impression that must have been produced upon the audience by the *acting* of the piece.]

The first performance of the “*Captive*” is thus announced in the Covent Garden play-bills of Tuesday, March 22nd, 1803 :—

“After which (i. e., after the comedy of ‘*John Bull*,’ then to be acted for the 10th time,) “will be performed, for the first time,\* a new mono-drama, or tragic scene, called ‘*The Captive*,’ to be performed by Mrs. Litchfield, The overture and music composed by Dr. Busby.”

The following notice is from the *Biographia Dramatica* :—

“‘*The Captive*,’ mono-drama, by M. G. LEWIS, performed at Covent Garden, March 22nd, 1803. It consisted only of one scene, acted by Mrs. Litchfield ; but the author had included, in this scene, all the horrors of a mad-house : imprisonment, chains, starvation, fear, madness, &c. ; and many ladies were thrown into fits by the forcible and affecting manner of the actress.”—*Biog. Dram.* 1812.

## THE CAPTIVE.

*The Scene represents a dungeon, in which is a grated door guarded by strong bars and chains. In the upper part is an open gallery leading to the cells above.*

[Slow and melancholy music. The *Captive* is discovered in the attitude of hopeless grief : she is in chains ; her eyes are fixed with a vacant stare, and her hands are folded.

After a pause, the gaoler is seen passing through the upper gallery, with a lamp : he appears at the grate, and opens the door. The noise of the bars falling rouses the *Captive*. She looks round eagerly, but on seeing the Gaoler enter, she waves her hand mournfully, and relapses into her former stupor.

---

\* It was never repeated.



The Gaoler replenishes a jug with water, and places a loaf of bread by her side. He then prepares to leave the dungeon, when the Captive seems to resolve on making an attempt to excite his compassion: She rises from her bed of straw, clasps his hand, and sinks at his feet. The music ceases, and she speaks.]

“ Stay, Gaoler, stay, and hear my woe !

She is not mad who kneels to thee ;

For what I’m now too well I know,

And what I was, and what should be.

I’ll rave no more in proud despair ;

My language shall be calm, though sad :

But yet I’ll firmly, truly swear

I am not mad ! (*then kissing his hand,*) I am not mad !”

[He offers to leave her ; she detains him, and continues, in a tone of eager persuasion.]

“ A tyrant husband forged the tale

Which chains me in this dreary cell ;

My fate unknown my friends bewail—

Oh, Gaoler ! haste that fate to tell.

Oh ! haste my father’s heart to cheer,

His heart, at once, will grieve and glad

To know, though kept a captive here,

I am not mad ! not mad ! not mad !”

[Harsh music, while the Gaoler, with a look of contempt and disbelief, forces his hand from her grasp, and leaves her. The bars are heard replacing.]

“ He smiles in scorn !

He turns the key !

He quits the grate !—I knelt in vain !

Still...still...his glimmering lamp I see.”

[Music expressing the light growing fainter, as the Gaoler retires through the gallery, and the Captive watches his departure with eager looks.]

“ ’Tis lost ! and all is gloom again !”

(*She shivers, and wraps her garment more closely round her.*)

“ Cold—bitter cold ! No warmth ! no light !

Life ! all thy comforts once I had ;

Yet here I’m chained this freezing night,

(*Eagerly.*) Although not mad ! no, no, no, no ! not mad !”

[A few bars of melancholy music, which she interrupts by exclaiming suddenly,]

“ ’Tis sure a dream !—some fancy vain !

(*Proudly.*) I—I, the child of rank and wealth !—

Am *I* the wretch who clanks this chain,

Deprived of freedom, friends, and health ?

Oh ! while I count those blessings fled,

Which never more my hours must glad,

How aches my heart ! how burns my head !

(*Interrupting herself hastily, and pressing her hands forcibly against her forehead.*)

But ’tis not mad !—no, ’tis not mad



[She remains fixed in this attitude, with a look of fear, till, the music, changing, expresses that some tender, melancholy reflection has passed across her mind.]

“ My child !”

[A few bars of music, after which she repeats, with more energy,]

“ My child !

Ah ! hast thou not forgot, by this,

Thy mother’s face—thy mother’s tongue ?

She’ll ne’er forget your parting kiss,

(*With a smite.*) Nor round her neck how fast you clung :

Nor how you sued with her to stay ;

Nor how that suit your sire forbad !

(*With agony.*) Nor how—— (*With a look of terror.*)

I’ll drive such thoughts away ;

(*In a hollow, hurried voice.*)

They’ll make me mad !—they’ll make me mad !

(*A pause. She then proceeds, with a melancholy smile.*)

His rosy lips, how sweet they smiled !

His mild blue eyes, how bright they shone !

Was never born a lovelier child !

(*With a sudden burst of passionate grief, approaching to frenzy.*)

And art thou now for ever gone ?

And must I never see thee more ?

My pretty, pretty, pretty lad !

(*With energy.*) I will be free !

(*Endeavouring to force the grate.*) Unbar this door !

I am not mad !—I am not mad !”

[She falls, exhausted, against the grate, by the bars of which she supports herself. She is roused from her stupor by loud shrieks, rattling of chains, &c.]

“ Hark ! hark !—what mean those yells—those cries ?

(*The noise grows louder.*)

His chain some furious madman breaks !”

[The Madman is seen to rush across the gallery with a blazing fire-brand in his hand.]

“ He comes !—I see his glaring eyes !”

[The Madman appears at the grate, which he endeavours to force, while she shrinks in an agony of terror.]

“ Now !—now ! my dungeon bars he shakes !

Help ! help !”

[Scared by her cries, the Madman quits the grate.]

[The Madman again appears above, is seized by his keepers, with torches ; and after some resistance, is dragged away.]

“ He’s gone !—

Oh ! fearful woe,

Such screams to hear ! such sights to see !

My brain ! my brain !—I know, I know

I am not mad, but soon shall be !



Yes!—soon! For lo, yon——while I speak——!

Mark yonder dæmon's eye-balls glare!

He sees me!—now, with a dreadful shriek,

He whirls a scorpion high in air!

Horror!—The reptile strikes his tooth

Deep in my heart, so crushed and sad!

Aye!—laugh, ye Fiends!—I feel the truth!

'Tis done! 'Tis done! (*with a loud shriek*)

I'm mad!—I'm mad!"

(*She dashes herself in frenzy upon the ground.*)

[The two Brothers cross the gallery, dragging Gaoler; then a Servant appears with a torch, conducting Father, who is supported by his youngest Daughter. They are followed by Servants, with torches, part of whom remain in the gallery. The Brothers appear at the grate, which they force the Gaoler to open;—they enter, and, on seeing the Captive, one is struck with sorrow, while the other expresses violent anger against the Gaoler, who endeavours to excuse himself. The Father and Sister enter, and approach the Captive, offering to raise her, when she starts up suddenly, and eyes them with a wild look of terror. They endeavour to make her know them, but in vain. She shuns them, with fear and aversion, and, taking some of the straw, begins to twine it into a crown, when her eye falling on the Gaoler, she shrieks in terror and hides her face. The Gaoler is ordered to retire, and obeys. The Father again endeavours to awake her attention, but in vain. He covers his face with his handkerchief, which the Captive draws away with a look of surprise. Their hopes are excited, and they watch her with eagerness. She wipes the old man's eyes with her hair, which she afterwards touches, and finding it wet with tears, bursts into a delirious laugh, resumes her crown of straw, and after working at it eagerly, for a moment, suddenly drops it, and remains motionless, with a vacant stare. The Father, &c., express their despair of her recovery—the music ceases—an old Servant enters, leading her Child, who enters with a careless look; but, on seeing his Mother, breaks from the Servant, runs to her, and clasps her hand—she looks at him with a vacant stare, then with an expression of excessive joy, exclaims "My child!" sinks on her knees, and clasps him to her bosom. The Father, &c., raise their hands to heaven, in gratitude for the return of her reason, and the curtain falls slowly to solemn music.]

THE END.



## LIBERTY AND SLAVERY IN AMERICA.

BY A RETURNED EMIGRANT.

[THE writer of the following pages visited America not only without a theory to support, but without the slightest idea of committing his observations to paper. He quitted England in the expectation of improving his condition, and of permanently settling in the new country—if he found his prospects at all commensurate with his hopes. The reasons which induced his return will, perhaps, be gathered from his statements. His design is to convey to the English reader accounts only of what he saw or *knew*. Although he remained for a considerable period in New York, he has thought it advisable not to publish his details relative to that city, inasmuch as of late years the press has abundantly described and commented upon all that is there remarkable or important: of the Southern States, New Orleans in particular, comparatively little is known. He therefore believes that his information relative to this division of the great Union will be found to contain novelty, and to be both interesting and useful.]

PREVIOUS to starting from New York for New Orleans, I naturally sought for all the information to be procured respecting that city, the risks of life, and the probability of good fortune there. The yellow fever had visited it the preceding summer with unusual severity, assisted in the work of death by its new ally, the cholera; and such was the rate of mortality, that it was estimated a year of such havoc would depopulate the place. A friend of mine, an eminent merchant, sought to dissuade me from going to a city which he designated as “the stronghold of sin and death; a sink of vice and brutality, calculated the most speedily to destroy body and soul.” He said that the chances were ten to one against my surviving the first summer; that gambling was licensed, assassination of daily occurrence, the government venal, partial, or impotent, with all other vices more glaring than elsewhere; but that should I escape from all these ordeals, it was the best place on earth to make a fortune in a short time. This rather discouraging picture was pretty generally confirmed by others; yet such is the force of hope, and of a sanguine spirit, that I took all the good for granted, and believed the evils to be exaggerated. Moreover, I felt that if my self-banishment from Europe was to be for life, it mattered little how soon it should end, and if the time could be shortened, I was willing to endure the accumulated evils which were to be its purchase; like a prisoner in a tower, who has a choice of escaping at the immediate risk of his neck, or of continuing to endure imprisonment, in addition to the general ills to which life is heir.

I took a passage in an American ship from New York to Mobile, as it afforded me an opportunity of noticing the nature of the trade to the State of Alabama, and to a part of Mississippi, a country of greater extent than England and Wales. After a short and stormy passage by the Hole-in-the-Wall, and across the Bahama Great Bank, which was clearly visible through the water as we sailed along, we anchored off Cedar Point, in the Bay of Mobile, about twenty-five miles below that city, at which we arrived by an oyster-boat at midnight. The captain who accompanied me had not visited the place for two or three years previously, consequently it had outgrown his knowledge; hotels had fallen, and others had arisen, in which when found, there was no room for us. We had to carry our own portmantaus, till the keeper of an hotel kindly lent us a negro to assist in bearing our burdens, and in leading us wherever there was a chance of beds. We had to wait while a pass was written for the negro, as otherwise the first city guardsman we met with would have taken him from us, and deposited him



in the guard-house, for being out of doors after the ringing of the nine o'clock bell. By one o'clock we were fortunate enough to get lodged in a double-bedded room, in a hotel or boarding-house, for the only difference is in size, and the addition of a bar-room to the former. We were much fatigued, and slept soundly, though without the rocking to which we had latterly been pretty well accustomed.

The cabin fares from New York to Mobile are from 30 to 50 dollars; and from New York to New Orleans 60 to 75; the higher rates being by packet ships. From Mobile to New Orleans, though only 120 miles, the fare is 12 dollars by the mail conveyances, or 8 dollars by schooners, which are almost daily passing between these ports.

It is not my purpose to give a journal of my various journeys in the States of Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana; but to select from a period of nearly three years the most important incidents which occurred to myself, or of which I received the account from unquestionable authority, with such opinions as I have been capable of forming.

My first visit to New Orleans was in the month of May, 1833. I went by a steam-boat which descended the Bay of Mobile, and coasted outside of Dolphin island, which, like the adjacent mainland, is composed of fine sand, without the smallest stone, low, flat, and covered with lofty yellow pines. It seemed scarcely more than a mile in breadth, but eight or ten miles in length; and is one of a range of islands which frequently stand between the mainland and the gulf, along the coast of Florida. The channel which separates it from the continent is, perhaps, three or four miles across, and when deepened a foot or two by a south wind, affords sufficient water for small steam-boats. There are also Cat island and several others, which vessels take the inside of, as they approach Lake Borgne. We stopped to take in wood at a rising little watering-place called Pascagoula, situated a few miles to the westward of Portersville, another infant settlement, about 30 miles from Mobile, where the land journey to New Orleans terminates, and the passengers with the mail are embarked on board a steam-boat. All this coast is like the neighbouring islands, low and sandy, but grateful to the sight from the quantity of trees and shrubs, particularly where the white wooden cottages vary and embellish the scene. Without doubt this coast, and some of these islands, as the population increases in the interior, will become frequented by a class of persons not wealthy enough to travel fifteen hundred miles northward, and as many in returning, to escape from a vertical sun and its concomitants: the great advantage to be obtained, besides sea-bathing, is the sea-breeze, which is constant here during the day, but lessens as it advances inland, till at some 50 or 60 miles it is lost altogether.

These seas are very narrow and shoaly, and diminish into narrow winding channels as we approach Lake Ponchartrain, through the most desolate and pestiferous marshes, passing by the mouth of the Pearl river, the shores of which display the same prospect of solitude and desolation, and seem never destined to be inhabited, except by the alligator and his prey. Lake Ponchartrain is of great extent; its shores, though marked by lofty trees, sometimes disappearing from the navigator in the distance; yet its depth, as I was informed, nowhere exceeds eighteen feet. Its surrounding coast would be difficult to mark, were it not for trees and other vegetation rising through the shallow water, and giving it a border without the aid of dry land, which slowly and lazily emerges at about two miles distance from the boundary of vegetation, disputing with the water its occasional right to the air and sunshine. The harbour, or pier, is four miles from New Orleans, with which it is united by both a canal and a rail-road.

The coast of West Florida, now the States of Louisiana, Mississippi, and Alabama, is singularly low and alluvial, at least from the Bay of Mobile to the Mexican boundary. One might reasonably suppose it more recently emerged from chaos, or the ocean, and requiring several thousands of years to acquire the geological properties of the northern states and of Europe.



The marine remains found in various parts prove it to have been covered by the sea ; and probably when Thebes and Babylon were in their glory, it was such as the Bahama banks are now ; and those banks in three thousand years hence may either have increased in depth, or have emerged above the surface of the ocean, and be covered with vegetation. All matter is in a constant state of progression, though from the slowness of its movement and the recency of civilization, the most rapid changes only have been observed. Should mankind not relapse into a state of barbarism, but continue to advance in science, what advantages will not those persons possess some five thousand years hence, in comprehending the mysteries of the creation, and in observing, through the annals of time, the growth or decay of various portions of the earth !

Immense beds of shells, chiefly cockles, are found far in the interior ; as there is no stone, they serve for making the roads, and only require a little more hardness to be as lasting as the same material in the older form of limestone. I have observed in Europe limestone quarried some hundred feet above the level of the sea, and at fifty miles distance from it, which had evidently been originally a bed of cockles ; nor have I any doubt but that the shells of Florida are undergoing the same tedious and mysterious process. Who can calculate how many ages shall have passed away before the change is completed ?

Another symptom of the recent origin of this continent are the layers of fine sand, still pure as when successively washed by the sea, and covered only by a thin coat of vegetable mould, which produces little spontaneously but forests of pine, except in low and wet situations, where the cedar, magnolia, line oak, gum-tree, and some other species, are intermingled ; but in the prairies in the interior, and in the vicinity of the Mississippi, where the soil has been formed by deposits of mud, the off-scouring of a thousand mountains and valleys, it is composed of a stiff and adhesive clay, which hardens in the sun, and is of great fertility, as the cotton and sugar crops amply testify. It is at all times disagreeable to walk on this soil, as, when wet, it attaches itself to the feet in accumulating masses, and when dry, and not perfectly even, it feels to the tread like rough and jagged stone. As stone cannot be conveyed either by the sea or the rivers, there is not a particle to be found in either soil, and natural philosophy has not yet gone so far as to calculate the time necessary for its formation. Those beds of shells offer a source of fertility when spread on the surface, as appears evident on shelled roads where the grass has been suffered to grow ; but it will be long before they are used for manure in a country where so much of a naturally productive land must remain uncultivated. Moreover, the usual agricultural pursuits of more northerly climates will hardly ever be followed sufficiently, even for the wants of the inhabitants, in a place where ground and labour can be turned to so many more profitable uses. At present, garden vegetables are dear, and insufficient for the scanty population ; and milch-cows are half-starved, and many of them poisoned by the wild and unknown vegetations of the forest, which the effluvia of their carcasses and their mouldering bones too often prove to the sportsman or wandering naturalist.

It is well understood that an altered state of the soil, whether by fire, by cultivation, or by a decomposition of vegetable matter, will effect an alteration in the nature of the crop without the agency of any seeds, save those which Nature holds suspended in some mysterious manner till the fitting time arrives ; and my own observation would lead me to conclude that a pine forest, when burnt, is immediately succeeded by a sort of oak, of which timber there seems to be many species on this continent. The woods everywhere abound with a variety of shrubs, weeds, creepers, and wild flowers, to which my ignorance of botany prevents my giving names, with the exception of the woodbine, and a wild vine, which bears no fruit, but forms splendid festoons from tree to tree. The flowers fall as far short of those of



Europe, in strength and sweetness of smell, as the fruits do in flavour. Cherries I have not seen; strawberries are good for nothing; peaches hard and insipid; grapes not cultivated, and probably little worth cultivation; but figs are excellent, as well as all sorts of melons; and tomatoes are grateful to the eye, the palate, and the stomach. Their kitchen-garden, too, is very inferior to that of more temperate climates. Cauliflowers I do not recollect to have seen; white cabbages are not producible; and so long as the present high price of cotton holds, they must continue to import their flour from the banks of the Ohio, and their hay from New Jersey.

New Orleans stands on the east bank of the Mississippi, yet the river, in its winding course, gets to the eastward of the city; for the sun appears to rise from its opposite shore. The level of the streets is about three or four feet lower than the level or embankment which incloses the mighty current on both sides from the sea, nearly to Natchez. During the winter and the early part of summer, the river being higher than the land, water is suffered to escape by a number of sewers, which, running through the city, finds its way to Lake Ponchartrain, and contributes materially to health and cleanliness during those seasons; but, as the river falls, the city assumes the ascendancy, and is deprived of its liquid benefactor when it needs it most. The lake partially flows to within about a mile of the town, at least up the ditches or bayons; but dry land may be traced twice that distance. This, however, depends on the height of the lake and the sea, which varies, according to the winds, two or three feet, the whole length of the coast.

The river Mississippi I should take to be about three-quarters of a mile in breadth: it seems narrow in proportion to the length and importance of the various streams which create it; but when we consider its great depth, twenty-five fathoms, the rapidity of its current, the extensive temporary lakes caused by its overflows, and the number of additional vents which it rouses from their summer stagnation, we no longer withhold our consideration for the gigantic queen of North American rivers. Here, in the majesty of its solitude, where no land appears but the frail edging, the work of man, which seems insufficient to save the coeval forests from destruction;—where woods and waters seem mingled everywhere around;—where we need not tax our imagination to tell us that noxious and dangerous animals infest the land and the water, and pestilential vapours the air;—where man braves banishment, sickness, and death for gain;—here has this mighty river rolled for countless ages, useless to humanity, save in making its alluvial deposits, but destined to create, to foster, and to enrich nations and empires yet unborn. Unfortunately, man interfered too soon to prevent the completion of its work, and, by the erection of the level, condemned the land to remain at its then level; whilst the river has been gradually, though slowly, rising, requiring an increased embankment, and threatening, at some future period, as many apprehend, to overwhelm the town and country. There can be no doubt but that the land would have risen by this time to nearly the level of the highest floods, had it been allowed its periodical overflow; and I cannot understand how the river could in that case have risen higher than at present, as the level of the sea remains fixed; and it is only by carrying its spoils down its principal embouchures, extending its natural embankments farther into the gulf, and so lengthening its course, that it can have sufficient room to fall from the increased height it is said to be attaining. Such is actually the case; and the earth, which should be spread over the low lands of Louisiana, is buried in the Gulf of Mexico.

One plan which I heard stated for raising the ground level in and about New Orleans struck me as quite practicable. It is to form inclosures, with embankments as high as the river, into which to admit the muddy water, and having allowed it to deposit its sediment, suffer the clear water to escape; and so to repeat the process till each enclosure becomes too high to receive another covering of water. This process might be continued, with the assistance of a pump worked by steam, so as to raise the land to a suffi-



cient elevation for any purpose. However, such a consummation seems quite hopeless at present. The indolent Creoles are contented to take things as they are, sure of an abundance to supply their wants and desires ; whilst the trading settlers are entirely absorbed in the acquisition of wealth, intended to be enjoyed elsewhere ; for they consider New Orleans as an arena of contention, where death or riches is the watchword, and those who obtain the spoils retire, to make way for new competitors.

The most pleasing objects at New Orleans are the shipping and steam-boats ranged along the levee, two or three deep, for about three miles in extent ; but as to the city itself, the most striking feature is its low situation, which, independent of its deadly reputation, must excite gloomy sensations, whilst it possesses no buildings of sufficient splendour or elegance to remove or suspend the impression. It extends but a short distance back into the marshy solitudes, though offering a front of nearly three miles to its great benefactor, the river ; along the banks of which, extending downwards towards the Battle-ground, and on the opposite side, are also to be seen a number of private residences, from the second-story windows of which the river is visible, over the orange-hedges usually surrounding the court-yards in front. The hotels are on the most extensive wholesale scale, in which the greatest possible quantity of business is to be done in the smallest possible space, and with the most limited attendance practicable ; but fortunately Jonathan is not very fastidious in his notions of comfort. Whoever visits this town, whether to conduct a hotel, a gambling concern, or a cotton-house, calculates on doing an extensive business ; and buildings being insufficient, and rents high, human beings must be compressed as well as bales of cotton, to economize space. The proprietor of the Commercial Hotel at the period of my first visit has since retired, having realized, as I have been informed, a fortune of nearly 200,000 dollars in three years, on which I sincerely congratulate him, knowing that he richly earned it, and narrowly escaped with life to enjoy it.

His house was my first residence in Louisiana, and there I had a fine opportunity of witnessing the *Napoleon*, or rapid system of movement, applied in the highest perfection to knife and fork tactics. The rush which took place on the dinner-bell being rung was not so tremendous as I have seen in other places, where there was a scarcity of seats, and the last would have to wait to re-occupy the seats first vacated. No, here there was room enough, and to spare, but unfortunately there were rarities sufficient to stimulate everybody, but not to satisfy anybody ; and green peas were on this occasion the vegetable of contention. Every man's object, without bothering about soup, or anything else, was bent on securing a spoonful or two of these delicacies, whatever he might afterwards add thereunto. As for me, I saw eating and drinking flourishing on every side, and I wished, like Digory, to be doing something myself, but I could get nothing to eat. In vain I hailed every negro who came near ; either they were too busy, or had not received a retaining fee, which to those coloured gentry is quite indispensable ; for certain it is, that while they relieved every want of my nearest neighbours, they were both deaf and blind to mine, which was evidently observed by those in my vicinity, without exciting in them the slightest appearance of concern.

At last my patience became exhausted, I jumped up from the table, and seizing a negro by the collar, who had disregarded my call, I told him that if he did not instantly come and wait on me, I would apply to his master, and perchance obtain redress. He then appeared to see me for the first time, and apologized ; I reseated myself, and was attended with the greatest assiduity ; even green peas sprung up for me as if by magic : however, by this time he had few others left to wait upon ; and for the future I had no cause to complain, having retained the valuable services of my sable friend. And here I may as well observe, that negro slaves are the most mercenary attendants in the world ; they will not take patience like an English waiter,



till they have earned a recompense, but expect payment in advance. They dare not be saucy or insolent, but their method is far more effective, for they continue to be both deaf and blind till the ban is removed from their senses, which however is only for a time, as they are sure to relapse pretty frequently.

On my first night in New Orleans I felt well disposed for rest, having been at sea the night before; yet sleep I could not, and what was strange, the reason never occurred to me: I heard the sound of some insects flying, and felt a considerable irritation on my face and hands, which caused me to suppose that I was a little feverish after my voyage; so at length I got out of bed, and walked into the gallery for a little fresh air. There happening to find the negro-attendant to that range of bed-chambers, to whom I stated my case, he soon solved the riddle:

“Why, massa, hab you no mosquito-bar down?”

“No,” I replied; “have you got mosquitoes here already?”

“Tousands, massa! Ho! ho! no woner you don’t sleep.”

Such was my introduction to these pests of warm climates; their first appearance for the season not having taken place in Mobile when I had left it.

From motives of economy and retirement, I took up my residence for some time at a private boarding-house, by which I have obtained a further insight into “the *domestic* manners of the Americans.” I accidentally learned, on my entrance, that a young man, who had died the preceding night, had been that morning removed from the house to be interred; and after a day or two, I found by some relics, which I discovered under my bed, that he had vacated just in time to make room for me. There were also some unaccountable smells, which I strove in vain to get rid of, by keeping the window open day and night, but I soon became accustomed to them, and have since thought that they proceeded probably from some disinfecting drugs. This proved indeed a wayfaring house—a baiting-place between life and death; but of this it showed no symptoms at the period to which I refer, as it abounded with fine lively young men, chiefly clerks, natives of the British islands and America, almost all of whom were now fearlessly and thoughtlessly commencing their first summer in this “Valley of the Shadow of Death.” Before the leaves were brown on the trees, or the Mississippi had commenced its rise, I had read the obituary of all of them whose names I could remember, in the New Orleans papers, as well as of many others whom I had met elsewhere. Five perished out of one counting-house; another house buried their book-keeper, employed another, buried him, and employed a third before the dead season had passed. One fine young man, a German, whom I had known in New-York, told me that he considered himself acclimated, having had the fever in the previous October immediately after his arrival; however, his name was in the deadly catalogue. His iron frame and florid health of German growth, only rendered him a more certain victim of the yellow fever of Louisiana—a reckless scourge which chiefly favours the withered beings who wear his livery.

The lady of the house, a native of New England, had buried her husband, and, as it appeared to me, every humane or gentle feeling, if she had ever possessed any. She poured our ready-made tea or coffee from the urn with the same indifference, and as much courtesy, as a herdsman displays in serving fodder to his oxen; and was unquestionably far more indifferent as to our health or appetites. She certainly provided us with plenty of good food, but had it poisoned us, I do not think the circumstance could have roused a feeling of humanity in her, so long as she could fill our places. She who made no pretence to the slightest show of friendship or accommodation to living men, could hardly have spared a tear for the whole human race. Such was our New Orleans *domestic* circle.

Here, too, I had an opportunity of observing the excess of national feelings exemplified—faults or virtues exaggerated or obliterated by distance, truth forgotten, moderation worse than heresy, and every bad feeling in-



creased by transplanting. Here has Bonaparte worshippers who cherish the memory even of his atrocities; and the wrongs of Ireland in all ages are huddled together, not to extenuate but to glorify assassination. An American observed to me that there could be no justice till all property, which at any period had been confiscated, was restored to the descendants or heirs of the original possessors. When I pleaded length of time, and impossibility of adjusting claims, he replied that no length of time could give a right, or ratify injustice; that he would at all events go back to William the Conqueror. I thanked him for not insisting on the production of the title-deeds of Shem, Ham, and Japhet, when they shared the world amongst them, lest justice had not been done to the testamentary wishes of the antediluvians.

I had occasionally met with hasty, irritable, and unreasonable Irish politicians in the Old World; and I had heard of Patrick Duigenan, and of Bully Egan; but had I not visited New Orleans, I should probably never have had an opportunity of knowing to what an extent men might be led by ignorance, bigotry, the intervention of an ocean, and the absence of truth and common sense. In Ireland, my sentiments had always appeared to give ample satisfaction to the liberal party; for I had never withheld them in favour of the equal rights and privileges of all men, nor cloaked my abhorrence of any man's presuming to interfere with the religious faith of another. As I had ever admired the eloquence and energy of O'Connell, I had been sometimes allowed to question the good taste of his encomiums, or the good feeling of his sarcasms, the more bitter in proportion as those against whom they were levelled differed least from himself. I could there also without offence express my abhorrence of savage dictation and midnight assassination. But not so in New Orleans; when I gave an account of the murder of Mr. Leonard,—(which had then recently been perpetrated, because he had exercised the right which men are allowed under every form of government, that of disposing of private property to the best advantage,)—I found that my Irish auditors justified the deed, on the score of ages of hardships and oppression. I replied, that I rather questioned that those murderers had undergone ages of oppression in their own persons; but that if they had, so it was to be presumed had Mr. Leonard, who belonged to the same degraded caste. I ventured also to quote these lines of Goldsmith, so true when applied to the lowest class:—

“How small, of ills which human kind endure,  
That part which kings or laws can cause or cure!”

I furthermore hinted, that want of civilization and over-propagation were the leading causes of their destitution.

“What,” said my opponent, “would you prevent them from obeying the commands of their Creator? would you debar them from the indulgences allowed even to the beasts of the field?”

“By no means,” I replied, “I would merely prevent them from saddling others, more provident or self-denying, with the consequences; nor would I suffer them, like some of the beasts to which you allude, to prey on their fellow-animals even to relieve their starving offspring; nor to deprive the state of one life, though they had given it a dozen.”

Another Hibernian here joined in, and assured the Americans present, “that either I knew nothing of the matter, or I wilfully misrepresented the facts; that the Irish were ground down by tithes and taxation——”

“Hold there,” I said, “the Irish are now subject to no direct taxation, except some small local taxes; they have no tax-collectors among them.”

“What balderdash!” quoth Pat, “but I won't argue with you; I assure you, gentlemen,” (to the Americans,) “that the poor Irishman is forced to pay a tax even for every fire-place he has in his house, which they call hearth-money.”

“The hearth-money,” continued persevering I, “was done away on the Union, in the year 1800; and how this gentleman became acquainted with a tax



which had expired before he was born, is rather puzzling, particularly as he must have grown to maturity in the Emerald Isle, at least his dialect must." Here I observed that matters began to look tempestuous, and recollecting that I was in New Orleans, I feigned suddenly to call to mind an engagement, and took my departure.

On the same evening after supper, as soon as the room had thinned, one of the Irish who had listened without uttering a word during the foregoing argument, but who had since drank himself into a portion of pot valour, attacked me in a most furious and abusive manner. The terms he made use of are immaterial; but I perceived how imprudent I had been in exercising the liberty of speech in a republic: however, to try to back out would have been ruinous, so I became roused in turn. I assumed an attitude and the language of defiance, the more determined as I observed some friends at hand. Fortunately my antagonist was no hero, for as I waxed warm he became cold, so as to look quite frost-bitten like; but as I observed him softening, I thought proper to mollify also; assuring him that my sentiments respecting Ireland, in a political sense, agreed pretty exactly with those of Doctor Doyle, a prelate of his own persuasion, and if that did not suit him, I regretted it exceedingly, but could not in conscience oblige him by going farther. On this we became friends, commencing a mutual and cordial hatred, and never again spoke to each other.

On another occasion, conversing with an Irish friend about American politics, I mentioned my having observed in the north that the low Irish to a man had voted for Jackson. My friend interrupted me by asking, what I meant by the term low Irish?

"The poorest and most ignorant," I replied, "of that nation."

"Then let me advise you," said he, "to choose a term better suited to this land of equal rights and liberties."

I thought to myself, why do they not decree an equality of intellect and of stature?

The most remarkable feature, on the whole, in the Southern States of the Union, is negro slavery; not, however, that any appearances of it can immediately be observed by the traveller, who merely sees that the servants and labourers are coloured people, that they are better clothed, lodged, and fed than in most parts of Europe, and that they seem particularly gay and light-hearted. As he obtains a more familiar insight into domestic concerns, he occasionally hears the lash of the cow-hide, and the stentorian bellowings of some unfortunate sable sufferer; and a little further observation convinces him of the unavoidable necessity of such an infliction. Undoubtedly it is sometimes cruelly abused, but not often; for there are few persons to whom the office of executioner is agreeable, and many to whom it is particularly distressing, which the slaves soon observe and take advantage of, to the utmost extent they judge safe. When they do exhaust the patience of their masters, they are generally handed over to the police for punishment; or, as a last resource, they are sold to sugar-planters, which they particularly dislike, as they are then placed under a discipline which they cannot evade. The most desperate of all may be seen, male and female, working at, or scraping the streets of New Orleans, with iron collars about their necks. Those inexorable slave-owners, who handle the whip as coolly as they chew a quid of tobacco, generally have the least occasion to use it: their sentiments are too well understood to often require physical demonstration; yet, even with them, the negro will sometimes risk certain punishment to see a novel sight or to enjoy a frolic.

It is a degrading view of human nature that servants and dependants, no matter of what colour, require to be kept at a distance, and under a discipline which can only be partially relaxed in proportion to the cultivated state of their morals and their understanding. The clerk to the merchant or banker, the confidential secretary, are often endowed with nobler minds and purer morals than those they serve; yet they are treated with distance and



formality, even when esteemed, and confided in as friends; such treatment being considered necessary to give weight to commands and assiduity to obedience. When we descend, therefore, to the lowest grade of human servitude—to the negro slave, mentally and morally little removed from a state of nature, we cannot question the necessity of a discipline proportionately lower, and operating through the corporeal sensations, instead of the mental. The fact accordingly is, that not one out of one hundred negroes can bear to be treated with gentleness and indulgence, without being rendered an useless plague. Humanity and justice, as far as is consistent with his situation, it is the interest and the duty of his owner to yield to him; but vigilance and rigour are also indispensable to render him profitable, and to retain him in security. A negro is never at a loss for an excuse, and so weak are those he frequently offers when hard pressed, that he must calculate as largely on his master's blindness and credulity, as the child who thinks himself concealed when his eyes are bound: and though repeatedly detected, he will shift his position, and plead guiltless to the last. One of his commonest tricks is to feign illness; which very often succeeds: for the negro is a good actor, and the master's own fears of risking health so valuable to him, if not his humanity, assist in the deception. But those masters who observe or suspect the deceit, generally reply to the sick voice in a strain of compassion equally affected, and in the midst of these tender condolences administer a powerful dose of Glauber salts to the reluctant patient, which serves equally as a punishment and a cure. However, this method has its evil consequences, for it sometimes prevents a real sufferer from complaining till his case becomes dangerous; though his silence more frequently arises from a childish reluctance to take medicine so long as he can avoid it.

Those Americans who are natives of slave states, understand and manage the slaves far better than the Yankees or the Europeans, and are little troubled with compassion or compunction. I knew a New England gentleman, who was by no means remarkable for his probity or liberality in his transactions with white men, and yet submitted to be grossly duped by his slaves. They were well known to be lazy, drunken, good-for-nothing fellows; yet their art was sufficient, by wheedling, flattery, and a plaintive voice, to purchase his connivance or indulgence. When in Boston, I have little doubt he was an emancipationist, as these men generally expend all their tenderness on slaves. I have known one of the barbarians belonging to this gentleman to be carried home in a cart in a beastly state of intoxication, who, on the following day, having made a piteous lamentation on the delicate state of his health, though the fellow was as strong as a horse, and nothing ever ailed him except from over-eating and drinking, and the indulgence of other equally dangerous inclinations,—his master immediately directed his clerk to give poor Cato five or six bits (about sixpence each), to buy himself a fowl to make broth, charging him at the same time to go home and take care of himself, and to be sure not to return to work till he was perfectly restored; and when the aforesaid Cato did return in a few days, and in his piteous tone stated his laudable anxiety to be employed, he remanded him to be sick a little while longer, with a further donation. Now this man's services hardly paid his master, who could well afford to indulge his caprices, for the cost of his support; and yet he could have readily hired him out for thirty dollars a month, or sold him for one thousand dollars. The prevailing art seems to be blarney, which is here confined to the blacks; for even Pat tosses it overboard before he sees the heights of New Jersey.

Now here is a story to match one of Mr. Stuart's cruelty cases, and quite as true, though I am far from doubting his; however, for the benefit of those who may not have had an opportunity of reading his relations, I have it in my power myself to give one of a similar tendency. In the mixture of good and evil, of which life consists, injustice is a more predominant ingredient than is generally supposed.

A stranger, stopping at an hotel, complained to the proprietor of his having



been robbed of his watch, and charged the mulatto attendant on his rooms with the theft. Such robberies had become rather frequent in the establishment, and were almost always involved in mystery, though suspicion universally rested on the slaves; for though many of them will steal, so will some white men too, who look like gentlemen; but it is a very different matter to make such a charge against the latter. Most American young gentlemen pocket stray penknives, pencils, and such trifles, with little or no concealment, and no inquiry follows—or they borrow such articles, and forget to return them; but this they retaliate on each other. However, it is difficult to fix the boundary where open pilfering ceases and secret theft commences; but unquestionably it does commence. I have known, on more than one occasion, a person to have been robbed of some of the best articles of his dress, by the *gentleman* who occupied the other bed in his room, happening to pack them up in his trunk by way of a mistake. However, to guard against such unpleasant oversights, I would recommend those who do not altogether trust to appearances, to lock up a handsome cloak or a new pair of trowsers, they need not be so particular about old ones—and to keep a sharp look-out after their jewellery. But I have digressed.

The hotel-keeper, on the announcement of the above robbery, judged it essential to the respectability of his house that he should act with rigour on the occasion; so he ordered the unfortunate mulatto, who in vain protested his innocence, to walk before him to the guard-house. There he delivered his instructions, according to which the man—a fine clever-looking fellow, with a yellow complexion—was repeatedly whipped to make him confess. But he never confessed, though he was all but butchered, and was some months before he attained his usual strength and looks. Even the flogger was heard to say that the punishment he had been compelled to inflict was inhuman. I made inquiry as to the man's previous character, whether he had ever been suspected of theft before; and the reply I received was "Never."—"Then doubtless he is innocent?"—"No question of it; I guess the fellow was never robbed at all, but if he was, William was not the thief."

The first negress whose punishment I was aware of was at a boarding-house, kept by a single lady. The girl was strong and healthy, and about twenty years old, but of a bad temper, which had never been subjected to a proper training; and being the property of another from whom she was hired, she held her employer in the less fear or respect. She had become by forbearance extremely insolent and refractory; and at length her mistress requested of a young gentleman, a friend, that he would take her into the back yard and whip her. He took up the cow-skin with as much *sang froid* as if he was going to slash a noisy puppy, and proceeded systematically to work. Her garments were fastened up, her ebony exposed, and the blows laid on that part, which in schoolboys generally suffers for the faults of every part of the body corporate. At first she screeched most outrageously, but the more she screamed "the more the young gentleman would not stop;" so she gradually softened down to sobs and entreaties, when he at length gave over, untied her hands, &c., put a fresh quid into his jaw, and departed to sample cotton, whilst the lass proceeded to iron her linen.

An English lady hired a negress as a maid of all work at eighteen dollars a month wages, who was represented to her as one who could be a most excellent servant when she chose, and, in fact, she proved very satisfactory for a few days; but having committed a small fault, for which she got off with a gentle reproof, she became more emboldened, and in the course of a couple of months she had become a termagant, a bully, and a drunkard. Her mistress would not suffer her to be flogged in her service; and fearing that she might get a worse servant, if she could procure any, she reasoned with her, threatened, and endured her as an unavoidable and hopeless calamity. I happened to call one day just at a time when this she-barbarian was very outrageous; and learning the state of affairs, I proceeded to the kitchen, situated, as is usual in slave states, in a separate building, and I



laid my cane, with a hearty good-will, to her shoulders. She took it with such stoical indifference, never wincing or crying out, that I left off, under the hopelessness of making any impression. She was dismissed, and her master at once found an employer for her who was fully aware of her good and bad points. He kept his eye on her till he caught her tripping, which was not very soon, for she, too, knew her man, or rather her master; and he then gave it to her in a style that I have no doubt saved him the trouble of a repetition for three months ensuing. It is a saying in slave states—"Spare your negro, and he will despise you; whip him, and he will love you;" and so it is in appearance.

In France and England, where slavery is unknown, and where punishment is, neither to sell nor to flog, but to discharge an unsatisfactory servant, I question whether there are not sometimes young culprits who would prefer getting a whipping, and retaining their places, to being turned adrift without a chance of another. But even though some might be found who would endure manual chastisement, to get over the consequences of a crime or an indiscretion, in countries where the supply of such persons exceeds the demand, still it must be admitted that the question is not fairly put, and my desire is to deal fairly, even with the blacks. In the slave states of America, or in the free states, no working person need want employment; and the blacks, if they choose to work at all, would naturally prefer that their wages should enter their own pockets, rather than those of their owners. I have known mechanics who paid a rent to their masters of ten dollars a week for the liberty of working on their own account, or who earned wages of two dollars a day; and I have known free negroes who did as much, or more, for their own exclusive benefit. The slave, therefore, can have no motive to cause him to hug his chains, nor any apprehension of poverty.

But the question is not whether the negro desires his freedom, but whether there is at present any prospect of his obtaining it in the southern states of the American Union? To this the reply can only be—none whatever. These states could not exist without slavery, and certainly will not try the experiment: they would hang a legion of abolitionist missionaries first. Slavery called them into existence, and sustains them,—is their inheritance, their estates, their funds, the bread of their children, and the only wealth of the country, except its rich soil, which would be worth nothing without them. It may be asked, where the difficulty lies of liberating them on the same conditions as those on which we have emancipated our West Indian negroes? There is one insurmountable difficulty to begin with, and that is, the want of money. Twenty millions sterling would be rather difficult to raise, I guess; and if procured, and so applied, it would amount to purchasing up the cotton and sugar planting of the southern states for the purpose of abolishing them; while the planters would have to seek a living elsewhere, which the purchase-money would readily enable them to do. However, though this is impracticable, the philanthropists, in the meantime, instead of useless harangues and reasons against slavery, which nobody wants to controvert, might better display their zeal and sincerity by subscribing themselves, and collecting from their brethren wherewithal to purchase and liberate a portion—a remnant—a sort of sinking-fund redemption.

However, the outpouring of their effusions, at a prudent distance from the scene of action, will undoubtedly resemble lecturing moles on the subject of optics, or convincing the geese of the knavery of the foxes; but this is their own affair; and if they choose to attack the demon of Mammon in his stronghold, or are desirous of wearing a crown of martyrdom, let them begin at once in New Orleans, where they will find coloured women working in the streets with iron collars about their necks, but where I can insure them collars of a softer material in the twinkling of an eye. In this matter I must defend the irritability of the southerners. Not only is their property embarked in the system which they inherited from their European ancestors, but the knife hangs perpetually suspended over the necks of their



wives and children, threatening, at one "fell swoop," beggary and death. This is no fiction. The negroes are perfect butchers when once set a-going—witness St. Domingo, South Carolina, and elsewhere;—and though incendiaries may justify them on the same principle which rouses the tiger when his solitude is invaded, or the snake when trod upon, men are equally excused by necessity in taming or crushing their domestic tigers, snakes, and the incendiaries who excite them.

But while slavery seems to be inevitable, let us try, if we can, to soften its rigours; and for this purpose the first object must be to silence useless discussion. Well-meaning enthusiasts will soon cease to preach to a diminishing handful of fanatics, and hypocrites will turn to a more profitable calling; whilst the negroes themselves must be taught to view the incendiaries as powerless to serve, yet strong to injure.

Mr. Abdy, in his *Journal*, though for the most part very complimentary to the Americans in general, and to his friends in particular, has taken up the cudgels so warmly for the coloured people, that, in his wrath, or monomania, caused by the treatment they receive, he can see few or no vices exercised on any other subject. Such is his good-humour with everything except slavery, that he highly compliments the New-Yorkers on their peaceable demeanour on the 4th of July, the anniversary of their independence. Was he cajoling them? or did he really expect them to have a fight as a matter of course? However, I quite agree with Mr. Abdy, that the free-coloured people are ill-used throughout the United States; but I have seen so many others ill-used too, that I must retain a portion of my sympathy for oppressed whites.

Before I proceed farther, I shall hazard a statement which I may, or may not, prove to the satisfaction of others, but which springs from my own firm conviction; it is, that in no civilized nation is even-handed justice so little known or appreciated as in the United States of America, take them altogether; in no other country is the law so feeble, so pliable, so time-serving, or so capricious—for the sovereign power is in the hands of a majority of the people; and as that majority contains all the ignorant, and is pretty nearly devoid of all the intelligent, it may readily be imagined what a blind, headstrong, and absurd sovereignty it is. Oppression, of course, takes place everywhere, but with less boldness and effrontery; it skulks, shuns the light, and fears above all things public opinion. In England, the press speaks out in private or personal wrongs, without regard to party, rank, or power; and conversation follows in its train. In America, the press is entirely influenced in politics by party, and in private affairs by prudence, by influence, by power—by any motives but generous indignation and sturdy independence. The most outrageous wrongs—the most atrocious violence—acted under the very eye of the editor, are unnoticed, or shuffled over without a comment, when the perpetrator possesses a handful of friends, or can influence a gang, proportioned to the size of the community. The editor has to consult his pecuniary interests and his personal safety; and the private individual from the same motives soon learns to put a seal upon his tongue. In the great eastern cities there are editors who at times can be fearless enough, and who occasionally display bursts of independence; but I know of no publication that, in the face of their party, their friends, their subscribers, or even their enemies, would indignantly and manfully put forth their power in defence of the stranger, the destitute, and the friendless, when assailed by power, whether wielded by a mob or a magistrate. When not occupied by party-virulence, they are devoted to courteous and commonplace strictures and compliments, lavished on all, from the judge on the bench to the actor whose benefit they announce—from the ship-launch where they lunched, to any person who presented a specimen of whatever was to be praised.

The above observations, though not strictly in place here, are in some degree explanatory of the treatment which free-coloured people receive. If



the poor and the despised are too often trampled on everywhere, how can they escape of whom the greater part are poor, and the whole are despised. But being despised and powerless, custom, the laws, and the general sense of society, have assigned them a middle station between the whites and the slaves, which foreign and wealthy blacks are indignant at, and therefore would do wisely to choose another soil; and native negroes, as they advance in independence, are often imprudently ready to edge themselves a little beyond the verge of this station, and so attract rough treatment, not from the respectable Americans, but from the semi-barbarous, and more than semi-lawless, who have never experienced parental restraint, and care little for magisterial, and who are found amongst mechanics, sailors, and petty tradesmen, always ready for a lark or a fight. During my voyage to America, from conversation with the captain and the master, an impression remained on my mind that the blacks in New-York must be a very impudent and presumptuous set of blockheads, to cause such trouble to mates and carpenters, and other such public monitors, in correcting them, by tripping up their heels, and jostling them off the footways. However, after some months' residence in that city, I concluded that some people must be more sensitive to insult than others, as I had nothing whatever to do in the way of knocking down niggers, never having received the slightest provocation; but then, to be sure, I was not *brought up* in a slave State. A South Carolina planter told me that what he particularly disliked in his visits to New York and Philadelphia was the impudence of the negroes: "A black fellow there," he added, "will sometimes take the wall of you; and we southerners can't stand that."

In the slave States, wanton attacks on the negroes are very rare, which is probably owing to their more prostrate state, which precludes the possibility of one of them rivalling the most debased white man that crawls upon the earth's surface. There, if a black man took the wall of a white man, it would be ascribed to stupidity or accident, as the idea of presumption would never occur. However, Mr. Abdy gives an instance to the contrary, which I will quote in his own words:—

"A Bostonian, travelling not long ago in one of the slave states with his wife, met a negro in a cart. The poor fellow, overcome by the intense heat of the day, was leaning forward, as if half asleep, when the driver, as he passed him, struck him with the whip across the face with such violence, that one of his eyes was either torn from the socket, or so much injured as to bleed most profusely. The New Englanders were indignant at this wanton barbarity, and the husband, a very humane, but a very high-spirited man, expostulated rather warmly with the brute, when he was damned for a Yankee, and told to mind his own affairs, and not to interfere with people who had a right to do what they liked with the niggers. The well-meant appeal operated like Don Quixote's intercession in favour of the boy whom his master was flogging;—the driver, during the rest of the journey, lashed at every man of colour he could reach with his whip."

Now, during a residence of three years in the Southern States, I never had the misfortune to witness any such wanton brutality to blacks, though I have seen much worse happen among whites; at the same time, I see no improbability in the statement, but I must consider it as a rare occurrence. A traveller through an almost uninhabited forest may indulge his savage propensities, perchance, with impunity; but the above-mentioned cowardly miscreant, doubtless, before he struck the blow, observed that the negro's master was neither within sight nor hearing; for it was quite possible that he was equally ferocious and better armed, and might take a bloody revenge for the injury done to his property.

A young Englishman, who was clerk to a wealthy proprietor of real estate, told me of a blunder he had committed shortly after his arrival in America. A coloured man, a native of Paris, with all the polite address of a Frenchman, called to pay the rent of his store. The clerk handed him a



chair, without dreaming that he was committing a monstrous solecism in American politeness. The black, with many bows, and considerable diffidence, seated himself, to wait while his receipt was being written. As soon as he had retired, the principal, who was present, sharply reprimanded his clerk, for having committed such a mistake as offering a chair to such a person, and declared himself surprised that the mulatto had ventured to accept it; telling him to remember, for the future, that no coloured man was ever permitted to be seated in the presence of a white man.

Though there are several free-coloured persons in the State of Alabama possessed of property and slaves of their own, yet till very recently they were not allowed to obtain any instruction, and were incapable of signing their own names; but, about twelve or eighteen months ago, an act passed the legislature, giving a power to mayors, &c. to license schools, under certain restrictions, chiefly with a view of preventing slaves from reaping any benefit; though that, I believe, was well guarded against before, by the heavy punishments to which all persons were liable for instructing them. The free blacks in Louisiana, Mississippi, and Alabama have no privilege of voting even for municipal officers, nor eligibility to fill the lowest office; though the treaty by which the United States became possessed of the Floridas guaranteed them the rights of citizens. This I presume to be correct, having heard it admitted by lawyers; however, it underwent the general fate of treaties, when the parties are very unequal in power. The negroes make no complaint or remonstrance, which would be as hopeless as trying to comb their hair straight; and they are better off as they are, being now too much despised to be hated; while their brethren in the north, by obtaining privileges, have grown sufficiently important to become objects of detestation.

From this great antipathy to free negroes in the Northern States, it cannot be surprising that the slave states set themselves against increasing their number. A master cannot confer freedom on his slave without exporting him from the state, and binding himself by securities, under heavy forfeitures, against his return. He can certainly leave him master of his own actions; but he still remains a slave in the eye of the law, and his liberator's heir may at any time re-enslave him or his children.

---

### MARTIAL IN LONDON.

*Mr. Jekyll to Mr. Hatchett, on receiving his Portrait.*

An answer, Charles Hatchett, thou claimest,  
 I'll make it both pithy and short;  
 And surely so able a chemist,  
 Can never refuse a retort.

Thy portrait no painter can match it,  
 I laugh at their critical snarls;  
 Like Cromwell, I owe to a Hatchett  
 My gaining the head of a Charles.

---

*Two of a Trade. By Milton the Horse-dealer.*

My grandsire the poet, as somebody sings,  
 First started our trade on a horse upon wings;  
 How different our fortunes, tho' both in a line!  
 He starved on his muse, and I fatten on mine.

---



SOME PARTICULARS RELATIVE TO THE ETTRICK  
SHEPHERD.\*

WHEN we study the lives of men eminent for their talents, we find but few names more remarkable than that of this child of genius, whose eventful history we have been considering. Born and educated under circumstances the most adverse to the development of those extraordinary powers which nature had planted in his breast, by the influence of genius alone, the Ettrick Shepherd has achieved a triumph to which the most distinguished in the land might feel a justifiable pride in laying claim. He has written his name on enduring tablets in the literary annals of his country, and that in characters which will convey it to posterity. His native land may well be proud when acknowledging such a son; and the shepherds of his own Ettrick feel something more than mere pleasure when they point to the cottage in which the poet was born, under whose humble roof-tree the dawn of his remarkable life had its commencement, or when they exclaim, "There runs the stream on whose sunny banks he often wandered, and in whose praise he ever delighted to sing." The waters of the Ettrick may glisten under the rays of the summer's sun, with the same beauty that first kindled up the imagination of the youthful poet; the slopes of her mountains may be clothed with the same fresh verdure; the heather-bell, the mountain-daisy, and the primrose may yield their wonted fragrance, when spring calls on the slumbering energies of Nature;—but her voice can never recall from their resting-place those eminent individuals who have lately passed from the stage of time. During the last few years the hand of death has struck down some of the most distinguished men of our age. At the commencement of the year whose close we so lately witnessed, we little thought that, ere its termination, to the name of Scott we should have to add those of Coleridge and Hogg. The lives of such men have not been spent in vain, nor shall their memories perish with the age in which they lived. While the vulgar gaze with admiration on the glittering equipage of nobility, and envy its owner the consequence which it confers, they ought to remember that there is a nobility of a higher order, which neither wealth nor power can bestow;—we allude to that nobility of the soul—a gift which nature confers, and only upon a favoured few; we know that

" A king can make a belted knight,  
A duke, a lord, an' a' that;"

but could the sovereign, when bestowing such honours, confer even a single ray of genius, we might well covet from him the possession of such a prerogative. Who would have heard of Byron's name had that Byron not been the author of "Childe Harold?"—would that of Bacon have reached the present age had its owner not been eminent in the paths of science? On the other hand, the lordly proprietor of Charlecote Park has obtained a notoriety which few will envy him; while the persecuted will be honoured in every age and in every country where genius is held in estimation, the name of the persecutor of Shakspeare will be



held in lasting scorn. In every country, in the lapse of time, mere outward nobility has given way to that which dwells within; when the name of the possessor of the former is thought of no longer, that of the latter is remembered by a grateful posterity, and his works are read with feelings of admiration and delight. We have only to glance into the page of history, when we shall find ample confirmation of the truth of our assertion: in the orators, the sculptors, the historians, and the poets of ancient Greece and Rome, we find the most enduring monuments of the former power and extended dominion of those mighty empires. It is not to the age alone in which he lives that the poet looks for all celebrity; his mental eye pierces the dark clouds which obscure futurity, and there his hopes rest; from posterity he expects a wider fame and more enduring celebrity. That such feelings had a place in the breast of the Ettrick Shepherd we have every reason to believe; and that his longing aspirations after fame will meet with their reward we cannot for a moment doubt; but will posterity ever do too much justice to the unaffected kindness of his heart, or to the benevolence of his disposition?

In our number for February, we endeavoured to trace the progress of the poet's genius from its early dawn, in the nameless shepherd-boy, until the appearance of the "Queen's Wake"—the most remarkable of all his writings. We have now much pleasure in returning to the subject which we then left unfinished.

The circumstance which gave birth to the "Witch of Fyfe,"—with the exception of "Kilmeny," perhaps the most imaginative of all the poet's ballads—was this, and we give the anecdote as we heard it from his own lips. It was the production of a forenoon, having been written between the hours of breakfast and dinner. He was engaged on that day to meet a party at the lodgings of his friend, Robert Jamieson, better known as Scandinavian Jamieson, and being anxious to carry something in his pocket composed in imitation of the old ballads of the North to amuse his friends, he set to work and finished his "Witch of Fyfe;" and with what success he accomplished this self-imposed task we need not say. Can anything be more poetical than the following lines?—

"The second nycht quhan the new moon set,  
 O'er the roaring sea we flew;  
 The cockle-shell our trusty bark,  
 And our sailis of the green sea rue."  
 And the cauld windis blew, and the fire flauchtes flew,  
 And the sea ran to the sky;  
 And the thunder it growlit, and the sea dogs howlit,  
 As we gaed scourying bye.  
 And aye we mounted the sea-green hills,  
 Quhill we bruishit through the clouds of the heaven,  
 Than vours it downright like the stern-shot light  
 Fra' the liftis blue casement driven.  
 But our tailest stood and our brark was good,  
 And sae pang was our pearly prow,  
 Quhan we could na' speil the brow of the wavis,  
 We needilit them thro' belowe.  
 As fast as the hail, as fast as the gale,  
 As fast as the midnicht leme,  
 We berit the brieste of the bursting swale  
 Or fluffite i' the flotying faem."



In imagination, we have oft accompanied this famous Witch in her wanderings over many lands; with her we have sailed upon the stormy sea when the waves were running mountains high, and have heard the roaring of the tempest; we have seen the flash bursting from the dark cloud, casting a momentary glare upon the disturbed ocean; we have listened to the rolling thunder, and have heard the mournful howl of the sea-dog, but above all we have been charmed with the melody of the mermaid. With the old husband we have watched in Maisry's cot, and seen the frightful hags come in; we have heard the word which the poet durst not utter, and seen, with a trembling heart, the witches' departure, and have even dared to follow them in their flight through the regions of upper air, and after our wandering over the snows of eternity, we have drunk of the Bishop's wine,

“ Quhill our een they closit, and our voice grew low,  
And our tongue wald hardly gang.”

We have stood on the distant shores of Norway when all the genii of the North were keeping high holiday. We have witnessed the power of the Witch water in converting frightful hags into young and blooming girls—studies for a West, a Reynolds, a Canova, or a Chantrey;—and we have felt for the poor old husband, when about to forfeit his life for his love of the “bluid-red wine.” We have watched his look of agony when bound to the stake: the burning brand has been applied to the faggots, and the pile has been in a blaze; and we have rejoiced in the timely arrival of the messenger from the shores of Fyfe. We have almost heard the words which were whispered into his ear,—at least, we have witnessed their effect. The strong cords with which the old man was bound have snapped asunder, and we have seen him triumphantly rise above ascending flames, mounting into the clear blue sky; and his long and his loud guffaw has come upon our ear while he was journeying away to his distant home on the far-off shores of Fyfe. This, and more than this, have we witnessed when reading creations of the poet's fancy,—such as the “Witch of Fyfe,” the “Gude Grey Catte,” or “Bonny Kilmeny.”

“ Bonny Kilmeny ga'ed up the glen;  
But it was na to meet Dunena's men  
Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see;—  
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.  
It was only to hear the yorlin sing  
And pu' the cress-flower round the spring  
The scarlet hypp and the hyndberrye,  
And the nut that hangs frae the hazel-tree,—  
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.”

What a beautiful picture is this of a virtuous and a lovely girl! How exquisite in its colourings, and how delightfully they blend one into the other; and with what a masterly hand the picture is finished!

It is not our intention to follow our author through all his subsequent literary career, appearing as he frequently did at the bar of public opinion, but *never*, perhaps, with the same distinguished success which attended the appearance of the “Queen's Wake.” We could, however, point out many individual passages in the Shepherd's writings, where his muse has spread her wings, soaring into the region of song, attaining as lofty an elevation as she ever reached when pouring forth the happiest



thoughts which adorn the pages of the "Wake." This beautiful offspring of his imagination came meteor-like across the literary firmament;—but not like the meteor, whose momentary blaze vanishes amid the darkness of night, was she destined to pass from our sight; like some bright and beautiful planet she appears above the horizon—but not like the planet with a borrowed lustre, but with a lustre of her own.

"The Pilgrims of the Sun," of which we will take but a brief glance, was a subject well suited to the fancy of the Ettrick Shepherd; he is always happy when he wanders into fairy land, or, like his heroine and her celestial guide, visits other worlds and other systems. His glowing description of the erratic wanderings of a comet, in this poem, would do no discredit to the genius of a Milton; and had its author never written another line, this passage alone would entitle him to rank high among the poets of the present age. On the return of his fair heroine, Mary Lee, to the green woods of Bowhill, how delightfully the poet brings the scene before us, in the following lines:—

"The stars were up, the valley steeped in dew,  
The laneful bat in silent circles flew;  
No sound was heard, except the lonely rail  
Harping his ordinal adown the dale;  
And soft and low upon the breezes light  
The rush of Ettrick breathed along the night."

Many recollections rise on our mind after reading such lines; the gloom of winter vanishes, and we stand once more with the poet on the banks of the Ettrick in the stillness of a summer's eve; the lower parts of the valley are obscured by a thin mist, but the outlines of the mountains stand out in all their beauty against the evening sky; all above is bright and beautiful; the sky gradually reveals a countless multitude of stars, while in the west we still trace some faint pencillings of a day which has departed. No sounds break in upon our solitude, but those to which the poet so finely alludes: what an idea is that, of the river breathing along the night!—such a thought could only spring up and come to maturity in a soil where nature has scattered the seeds of poetry, and that with no sparing hand.

In the "Mador of the Moor," Mr. Hogg has not been so successful: this poem was a task imposed upon him while on a visit to Kinnaird House, by his ingenious friend Mrs. Izett, and he seems to have felt it in that light. In his dedication to his friend Mr. Grieve, he pays the deserved tribute of a heart overflowing with gratitude to one who was his friend—

"When trouble pressed and friends were few,  
And God and angels only knew.—"

In this excellent man, when the Shepherd was just coming into notice, he found one who was ever ready to assist him with his purse, and who would not allow him to want for anything.

In the amiable mother of the present Duke of Buccleuch, Mr. Hogg found a kind friend—one who took a deep interest in his welfare, and to whom he was indebted for many important favours: through her friendship he obtained the small farm of Altrive, which was his home during the following years of his life. Although this gift was but of little value when considered in a pecuniary sense, the boon was still of great importance to Mr. Hogg, placing him as it did beyond the reach



of want, and binding him more closely and by ties more endearing to his native forest—and to the scenes on which his fancy delighted to dwell, ere he was conscious of the beauties which nature had scattered around, or the influence which they were yet to exert over the powers of his mind. A more acceptable gift could hardly have been thought of than that of Altrive, and the manner in which it was conferred was highly gratifying to the feelings of the poet. The Duke, in his letter to Mr. Hogg on the occasion says, or in words to the same effect, “that in granting so small a favour he was merely obeying a wish often expressed by his late Duchess, that she had long been anxious that such a home should be provided for the Shepherd; that he, the Duke, had much satisfaction in fulfilling the wish of one so dear.” We are particular in stating these facts, having recently read a newspaper paragraph calculated to injure the widow and fatherless children of the Shepherd.

It is absurd, in this instance, to speak of the generosity of the present Noble Duke to Mr. Hogg; it is our wish to give honour to whom honour is due; we must not deprive the dead of the honour of such an action, for to the dead it belongs, and not to the living—to the mother, and not to the son. When Mr. Hogg went to reside at Altrive, the cottage was one of the very worst description; this he soon remedied by building a part of the present house, and to this he afterwards made considerable additions, and that at his own expense, and not at the expense of another. The value of Altrive, the cottage not included, will not exceed 30*l.* per annum; the shepherd never held a ninety-nine years’ lease of the farm, but such a lease we will allow was granted for the house, and *a quarter of an acre of land*. But this favour was only conferred within the last three years, and we will now inform our readers for what purpose such a favour was bestowed; merely for the purpose of securing an additional vote in the county, on the passing of the Reform Bill, when it was found the Shepherd was unqualified to exercise the rights of a voter, without being in possession of such a document. The Duke of Buccleuch, or any of his successors, could deprive the poet’s family of the farm, but not the cottage, whenever it might suit their fancy; from the generosity of this noble family, and in particular from the present popular Duke, we have no reason to dread such an event. From the year 1816 the Shepherd resided principally in Yarrow, and his visits to Edinburgh from that period were neither frequent nor long continued; his time was divided chiefly between his literary pursuits and his favourite county amusements, to the exercise of which the mountains and the rivers of Ettrick and Yarrow gave ample scope; but of these we shall have occasion to speak at some length in another portion of our narrative.

In 1820 a change took place in Mr. Hogg’s prospects, which contributed in no slight degree to the happiness of his after-life—we allude to his marriage. In Miss Margaret Phillips he found a companion worthy of his warmest affection—one upon whose good sense he could always rely; and when he acted up to her wishes, as he did in almost every instance, he never, as we have often heard him declare, had reason to repent. In a letter addressed to a friend, written when on the eve of his marriage, he says, “I am going into Dumfriesshire, and of course return to the forest a Benedick.” On his arrival at Altrive with his bride, his father, who was then alive, an old man in his ninety-second



year, met the bridal party at some short distance from the poet's cottage, and had the pleasure of conducting (at the request of his son) his daughter-in-law to her future home; and a proud old man he was upon the occasion, boasting to his friends that his son Jamie had brought home a bra' lady for his wife, and not forgetting to add, that she was unco kind to him.

In the summer of 1821 the farm of Mount Benger, being without a tenant, was offered to Mr. Hogg by the trustees of the Duke of Buccleuch, who was then in his minority: this was a most disastrous speculation, as the sequel proved, involving the poet in difficulties at his very outset, and ending in ruin, in as far as his worldly substance was concerned; and any little benefit which he and his family had derived from the liberality of his kind friends the late Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch was now more than counterbalanced by the ruin which this farm brought upon him and his. In the course of a nine years' lease he sunk upwards of 2000*l.* upon this profitless spot, all of which he had gained by his genius; had this money been laid out at interest, it would have now more than doubled the value of Altrive, and instead of his widow and orphan children having been thrown penniless on the world, they would have been, if not in affluence, at least beyond the reach of want. When in an evil hour he was induced to become tenant of Mount Benger, consequences so disastrous to the poet's fortunes could not have been foreseen; nor were the days of darkness at that period even dreamt of which soon overshadowed the land, involving many a once happy family in irretrievable ruin in the pastoral districts of Scotland, and among the rest the subject of the present memoir. So far from ruin having been anticipated, it was considered that a favour had been conferred when a lease of Mount Benger was given to the Shepherd. At first he supposed the risk more than enough for him, and hesitated for some time about accepting the offer; he was however urged to do so, by those on whose opinions in such matters he considered he had every reason to place the most undoubted reliance, and under their guidance he became tenant of Mount Benger.

Shortly after Mr. Hogg's name was enrolled among the forest tenantry, having had occasion to visit Edinburgh, we recollect strolling along Princes-street with him hanging upon our arm, when we had the good fortune to meet Sir Walter Scott. We shall not soon forget the beautiful tribute which that mighty master then paid to the genius of his friend. After the usual salutations, Sir Walter said, "I have to congratulate you, Mr. Hogg, on your becoming tenant of Mount Benger."

"Oh! Sir Walter," was the Shepherd's reply, "I have to thank you, Sir Walter, for your good offices in that matter."

"No, Sir!" was the answer of the Author of "*Waverley*," "you have to thank your own genius, not my interest."

Years have passed on since we listened to this brief but interesting conversation; but the impression which it made on our memory will not soon be erased. There is a charm in every word that falls from the lips of such men, which gives an interest even to the most common occurrences of their lives, and, with a talismanic power, converts the very dross of their existence into fine gold.

Professor Wilson's intimacy with Hogg had its commencement shortly after the appearance of the "*Isle of Palms*," when the Shepherd wrote



a flaming review of that poem in an Edinburgh periodical; being exceedingly anxious to meet its author, and having tried for the space of six months to get introduced to him, but in vain, "All that I could learn of him," writes the Shepherd, "was, that he was a man from the mountains of Wales, with hair like eagle's feathers, and nails like bird's claws; a red beard, and an uncommon degree of wildness in his looks. Having no other shift, I sat down and wrote him a note, telling him that I wished much to see him, and if he wanted to see me, he might come and dine with me at my lodgings in the road of Gabriel, at four. He accepted the invitation, and dined with Grieve and me; when I found him so much a man according to my own heart, that for many years we were seldom twenty-four hours asunder when in town." Nothing ever occurred to interrupt this friendship of which the Shepherd speaks.

In one of the Professor's fishing rambles about this time, he spent a few days with his friend at Altrive. We have often heard Mr. Hogg speak of this visit, and boast with no little glee of having beat Wilson in one of these fishing excursions up Douglas-burn. The morning of this *eventful* day having dawned with such a breeze and such a sky as the true followers of old Izaak Walton delight in, we almost think we hear the words of the Shepherd when he rouses Wilson from his morning slumbers.

"Get up, get up, Wilson," are his words; "a better day for fishing ye never saw. I'll gi'e ye ony odds ye like that I'll beat you the day—what do you say to that, man?"

"Done, James; done," exclaims the Professor; "two jugs of *toddy* to one, if ye like, to be paid the next time we meet at Ambrose's."

The bet was accepted. "But here comes the lass," says the Shepherd, "wi' the breakfast-tray. Good morning to ye," are his kindly words; "what are ye gaun to let my freen' an' me hae for our breakfast this morning, for Mr. Wilson's a hungry man, I'll warrant?"

"I hae boiled the best mutton ham in a' the house," was Peggy's answer; "and what's mair, I'll gi'e ye the head and shoulders o' that bonny salmon ye caught in the Piper's-pool yesterday, wi' some flour scoons, and plenty o' laif bread, wi' as mony fresh eggs as ever ye like; and I'm sure if we hae ony thing mair in a' the house that your freen' wad like he's welcome to't."

The breakfast was soon on the table, and Peggy's good things having been done ample justice to, off start the two fishers. The Shepherd, arrayed in his *sky-blue* fishing-jacket, shouldering his two-pieced Ritchie, the Professor in his dark-green, with a splendid four-pieced *Finn*\*, a shining reel with its tapering line, at the end of which dangles one of the Professor's celebrated flies, now known by his name, with a pair of red and black hackles.

"What are you intending to make of that rope at the end of your fishing-rod, with those eagle-wings tied to it?" bawls Wilson; "you don't intend to fish for sharks in Douglas-burn to-day, Hogg, do you?"

"Joost haud yer tongue, Wilson; my eagle-wings wull beat your midges ony day—ye'll be gaun to fish for minnows. I's warrant ye'll find plenty o' them in Douglas-burn."

Their bantering over, the Shepherd yielded up the first of the water

---

\* The name of a celebrated fishing-rod maker in Edinburgh.



to his friend—a very *friendly turn*, as Professor Gillespie, of St. Andrew's, well knows. The day was most propitious, affording ample sport to both the poets. On their return to Altrive, it was found that they had *only* killed sixteen dozen trouts, of which number the Professor's basket contained *eleven dozen*; however, when they came to be weighed, the Shepherd's five dozen turned the scales against the larger number of the Professor, which decided the bet in favour of the former. The Professor was so much knocked up with this expedition that he was glad to fight shy after dinner, and steal off to bed even before the second tumbler was discussed; leaving the Shepherd and his friend Wattie Brydon to enjoy themselves for the rest of the evening.

We recollect reading a very amusing letter from the Professor to his friend the Shepherd, in which he tells him that he had just returned from the Highlands, where he and Mrs. Wilson had travelled upwards of three hundred miles, and that on *foot*. “Is not the latter immortalized,” are his words. He then goes on to make some amusing remarks on his “Isle of Palms,” with some witty sayings on the propriety of a cross between a Yarrow tup and a Rydal doe. While in the Highlands, in one day he had killed nineteen dozen and a half of trouts, and had nearly caught a *red deer by the tail*. He says the Gael were astonished at his exploits, as we can well believe they would. “I am to be in Moffat,” he adds, on a day which he named, “where I will expect to see you, when we can either coach it or walk it to Ellay. Remember, if you don't come, I will *lick* you the next time we meet; and what's more, I'll fish up Douglas-burn before you.” The Shepherd, more afraid of the former threat, we believe, than he was of the latter, made his appearance at the *trysting*-place, when they either coached it or walked it to Ellay, and a glorious time they had of it. While there, a beautiful luminous arch appeared in the sky, spanning the heavens from east to west, and was so light and airy in its appearance, that the stars shone with their wonted brilliance through its transparent texture. On this memorable evening a party of the poets had assembled at Mount Rydal: when they heard of this meteoric appearance in the sky, they soon were out upon the lawn to gaze upon a sight so remarkable. The Shepherd had Miss Wordsworth hanging on his arm, when he innocently blundered out, “Hoot, mon! it is neither mair nor less than a treeumphal airch raised in honour of the meeting of the poets.” “That's not amiss,” said the Professor, laughing. But Wordsworth, turning on his heel, exclaimed, “Poets! what does the fellow mean? Where are they?” The Shepherd pretends to have been greatly offended at this innocent jest of his friend Wordsworth.

G.



## THE DREAM OF THE POETESS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

SHE smiles in her slumber—what visions arise  
 Beneath the closed lids of those beautiful eyes !  
 Does she feel inspiration vast, mighty, and deep ?  
 Does the light of her mind sparkle forth in her sleep ?

Does she tread the gay hall ? does she hear the soft strain  
 Of eager and earnest devotion again ?  
 Does she gather fresh laurels to bind on her brow ?  
 No ; quelled is the pride of the Poetess now !

She dreams of the home where in childhood she strayed :  
 Once more she reclines in the sycamore shade ;  
 Before her, the river glides gaily along,  
 And she hears the sweet tones of the nightingale's song.

The bright, varied flowers of her garden she tends,  
 She roams through the woodlands with dear valued friends ;  
 She sits with her kindred at evening's calm hour,  
 And touches the lute in her jessamine bower.

She wakes—she goes forth to the multitude's gaze,  
 They greet her with murmurs of pleasure and praise !  
 She is courted by dames in the trappings of pride,  
 And nobles contend for a place at her side.

But her dark eye is dimmed by a sorrowing tear,  
 The voice of the stranger sounds harsh in her ear ;  
 She thinks on her home, on the pleasures long fled,  
 On the friends and the parents, changed, absent, or dead.

Oh ! thus turns the heart with unvarying truth  
 To the scenes and the thoughts of its earliest youth ;  
 And we feel when life's gaudiest gifts are possest,  
 Our simplest enjoyments have still been our best.

'Tis true, when the banner of Fame is unfurled,  
 Man finds his reward in the smiles of the world ;  
 But Woman, though raised by that world to a throne,  
 Will languish, if destined to fill it alone.

Though her path be illumined by intellect's ray,  
 She sighs for companions to gladden her way ;  
 And this feeling her proudest renown must attend—  
 In an equal alone we can hope for a friend.

The region of fancy faint bliss can impart  
 To her who has lived in the world of the heart ;  
 And the thoughts of the Poetess ever are cast  
 To the friends of her youth, to the home of the past.

---



## SIR HURRY SKURRY.

## A CHARACTER.

SIR HURRY SKURRY has for many years of his life been running after his business without ever yet overtaking it: somehow or other, he allowed it to get a week's start of him, and it has kept it. He is not a willing procrastinator, neither is he indolent or idle; he is, on the contrary, so unceasingly busied that he can scarcely afford himself time to do anything. To his friends, and to others concerned with him, the inconveniences resulting from the hopeless chase in which he is engaged seldom assume a more formidable shape than that of slight and temporary vexation: against any serious cause of dissatisfaction *they* have a safeguard in his known and unquestionable integrity; but for himself! restless anxiety, and toil which will admit of no respite, are his portion. Would he attempt less he might accomplish more, you will tell him: he will eagerly seize the hint, and promise to consider it at his first leisure opportunity.—A little more of order and method in his arrangements might soon bring him abreast with, if not in advance of, his affairs: he will acknowledge that that is the very course he must pursue—when he can find time to pursue it.—Do one thing at a time, and think of nothing else till you have done it: that he will admit to be excellent advice; if he could but get a single half hour to himself he would act upon it at once; but, at present, he is so busy that, really, he has not time to do any one thing.

The other morning I paid Sir Hurry a visit. “Is your master at home, Ridgway?” said I to his valet.

“Yes, Sir,” replied the man, “my master *is* at home, but he is very busy. Besides, Sir, the carriage is at the door, as you see, waiting to take him into the City on some very particular business. Indeed, Sir, my master is so *very* busy that, though the carriage has been here these three hours—ever since ten o'clock—he has not been able to get out yet.”

“Then I will take some other opportunity of calling,” said I.

“But, Sir,” continued the servant, interrupting me as I was descending the steps, “you had better allow me to let Sir Hurry know you are here. I am sure he will be glad to see *you* for a minute, or so, although he *is* so busy.”

I was ushered into the library, where I found Sir Hurry Skurry (like Solomon) in all his glory. In each corner of the room, which is spacious, was a large square table; in the centre of it was a large circular one; and in other parts were three or four tables of smaller dimensions: all these, together with the sofas, settees, and many of the chairs, were laden with books, papers, and letters—some of the two latter in piles, some tied up in bundles, some (and by far the greater number) scattered loosely about. Sir Hurry was drest partly for going out—that is to say, he had on his waistcoat and trowsers, and one boot—and, partly, for staying home, for he also had on one slipper and his dressing-gown. His chin was covered with lather, in his right hand was a razor, and in his left a piece of toast. From the steamless and silent tea-urn (that most abominable appendage to a breakfast-table on a hot morning in July) and the appearance of the cream as it floated on the surface of his full cup of tea, it was easy to infer that his breakfast had been served long ago, and



had grown cold. When I entered the room Sir Hurry was walking rapidly about, first to one table, then to another, looking at the confused mass that lay upon each; and, from time to time, casting his eyes upwards to the ceiling, and raising his hands, (furnished as I have said) in an agony of despair, as it were, above his head. Sir Hurry opened the conversation; which I must premise by observing that he is generally so busy as rarely to be able to spare himself time to complete a sentence. On seeing me he exclaimed—"Ha! I'm glad to—really I am so busy I have hardly time to say, how d'ye—but, never mind; sit down just for a minute. How I shall ever get through all this I really don't—"

"Then, Sir Hurry, I'll come and see you some other day."

"Yes—no—sit down just for a—everything a whole week behind-hand—I'm certain it would drive me out of my mind if I had time to—but, really, I am so busy that I haven't time to think about that. But sit down and—yes—well—"

"Then shave, or take your breakfast, and I may talk to you the while, without interrupting your occupation."

Sir Hurry took a seat at the breakfast-table, and I followed his example.

"Yes—breakfast—I assure you that ever since nine o'clock this morning—well, I must, really—but when I look at that mass of—breakfast—I must."

Here he raised his right hand, which happened to be the wrong one for the occasion; for certain I am that but for my timely interference the razor would have gone into his mouth instead of the toast.

"Do one thing at a time, Sir Hurry: you had better first shave yourself."

"Now just look there at what I have to do, and then tell me whether—yes—I'll shave, and then—"

Here, with a corner of his napkin, he wiped the lather from his chin, and proceeded:—

"The tea stone-cold, I declare! Now, really, this is too—the discomfort, the—I do assure you my time is so taken up that I can't even—well, it will never be otherwise till—yes, seriously, I must endeavour to find time to do *that*."

"To do what?"

"What you suggested to me—yes, I perceive its expediency—and, really, now, I will set apart an hour to turn it over in my mind—'Do one thing at a time'—yes, that must be my plan as soon as I can find time for it. But if you did but know—it is so, I assure you. Well—breakfast—that *must* be—but if I could explain to you how I am worried by all these—"

Here he took up his shaving-brush, and, having re-lathered one side of his face, put it down again, and went to a table on which lay a heap of open letters.

"Now, see here: two-and-thirty letters to answer!—some of them more than a week—Now, how, in the name of goodness! am I to find time even to—it is enough to drive one out of one's—two-and-thirty! and which of them to answer first I really don't—yes, it is so, I assure you."

"Then answer the first that may happen to be before you, then the



next, and so on : that plan will, at least, relieve you from the perplexities of indecision."

"Well, really, I think that if I were to—Yes, that is the plan I must adopt the very moment I return from—But when I can spare time to get there is more than I can tell, for you can form no notion of the quantity of things—yes, it is so, I assure you."

"'The very moment you return from'!—from whence? and where is it you purpose going?"

"Yes—that's it—by-the-bye, I have not told you about that." (Once more he wiped the soapy side of his face and resumed his seat.) "It is a step I am advised to take—my oldest and best friends assure me there is nothing in the world so likely to—yes, I am satisfied upon that point: it will be greatly to my advantage. But, only think! it is a hundred and thirty miles from town, and even if I could fly there, the time it would take to——Then, look here!" (He rose and went to another table.) "I have not yet had time to read over the settlements—see! eleven skins!—not even looked at them—how is it possible I should, when there is such a mass of other things to——And then, again, four letters this very week on the subject from her father, Sir Hildebrand Spriggs—yes, *they must* be answered. Excuse me for five minutes; I'll write to him at once. Now where are those letters? Not here—nor here—bless my soul! nor here. How is it possible to find them amidst this appalling accumulation of——It will drive me out of my—yes, I know it will. Or, stop—no—yes, I'll dress and go into the city before I do any——Now, Ridgway, what is it you—come, quick, quick, tell me—you see how busy—well, what is it?"

This was addressed to his servant, who came to inquire whether Sir Hurry had any orders to give about dinner.

"Dinner! now, really, I declare to goodness this is enough to—you see how I am pressed for time, and yet you—look at those tables, look at these heaps of—how am I to spare a moment to think about—yes, mutton-chops, mutton-chops—anything—I hardly know which way to turn, and yet you—never mind, go; I shall have no time to eat any dinner to-day—positively, it is enough to—yes, it is indeed."

"I believe you know the carriage is waiting, Sir," said the man.

"There, now—it is enough to provoke a——where is the use of detaining—I have ten thousand things to do at home this morning, so how is it possible for me to think of going into the——I declare to goodness it is already two o'——call me at five to-morrow morning, and let the carriage be at the door at six, and——I shall never get through what I have to——yes, go."

"I am confident, Sir Hurry," said I, "that everything you have to do you may accomplish with comparatively little trouble to yourself, and no uneasiness, provided you will adopt a plan which I shall take the liberty of suggesting to you."

"Yes—well, now—quick, for really, I——"

"Well, then: throw all those papers into a waggon, and send them down to your quiet house in the country; do you follow them *instantly*. Then, quietly and leisurely—no hurry, no bustle, remember—but leisurely put them in order; diminishing the quantity, as much as you can, by throwing aside all such as have no positive claim to your attention.



Allow nothing, nothing whatever, to divert you from this portion of your task till it be accomplished. Then, quietly, take up one of the number—any one, but, remember! only one at a time, forgetting, if possible, that there is any other one upon earth—and quietly do with it what is requisite to be done; then, quietly, take another, and another, and another. I will allow you ten, nay, if you choose, twelve hours daily for work, and six or seven for rest; but I shall insist upon your devoting the remainder to recreation. This plan, rigidly followed to the end, will soon bring you side by side with your affairs. Never allow them to get the start of you again, and I would bet your fortune against mine—long odds, Sir Hurry—that you will have a few hours at your own disposal every day for the rest of your life, even though your business should be doubled.”

“Well—yes, that’s true—but recreation—no—how can I spare time for—no, to be sure.”

“Recreation! Of all the conditions that is the one indispensable. Occasional relaxation is requisite, in order to restore the spring and elasticity of your mind, which are naturally diminished by being constantly on the stretch. Thus, it is no paradox to say, that if you would do more you must do less.”

“Yes; I see—that’s true. Well, really I must do it—yes—but I can’t. I have sold my place in the country for, really, I have so much to do that I never could spare time to get down there. Now, do but look at those frightful heaps of papers, and then tell me how, in the name of goodness—yes—it is out of the question.”

“Then go down to your friend Sir Hildebrand Spriggs’s.”

“Sir Hildebrand Spriggs—yes, I forgot to tell you—I am engaged to marry his daughter—but just look about this room—really I can’t find an hour’s leisure to—yes; believe me that so it is.”

“Marry, marry, by all means, Sir Hurry; and with a pretty wife, and half a dozen pretty children about you, you will be the happiest man alive.”

“Yes, I see—children—that would be delightful; but I shall never find time to—yes, it is the fact, I assure you.”

“I find you are incorrigible; so I shall wish you good morning, and leave you to go on in your own way.”

*Il y a un dieu pour les ivrognes*, saith the French proverb; which means—or is intended to mean—A tipsy bricklayer will fall from a scaffolding thirty feet high, and rise from the pavement unhurt; whilst a sober gentleman will break his leg in merely stepping out of his carriage. So would there seem to be some good Genius watching over the affairs of Sir Hurry Skurry: for whatever there be to do is successfully done—in the end—and this, too, in spite of his own unremitting and paralyzing anxiety to do it.

P\*.



## MARIE MARNET.

"EPHRAIM," said my uncle to me one night, when the wind was blowing its November gusts with the utmost violence, and dashing the rain in sheets against the windows, that shook at their blustering greeting, "I wish you would step down to Marnet's, and see how that poor girl and the old man fare; and take Philip with you, and let him carry a couple of bottles of wine, and anything there is in the house. This is a sad night for the poor, Ephraim, and doubly so for the poor and the afflicted. Thanks be to God, we know but little of the physical sufferings of life. I hardly like sending you out—but with your capote—and you know, my dear boy, it is on an errand of mercy."

"Say no more, my dear uncle," I said, "a worse night than this has seen me on the way to pleasure, and shall not stop me in the execution of the more creditable task you allot me now."

Old Marnet, who had seen better days, received me with tears of gratitude, and sought many blessings on my head, and that of my uncle. His daughter, a fair and gentle girl, of much beauty, and an amiable and somewhat cultivated mind, was in the last stage of a decline, induced by the too fatal success of the insidious schemes of that scourge and disgrace of the civilized world—an amiable villain.

"And how is Marie?" I said.

"Oh, Sir!" said the poor old man, "she is very ill, but her sufferings will soon be at an end. Eternal curses on the scoundrel that robs me of my poor girl—a thousand curses on him! I would have pardoned him with my dying breath if he had taken my life; but if I forgive him this, may God never forgive me!"

"Hush, hush, Marnet," I said; "all may be well yet—subdue your just rage—you are a father, but remember also you are a Christian. There is a God above who will avenge you more terribly and more justly than you can avenge yourself."

"Ay, Sir, but *he* looked not to heaven for his enjoyments when my poor, lost girl fell—nor can I for my revenge now she is fallen. Can I think of the joyful day that gave her dear, excellent, and departed mother to me? or of the happy moment that first gave me, in my poor Marie, a father's title? or of the happy hours when I used to dandle her little innocent form on my knee, and gather joy from her smiles and prattle, and her playful gambols?—and can I recollect her rude glee, when she tottered to me with outstretched arms, on my return from my daily labour?—or can I think of her poor mother in her grave, (the Lord be praised who took her to his bosom ere this,) and of her last words, when, in tears and agony, she gave her to my arms, and bade me keep her from the world, and ever watch over her?—and then her grown beauty, and her kind, and affectionate, and confiding, open heart, and all my hopes and expectations of her in my old and lone age?—can I think of these and forgive him? Ah, Sir, you are not a father—you are kind, very kind, but you are not a father! The bitterest curse of God light on him! He thought not of God when he cast his gloating eyes on my poor, guileless girl; let him, however, think on him, and call on him before he looks on her father, or it will go worse with him than with thee, my poor Marie!"



"Compère," cried an old woman, who had been watching Marie, hastily entering the room we were in, "it is right your daughter should have the offices of religion, for she is very low, and I fear me but too near that time when they are most wanted."

"Oh!" said the old man, beating his forehead, "my girl, my darling girl! Well—I will go."

"Haste, then," rejoined the old woman, "lest it be too late."

"Stay," said I, "I am younger and better fit to meet such a night as this, and I shall lose less time on the errand. Stay you here, and I will soon be back."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Yes, I will go," said the curé, "and Marguerite, hearst thou, reach me my cloak, and my slouched hat, for I fear it is a dismal night."

"It is, indeed, father," I said, "but heaven will bless you for this exercise of your charity."

In a quarter of an hour we reached Marnet's house, and the curé immediately proceeded to administer the last consolations to the dying girl; while this was doing, her father remained below with myself and the old woman. The poor old man was mad with despair, and occupied the interval in striding hastily across and across the room with a frightful impetuosity; invoking imprecations on the head of the author of this grief—swearing solemn vows of vengeance, and shedding many and bitter tears for his daughter.

When the curé's task was completed, he was again summoned upstairs; alas! only to receive his daughter's dying breath, and to accord to her frantic intreaties his pardon and blessing; then she bowed her beautiful head, and slept with her heart broken.

\* \* \* \* \*

"This is a sad tale, Ephraim," said my uncle, when I returned; "a sad, sad tale! And so the old man cursed him—and who would not?"

"Yes, Sir," I answered; "but I expostulated with him."

"You did!" said my uncle; "well then I curse him. Nothing has been made in vain, and it was for such scoundrels curses were made—I curse him too!"

Poor Marie had been dead about a month, and the talk of her untimely end had begun to subside, when my uncle and myself were roused one evening, as we sat over our quiet bottle, by the report of a pistol and a sudden scuffle under our window. I instantly rushed down into the street, and found old Marnet cool, collected, and unresisting in the hands of the *gens d'armes*; he recognized me immediately. "Good God!" I cried, "what is this?"

"I have kept my word, Sir," he answered; "blood for blood is Scripture. Did I not say if I forgave him, or avenged not my poor Marie, I hoped God might never forgive me? See, Sir," he said, pointing to a corpse round which the people were gathering, "he will never lacerate another father's breast, or bring another Marie to the grave."

I was horror-struck; I drew near to the dead body, and found it was all that remained of the handsome and depraved Auguste Bertrand.

Marnet was put on his trial; great interest was made for him; his judges even strained at every point that seemed to favour him, and the



very *huissiers* wept, but the law sternly demanded, and obtained his conviction ; he alone was unmoved : and when his sentence was passed, he fell upon his knees, and thanked God that he had been permitted to be the instrument of its vengeance.

The night before his execution I saw him, when he placed in my hands a small miniature of Marie, which was surrounded by a braid of her hair. “Keep that,” said he, “in remembrance of two whose grateful prayers often ascended for you. I have nothing else, and if I had, that is what I most prize, and therefore would give you. You are a young man—keep it ; and if ever passion struggles in you against your better feelings, remember there are other such fathers as old Marnet. And if ever, as a father, the same misfortune overtakes your child that overtook his, remember that old Marnet, a poor man, but yet with a father’s heart, set an example which, if he were yet to live, he would think it doubly criminal in him not to follow.”

The next day Marnet died, wept by all. Even his executioner turned aside the old man’s grey hairs from the axe with a kindly air. He was buried in disgrace ; but a pompous *cortège* had ere then followed the remains of Bertrand to the grave, and a costly monument of marble yet covers the earth he polluted and pollutes.

---

## THE VICTOR’S BRIDAL,

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

THE trumpet had sounded,  
 The drum beat to arms ;  
 But he stay’d yet to bless her,  
 And swear by her charms  
 That no foreign beauty,  
 Nor riches—nor power—  
 Should find him forgetting  
 His own English flower !  
 He kiss’d her fair ringlets—  
 One look—and away ;  
 He pass’d like the sunlight,  
 And dark seem’d the day.

There was gleaming of falchion  
 To slay and deform,  
 There was hissing of bullet  
 Like hail thro’ the storm ;  
 There was waving of standard,  
 And tossing of plume,  
 Mid war-cry and death-cry,  
 And battle’s red gloom :  
 But the victor, triumphant,  
 Return’d with proud name,  
 And the heart of a princess  
 Was won by his fame !

She saw him so stately,  
 So handsome, and light ;  
 A minstrel, in feeling !  
 A hero, in fight !



That voice which commanded  
 The "Lion-brands'" gleam,  
 Was soft as a ring-dove's  
 When love found the theme :  
 What reck'd she of dukedoms  
 Or nobles—so tame ;  
 No : she'd wed but the victor,  
 Whose wealth—*was his name !*

The priest at the altar,  
 The bride by his side ;  
 The hymn the choir chaunted—  
 Its last note had died :  
 Oh, she moved like a princess,  
 So glorious and proud,  
 "Fit mate for a hero,"  
 Deep whisper'd the crowd :  
 When, lo ! through the chancel  
 What vision appears ?  
 An angel—in *beauty !*  
 A woman—in *tears !*

She gazed on the "bridegroom"  
 With fast failing breath ;  
 With neck and brow blushing,  
 Then pale, *pale* as death !  
 "Oh, thus hast thou slighted  
 The faith bound to me !  
 The love thou hadst plighted,  
 Hadst sworn on bent knee !  
 Oh, think of my mother,  
 Heartbroken, and save !  
*Think—feel* for my father,  
 Ere mak'st thou my grave !"

She fell on his bosom,  
 She swoon'd at his feet,  
 He gazed : and the mansion  
 He knew once so sweet,  
 The love of his fond youth,  
 Came back with new power ;  
*And none would he wed, save*  
*His own English Flower !*  
 'Twas heard ; and with passion  
 Too vast to be borne,  
 "Ho ! leave we this dastard !"  
 The bride spoke in scorn.

Pass'd bright lords and ladies,  
 Pass'd princes and peers,  
 With murmur and frowning,  
 With scoffing and jeers !  
 Still he bent o'er his pale one  
 And deign'd not to speak,  
 But kiss'd in fond silence  
 The tears from her cheek !  
 And the hero hath taken  
 The maid's willing hand,  
 More blest than espousing  
*The first of the land !*



## ILLUSTRATIONS OF IRISH PRIDE.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

## PART I.

---

“L'orgueil a ses bizarreries comme les autres passions.”

---

It is lucky for me that I was not born of that sex which is acknowledged as pre-eminent in the creation. Had I been one of the dignitaries of human nature, I should not have *dared* to hazard an opinion upon Irish Pride, unless, indeed, I was tired of existence, and willing to submit myself to the laws of honour: so that my life might be “honourably” disposed of—a sacrifice to appease the exceeding wrath which the bare mention of such a subject is likely to excite amongst my countrymen. I have angered them a little, now and then, by telling the simple truth, without reference to *party*, which, I am happy to have an opportunity of repeating, I totally disclaim. I have vexed a few by stating the truth; but the truths I have hitherto told have been *rational*, not *laughable* ones. An Irishman will forgive you for reasoning with him, *provided* it is not after dinner; but I doubt if his philosophy will extend so far as to forgive even a lady for *laughing* at him. When I call to mind the difficulties and absurdities into which pride has drawn my countryfolk, I do not know whether I ought not to weep instead of laugh. The tear and the smile, as regards Ireland, seem really twin-born: the one invariably accompanies the other. Like its native music, the feeling it excites is of mingled joy and gloom.

Pride has always appeared to me to flow through Irish veins (without any reference to the situation of the individual), as naturally as the blood itself. In England there are distinctions in pride;—the aristocracy are proud of their birth, the citizens of their wealth, the artisans of their trade. But in Ireland, pride has but one boast, commencing with “illustrious descent,” and ending in “dacent people.” Honesty, sobriety, industry, independence, are all as dust in the balance in comparison with this destructive pride; and a “born gentleman,” though the youngest son of a youngest son, without a single *sous*, even now, would blush at connecting himself with commerce.

I remember being greatly amused by a country glover saying to me, while national energy danced merrily in his eyes, “It isn’t the sewing with which I stitches together the skins of the poor dumb bastes, that I prides myself on—No, no; I’ve something, God be praised! *better nor that to look up to*, poor as I am: the blood of the O’Neils goes fair and softly through every vein in my body.”

“Indeed!” I replied; “then how came you to be a glover?”

“Why, you see, Ma’am, misfortunes ’ll come upon the best of us. My father (God be good to him!) wouldn’t *demane* himself with trade, but died dacent: for though he had nothing to live upon, he left enough to bury him, and what’s more, he left me *a copy of the coat of arms* of the O’Neils, which James Mulvany painted for him long ever ago, *on the back of his own door*. And when my mother (she was from the North) put it to me how her father’s brother would give me a trade



why, I looked, you know, to the credit of *my people*, and tould her ‘No.’ ‘And then,’ says she, (she was a knowing woman,) ‘hould up your head, my boy,’ she says, ‘what would hinder you from taking up with the sign of your family for a trade?’—and she turned round the room door, and sure enough there were two lions painted, *foranent* each other—a fish at the bottom, and above the fish, an open glove.—‘The fish, if it has any sense in it,’ says she, ‘means fishermen—and the glove, what can it mean? Sure, if there wasn’t glovers, there’d be no gloves.’ ‘My uncle’s a glover, Ben,’ says she, ‘and a glove’s the sign of the family; so be a glover, like a good boy; and believe your mother when she tells you, that to take their sign for a business can’t be no disgrace—sure it’s the only trade in the world I’d wish to see you turn to;’ so you mind, ma’am, it’s on account of *my family* I’m pleased, not on account of the praise the ladies (God bless ’em) gives to the gloves.”

Poor Ben! His mother, I suspect, had the sense of the family.—Perhaps my English readers do not know that the North of Ireland is a trading, and consequently a prosperous, part of the country; but it is curious to observe the contempt with which the inhabitants of the other districts generally treat their commercial neighbours. How ridiculous it would appear to us, in England, to hear a tradesman expatiating on his connexion with the aristocracy, in any other way than in the way of business!

If this pride of family elevated the minds of its possessors—if it led them to that sort of exertion which produces independence—if it made them incapable of a careless or dishonest action—then perhaps I would call it a pardonable failing—a weakness, which ought to be forgiven for its fruit’s sake. The pride of ancestry may deserve to be considered a noble pride, when it stimulates to exertion, and animates to virtue. But unhappily, in Ireland, it rises trumpet-tongued against every species of employment inconsistent with the memories of the O’Blaneys, O’Rourkes, Mac Murrags, Mac Carthys, O’Briens, or O’Tooles—nay, persons who have no earthly connexion with those illustrious departed make unto themselves a spurious “*dacency*,” as they call it, which is provoking from its very absurdity.

A friend of mine had some time ago an English housemaid, and an Irish cook, both young women: the English girl was the very model of what an English servant ought to be—neat, cheerful, orderly, clean, good-tempered, thoughtful, and attentive: it was pleasant to meet her on the stairs with her snowy duster, her broad-sweeping brush that looked as well regulated as if it had never disturbed a spider, her bright tin dust-pan, her fair shining hair, braided across her forehead to hide the curl-papers which were destined to confine her tresses till the evening, her sliding curtsey as she poised herself on one foot that you might pass with ease, the graceful manner in which she balanced her brush and held her dust-pan, her sweet smile that seemed to say “What can I do to please you, lady?” were delightful; and yet she looked so in keeping with her occupation, that in nothing would her mistress have had Lucy Bramer altered.

Betsey French was most amusingly different. Lucy was pretty and *petite*, Betsey was handsome, and of Patagonian proportions; Lucy’s



voice was soft and stealing, Betsey's tones were broad and shrill; Lucy's hair was golden, not red, but golden; Betsey's was black as the raven's wing; Betsey's mirth was boisterous, she was in and out of a passion at least ten times a-day,—her attentions bordered upon freedoms, she had abundant talents, but no tact—she was a superior cook, yet her dinners never seemed well set upon the dishes, the joints were invariably put the wrong way, and the gravies, soups, and jellies overflowing;—no two servants could be more different, although they were attached to each other; Lucy was as neat in her person in the morning as in the afternoon—but Betsey's shoes were down at heel, her kerchief off one shoulder and dragged on the other, and her apron stringless, until past six, then indeed she made her appearance like a full-blown peony—red ribands in her cap, and a bright green gown, with sundry flounces gracing its concluding hem.

I never could make out exactly how it was, but pretty Lucy Bramer—Lucy! who might have sat to Miss Mitford as a pattern-servant, for one of her inimitable sketches, the modest down-eyed Lucy, had a lover—an absolute lover of flesh and blood—a living lover, in the person of a handsome coachman, who had evidently won Lucy's heart by a flourish of his whip, and rode post through it after paying as toll the affections of his own. The wedding-day was fixed, Lucy was sitting at the long table, cutting and snipping a certain quantity of white sattin riband, when Betsey, who had been polishing the *outside* of a tin kettle, (the generality of Irish servants—aye, and many English ones too, do not trouble themselves about the *inside*,) said, “Why then, Lucy, honey, is the *license* bought yet?”

“The what?” in her turn, enquired Lucy.

“The license, to be sure,” repeated Betsey.

“Why, Betsey—you do not suppose Edmund is going to be such a fool as to throw away his money on a *license*? Of course we shall be married by bans—we have been out-asked this month!”

Betsey laid the bit of black leather on one side, and the bit of what she called “whitening” on the other side of the tin kettle, and clapping her hands together, “to bang the dirt out of them,” looked steadily in Mary's face.

“Didn't you tell me that both Edmund and yourself had saved a big trifle of money, enough to furnish two rooms, and keep you *from eating herrings' tails* for many a day?”

“Yes,” replied Lucy; “but what has that to do with the license?”

“And a dacent girl like yerself tells me you're not to have a license?”

“To be sure—do you not think we shall find other employment for our money?”

“And you mean *that* one wedding to last you your life?”

“Please God!”—replied the pretty housemaid.

“Yet you'd have no license, but be married by beggarly bans! Well, the back of my hand to you, England! afther that!—a dacent girl like Lucy Bramer to put up with bans! Well, afther that! Sure it's wonderful you don't seek out a couple-beggar, and get married like the heathens in the time of Nebecudnazar! No license! and enough money stowed by, in the savings-bank, to furnish two rooms!—and to put up with bans! as if you hadn't a taster\* nor a groat in the world!

---

\* Sixpence.



Well, thank God, I've a pride above that. If I was going to be married, every rag of clothes I have should go, or I'd be married dacent!"

"That would not be the way to be decently married," said Lucy, quietly—"to have no clothes to be married in."

"Oh the meanness of them English," persisted Betsey, "to think that even for onct in their lives the spirit can't get into them!—the tame negurs! Oh, Lucy! and to think about furnishing! Why, in Ireland, we give all honour and glory to the wedding and the priest, and think as it is but to be done onct it ought to be done dacent. Oh, *what signifies the hardship afther*, if you have showed *that the good drop stops with the family!*"

Lucy looked perplexed.

"If you show that it isn't the money you care for—" persisted Betsey—

"But I *do* care for the money," replied the expectant bride; "I worked hard for it, and I assure you, Betsey, I have as great a desire to be 'deccnt' as you—only I think our ideas of what decency is differ. Who knows when I go in or come out of church whether I have been married by bans or licence; or if they did, what does it signify?"

"I'm ashamed of you, Lucy Bramer, that's what I am!" exclaimed Betsey, more enraged than ever; "and I tell you what, you have no regard for your family."

"Indeed but I have; I supported my dear mother till her death, and never would have married had she lived."

"I know you have a *good heart* towards every one belonging to you," replied Betsey, moved, for tears had risen to Lucy's eyes; "but I mean you have no regard for the pride of your family."

"My father was only a tailor," replied Lucy, meekly; "so I have only the honest name he left to be proud of, and being married by license would not support that!"

Betsey gave Lucy two looks of contempt, which she did not see, for she had been shaping the end of the riband into a heart; one disparaging look was for the tailor, another for Lucy's mean spirit. She paused a moment, and then tossing her head as if it had been already crowned with the crimson ribands said, "Well, Lucy, you must excuse my being bride's maid, that's all; for, though other people havn't no fathers, nor people of their own, I'm not so, thank God; and I'll never be *tail* to a wedding that hasn't got no licence!"

"If your honor plases," said a poor woman, whose plcbeian name of Oran had nothing illustrious in its sound or connexion, "my daughter *wouldn't mind* taking a sarvice in England, though she would not like to do it here, *because of her people.*"

"Well! if her people (*Anglicé, relations*) do not like her to go to service, let them support her; or, at all events, give her a sufficient quantity of clothes to shield her from the inclemency of the weather."

"Oh, your honor! sure as to the bit and the sup, me and mine could have it from them for ever; but where would they have clothes for all belonging to them? where would they get them?"



“Then why not send her where she could earn them? there are plenty of farmers, respectable farmers, who would be pleased to take your daughter into their service.”

“But, don’t you see, her people? sure they’d look down upon her—all dacent—keeping their bits of walls over their heads, and their own cow and pig, and the likes of that; not one of their breed at sarvice; but she has a turn that way, and if she was out of the country, why then *nobody would know it.*”

Here was a woman—a widow with five children, living almost on charity, and yet indisposed to send her daughter—a nice-looking, cheerful, healthy, and I do believe, industrious girl, to service, because her relations were what in Ireland are called “small farmers.” This is but one instance out of twenty that came under my own observation, not six months ago, of a similar indisposition to exertion, *not from idleness*, but from a dislike to what, in their opinion, would lower “their family pride.” The results of this failing are, as I have observed, sometimes of a laughable, but more frequently of a melancholy nature. I could not look round upon the domestic circle of some whom I both love and respect, without feeling my heart sink at the gloomy prospect of griefs, troubles, and privations which I know future years must bring to many a bright eye and many a blushing cheek among them.

A family of six, eight, or ten young people, brought up in the careless and rude plenty of Irish hospitality, beloved by their parents, indulged, as children of abundance invariably are, never thinking of the future; the naturally fine capabilities of the females, cultivated to the point that is conceived necessary, as most attractive; knowing a little of everything, but nothing well—the girls, kind, affectionate, good-natured, to an extent never met with in an English family; but thoughtless, untidy, and extravagant to a degree equally unknown in this well-regulated country. The sons, growing up—most wonderful politicians!—exulting either in the full-blown honours of the Orange, or elevating the cap of liberty, with its shamrock garland, upon the longest rifle in the land; ready to cut each others’ throats for the sake of party or of pride; but not at all prepared to make any *personal* sacrifice for the good of their common country!—the most party-loving, but the most unpatriotic youths on earth: they fish and shoot, and lounge; and (barring the politics) are the most obliging, attentive, and, generally speaking, well-informed fellows in the world! Yet, what are their prospects? The father of the family possesses, probably a limited, certainly an embarrassed income, which, perhaps, living in Ireland, he can neither extricate nor increase. Perhaps, also, one or two of his daughters marry, the rest live at home, adding to their father’s embarrassments, or spend six months here, six months there, amongst their friends; indulging in a species of *decent* beggary, which *the proud* in Ireland do not disdain.

In England, under such circumstances, those young ladies would have depended, after a certain age, on their own resources. If their father were rich, and their allotted fortunes ready, they would remain together; but, if he was embarrassed!—thank God!—an English woman’s pride is in the discharge of her duty!—She might feel sorry



for the necessity which rendered it incumbent on her to procure employment for the talents with which she had hoped to enliven her beloved home ; but this sorrow would only stimulate her exertions, nor would she lose caste by such conduct ; on the contrary, she would be the more respected.

As to the sons ! But a short dialogue between an English and an Irish gentleman will at once illustrate my meaning.

“ Your eldest son, of course, will succeed to the estate ; but I wonder you did not think of some profession for him : our properties are of the same amount, and we have the same number of children ; but my eldest son has just entered the Middle Temple.”

“ Ah ! Charles has left College, and none of the elder sons of my family have ever had a profession.”

“ What will you do with Alfred ?”

“ Why, Alfred was intended for the Army ; but at present, it is absolute madness to think of it ; so poor Alfred is obliged to wait at home for a war.”

The English gentleman did not see *the necessity* of Alfred's *waiting* at home, on the chance of a disagreement amongst our foreign allies ; but he did not care to say so, and inquired what was to be done with Robert.

“ Oh, Robert is so steady, so very steady, in fact, that we always designed him for the Church ; he passed through College with great eclat, and now is only waiting for a title to orders.”

“ But, my dear friend ; could not Robert take pupils ?—many young gentlemen in England, and some here, I am happy to observe, are able to support themselves by such praiseworthy exertions.”

The colour mounted to the old gentleman's temples, while he replied—

“ Yes, but Mrs. Blake's connexions are even more high than mine ; Robert did wish to do something of the kind, but his mother—you know it is a national feeling, that those of ancient family do not exactly like to enter into that species of occupation which would create a coolness between them and their powerful relations ; and Mrs. Blake's second cousin is Bishop of —— ; when *he* provides for one or two more immediate connexions, I make no doubt he will think of Robert !”

“ So upon the chance of the Bishop's thinking of him Master Robert was to exist !”

“ But there is another, a singularly fine boy,” persisted the English gentleman—“ almost a young man—what is he intended for ?”

“ Oh, Edward—Edward is the youngest, and was always passionately attached to the sea. Mrs. Blake's brother died an Admiral ; and Edward, when a tiny fellow, used to say he would be an Admiral also ; but Mrs. Blake did not like the idea of her pet boy roughing it amongst the midshipmen of a ship, to which he might have been appointed, because there were one or two youths on board, lads of such exceptionable characters *as to descent*, that she feared his making low connexions—the time passed on, and he is now too old, and the power of the old families is decaying fast ; and unless he entered the merchant service (which would break his mother's heart), I really do not see what we shall do with him ; for his heart is on the waves, he is everlastingly boating, and is beloved by the whole country.”



And so he was, poor fellow! he was so handsome, so generous, so affectionate; but they may mourn him now, for he is dead!—drowned!—nobody knows how—in the clear sunny lake of his father's wild and beautiful park. He who might have revived the declining honors of his house—a noble, brave boy—his restless and impatient spirit struggled between obedience to the pride and folly of his mother, and that eager longing after activity and distinction which spurs our natures on to immortality. Poor Edward Blake! I never hear “the blood of the Blakes” boasted of, without thinking of the pure rich current which perished in his veins!

It is much easier to perceive a fault than to suggest its remedy. The extravagant pride which flourished in Ireland some forty years ago, with a luxuriance it would be difficult to imagine now, has been very much shorn of its full proportions; time and circumstances have destroyed it in a great degree. A more extended knowledge of the world in general, and the English world in particular, has made its way into the wilds of Kerry and the fastnesses of Connamara. Many have been brought to see the absurdity of such extravagant pride, and its unfitness for the present state of things; others, whose forefathers possessed the land for centuries, have been swept as by a pestilence from the country. I have listened for names which my mother has said were familiar to her as household words, but they were nowhere spoken; the old men of whom I heard so frequently, died proudly and silently within the crumbling halls or castles of their ancestors; their graves had been closed by grey-headed and humble friends, who considered service rendered to “an ould ancient family” as sacred and obligatory as a religious duty; and if they left children, they are only to be found amongst the troops, or in the forests of foreign lands.

I noted these things, and I found how bitterly pride had cursed my native country. There are other curses, dark and heavy, resting on its devoted head; but surely the principle which cramps exertion must be one of the most dangerous for a land united as Ireland is to another, where enterprize and energy turn what it touches into gold.

The contrast between the two islands is almost agonizing; yet the casual traveller sees little of it. The genuine hospitality of the inhabitants—the unhappy talent they possess for keeping up appearances—their gay and cheerful manners—are all calculated to mislead those who have not resided amongst them. The feeling extends from the lady of the house to the slattern in the kitchen—everything puts on its finery “*for the credit of the family.*” No matter how gratis the extent of pecuniary embarrassment, nor how increased, as long as it is to be had they will have it, careless of the ruin that must follow.

“What will I do entirely,” said an old butler in an old family, which has now no representative, for the only heir was killed in a duel about fifteen years ago, (I have heard that the quarrel originated as to the spelling of a name!) “what will I do? Quality coming down from Dublin, and not a coat to my back!”

“I’d buy a coat out of my own wages rather than wear that,” replied the footman of a neighbouring house, where the *ménage* was better.



"I'd do that same if I *had* my wages," replied the old man, "but I've not seen cross or coin of them these three years."

"Then why don't you ask for them, or leave?" inquired the other.

"Where's the good of my asking when I know it's not in it," replied the affectionate creature; "and as to leaving! you know nothing about it—who'd stand up for the credit of the family if I was to leave? I that have been with them so long, and my father before me. No, I've been thinking I'd *borrow* a coat for the time the quality stays; there's ne'er a man on the town-land would refuse me the loan of one *for his honor's credit*."

But the respectful and attached feeling with which the poor Irish regarded their superiors is fast declining. They used to be proud, like the old butler, "for his honour's credit;" now they take out a patent for pride on their own account—the pride is not decreased, but its *object* is changed.

I wish, with all my heart, that I could perceive in the lower classes of the Irish that spirit of independence which renders our English peasants of such blunt stern honesty. Here, the landlord is civil to his tenant—*there*, the tenant used to be servile to his landlord; and still, though he may burn his house or cut his throat *secretly*, to mark his displeasure of his conduct, yet he bears himself when in the presence of his superiors more with the air of a serf than a free man. Despite this serf-like manner, *pride* rankles in the peasant's heart and stirs its blood—if the passion be not exercised *for* his master, it will be exercised *against* him.

When—Murphy I think was his name—the misguided man who murdered Mr. Foote near New Ross, in the county Wexford, was hung, his father, an aged person, was present at the execution. The wretched father never attempted to deny his son's guilt—never thought it worth denying; the murderer had established a pride and a will of his own, and Mr. Foote's plans interfered with them—the result is but too well known. No tear dimmed the father's eye, nor did he, I was informed, utter a word until the body ceased to move; then turning from the spectacle he exclaimed, "To think of my losing my beautiful boy for *Ould Foote*!" What pride nestled in that extraordinary observation!

The union of pride and poverty is, I believe, universally acknowledged. The first endeavours to shield the child of its own creating, but its shadow is as the shadow of the poisonous upas tree: the shadow lies heavy upon my poor country.

The upper classes, from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear, will, I doubt not, in a few years see the absurdity of this passion; and future generations may bear testimony that Irish pride differs in no respect from the proper dignity which calls upon nations and individuals to respect themselves.

But how shall we take from the lower orders, whose names are their only inheritance, the feeling that they are degraded by the occupations which bring prosperity to England? How teach them to feel that beggary is more disgraceful than servitude! Would a judiciously-arranged code of poor-laws effect this, as well as other desirable objects? Certainly, poor-laws, administered as they are in England, would do



more harm than good in Ireland; the legislator would do well to take into his consideration the great difference that exists between the two countries: however displeasing may be the fact, I have no hesitation in affirming, that, in point of civilization, Ireland is at this moment a century behind England. In addition to its poverty, it has a host of prejudices and superstitions to overcome, which are continually drawing it back from improvement, and weighing it down towards destruction. Its children are the children of impulse; a single idea fixes itself upon their imaginations, and from that they act: their powers of comparison are weak, because they are seldom exercised; if the laws are opposed to their prejudices, they rise in arms against them; and if they are framed altogether in accordance with their wishes, they will be any thing but a national benefit. The lower orders of Irish are a difficult class of persons to deal with: those who legislate for them ought to be well acquainted with their modes, their moods, their peculiarities, their virtues, and their vices; and, above all, thoroughly informed as to *their religion*, as it really exists at this moment. I do not mean so much in theory as in practice. It is wretched to think of the misery to which the old and feeble among the poor are subjected; though it draws forth the virtues of the youthful and the industrious;—the aged are burdensome to their children, when in England they would find support from the parish: thus a day-labourer, frequently, has not only the future, but the past generation to support. I remember, some time ago, entering the hovel of a poor man, in the neighbourhood of Kilkenny: it was, as is usual in that district, a most miserable dwelling; the thatch overgrown with moss and Scotch grass; there was not so much as a chair to sit on; the noon-day meal of potatoes was thrown from the iron pot into a kish, which was placed upon a stool, nearly in the centre of the room; round this the ragged family crouched, like witches round a cauldron: there were five children; the father, if not bowed down by labour, and the want of proper nourishment, would have been a handsome, fine-looking man, not then more than eight or nine and twenty. The wife had been a lovely girl, but she married him when seventeen, and bestowed five blessings on her husband in six years! At three-and-twenty the blood had curdled in her cheek, and her blue eyes were bleared from smoke, and often blinded by tears! Yet the smile was fresh and friendly on her lips—the curtsey, and the “kindly-welcome” were offered—the children huddled away in a corner—and then it was that the *elders* of the family became visible. In addition to his five little ones, this poor man supported his wife’s grandmother, an old crone, arrived at octogenarian dignity; and his own father, who had been bedridden for many years—the “warm corner” was bestowed on the crone, and the straw pallet of the more afflicted father decently covered with both rug and blanket.

This labourer’s wages, one month with another, was tenpence a day! —tenpence a day, to feed and clothe nine people! The hovel which they inhabited, and a few perches of land, were rent-free. “But for this,” said the young man, “we could not live at all! The woman cuts and sets the potatoes—the children are too soft (young) to put a hand to anything—*barring their mouths*—but it’s God’s will to lave us together!”



“And do you not receive some assistance towards the support of these old people?”

“Oh! the neighbours are mighty kind; but sure they’re no better off than ourselves—they’ve their own ould people to look after, for no one breathing could cast away their own flesh and blood—my father and her granny used to go out on the *shocharawn* (begging), until they got a-past moving; and the quality was often kind to them.”

The withered woman raised her head from the shrivelled bosom on which it had sunk, and there was a passing expression in her eye, lack-lustre though it was, that convinced me her spirit had never been of gentle mood.

“Kind was it of them?” she repeated in a voice of feeble treble—“Oh, mighty kind to be sure! But tell the lady that granny Wade was *no beggar*; she only asked a mite from such as have all now of what those she come from ealled their own, and thought their own, long ever ago—it wasn’t charity she asked, though she travelled far for food! If the devil takes from God’s angels what God gave them, isn’t it natural for them to try for it? And——”

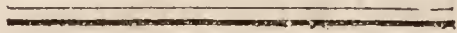
“Whisht! granny, whisht!” exclaimed her grand-daughter—“I hope you’ll excuse her, ma’am dear; she’s ould, and feeble in the head, and says things without a meaning; *the pride, ma’am, is strong in her to the last*; and I can’t deny that some of ‘her people,’ as she lets on—long ever ago—were the heart’s blood of the gentry, only I suppose times change, and Loeh Valley——”

“Who spakes of Loeh Valley?” interrupted the crone.

“Whisht, granny, honey, whisht! here’s a taste of beautiful tobaccy for you to warm your heart, and don’t be vexing yourself about what’s past and gone. What’s Loeh Valley, or any other valley to us now, barring we’d get a day’s work in it, and ‘thank yer honor’ for that same, to the man that’s in it!”

What a strange mingling of pride, poverty, and the most beautiful and truthful filial piety were beneath that wretched roof! How difficult it would be to legislate, kindly and wisely, for such a group! I must not, however, dwell upon incidents, when I have stories to relate, combining the grave and gay, which I hope will not be uninteresting to the English, and, dare I add, *unprofitable* to the Irish reader!

If I have a quick perception of my country’s faults, God knows I have a warm heart towards her virtues, and the deepest sympathy with her sorrows.





## THE GRAVE OF THE PATRIOT WARRIOR.

HE lies beneath the mountain-heath,  
 It is a rude and simple grave ;  
 A narrow mound of loosened ground,  
 And near it weeds and wild flowers wave.  
 And by that tomb, with tuft of bloom,  
 The tall, tall thistle nods and towers ;  
 And maidens bring, and fondly fling  
 Upon its dark sod, daily flowers.

No Priest hath blessed his place of rest,  
 He died amid the battle's din ;  
 And comrades dear alone were near  
 The earth they laid the hero in.  
 No shroud and pall his limbs enthrall,  
 He lies, as soldier should, arrayed  
 In feathered crest and warrior-vest,  
 And in his hand his blood-stained blade.

Yet earth ne'er gave a better grave  
 Than that where he is meanly laid ;  
 And holier spot is worshipped not  
 By pilgrim or by mourning maid.  
 Where shall be found a fitter ground  
 For Valour's sleep than Victory's field ?  
 The field that saw the foe withdraw,  
 And boldly fall, or basely yield.

He wants no tomb 'neath Minster-dome ;  
 For that let proud Ambition strive ;—  
 His glorious deeds are all he needs  
 To keep his memory long alive :  
 A Patriot tried he lived and died,  
 Lived for the Land he loved so well ;  
 And at her claim, as it became  
 A Patriot's part, he fought, and fell.

Then, traveller, stop ! and fondly drop  
 A tear to dust of such high worth ;  
 And mourn that one, so brave a son  
 Of Freedom, should have left the earth.  
 And if thou art of free-born heart,  
 Thou'lt pray that, when thy star grows dim,  
 And death is nigh, thou may'st not die  
 Less nobly than they tell of him.

D. W. D.



## RECORDS OF A STAGE VETERAN.

*Mathews, Count Boroulaski, and a well-known Dramatist.*—At his cottage in Kentish Town Mathews often gave very delightful parties; on one of these occasions he invited a well-known dramatist, whom we shall call Mr. X——: this gentleman has suffered for many years from a nervous disorder resembling St. Vitus's dance, which is sometimes sufficiently powerful in its effects to keep him standing on one leg and dangling the other by way of accompaniment for half an hour at a crossing ere he can summon nerve to proceed. Amid the other visitors on the day Mr. X—— came, was the celebrated dwarf Count Boroulaski. X—— was anxious to behold him, and to get a view without offending the *amour propre* of the Polish noble. Mathews told him that the Count was in one of the winding walks of the garden; off tottered X——, but shortly returning, tottering and stammering, with his *staccato* laugh, exclaimed, "He—really—is—ha—ha!—the drollest—little—creature—in—the—world;—excuse me,—ha—ha!—Mathews,—I—wouldn't be—rude,—but—I—must have another—look—at—him." Off went X—— in a pace resembling nothing so much as that of a two-day old calf (technically called a staggering bob); and immediately after up came the little Count, laughing and speaking shrilly, "My tear Madews," he cried, "who is dat ver funne man vat valk as if his legs vas stilts; he go blunder a little dime, den stop to shake hissself; and den stagger on agen: I beg your pardons, Midder Madews, bot I must have toder peep ad him." Off whisked the little Pole to look after the dramatist, who was concealed behind a tree to catch a glimpse at the Count; the latter, whose curiosity did not get the better of his breeding, concealed himself also: presently out stumbled X——, and potted past the place where the Count was ensconced, sniggering to himself as he caught a glance of the dwarf; a moment after forth darted the little fellow, stuffing his handkerchief into his mouth to conceal his laughter at the oddity of the dramatist's gait. Mathews, whose walk (for it was after his accident) all must remember, stood looking at each, and exclaimed, "Now, isn't it a most amazing thing, though all the rest of the world see it, X—— don't know that there is anything peculiar in his motions at all?"

*Spirit Licences to Theatres.*—Much has been lately written in reprobation of the grant of spirit licences to theatres. As to its policy or propriety, I do not presume to speak; but that it was done as long ago as I can remember, I know. Two-and-fifty years since, next to the old Circus (now the Surrey) stood, as there now stands, a coffee-house—a door from thence led into the theatre—liquors were commonly served in the pit—and behind the boxes (in 1785, or thereabouts) was a regular bar, for which Hughes (of Sadler's Wells), who was then the proprietor of the Circus, took out his annual license in the same way as any other publican. Sadler's Wells must have had a similar privilege, for punch was publicly sold in the pit.

*First Violin Concerto Player.*—The first name on record, as having played upon the stage a concerto on the violin, was Mr. Dubourg, of whom Handel was an admirer. At the Oratorios that great master gave in Covent Garden Theatre, in 1741 and 1742, Mr. D. appeared for many successive nights. Several other performers on that instrument started soon after, and in 1776 one Signor Rossignol performed *à la* Paganini; indeed went beyond him, for he advertised "a concerto on the violin *without strings*." Whether the joke turned on the plural number it is now impossible to ascertain.



*Harlequin, Clown, and Pantaloon.*—The Deptford Theatre (for there actually is a theatre at Deptford) is by a small creek which flows from the Thames. The back of the stage has folding-doors, which open upon the bank of this stream. Paulo, Ellar, and Barnes were enacting a pantomime at the theatre, which they had rehearsed on the top of a Greenwich stage going down ! Poor P., in the course of his flip-flaps, burst open the fatal door, and went head over heels into this tributary of the Thames. Not at all angry, he scrambled out, and crying, “Why, Tom,” (to Ellar) “I came down to play in a pantomime, not a water-piece,” proceeded with his clownship as if nothing had occurred.

[It may serve to explain the technicalities to say, that Ellar, Paulo, and Barnes often acted together in aquatic dramas, or water-pieces as they called them, at Sadler’s Wells.]

*Barnes.*—Poor Barnes is a victim to rheumatism, and repeated illnesses had caused involvements, which occasioned the pantaloons to sojourn in Banco Regis for the second time. A Job’s comforter addressed him with a sigh, regretting to see him in Surrey again. “Where would you expect to see *Barnes* but in *Surrey* ?” replied the merry sufferer.

*Curious Picture.*—At the Hugh Middleton’s Head, a tavern and eel-pie house, opposite Sadler’s Wells, there is a curious painting (*said* to be by Hogarth), representing Mr. Rosamon, who, about 1750, was the proprietor of the theatre, taking his punch, surrounded by the respectable inhabitants of Islington, Clerkenwell, and the vicinity. The likenesses, tradition says, are undoubted, and, as a record of the names of all the parties is preserved, the picture is worthy the attention of the curious. Charles Dibdin, when he grew old, was wont, in his desponding moods, to wander thither and gaze for hours at this relic of, we presume, many of his departed friends.

*Lord Eldon and Mr. P. Egan.*—On an application against the author of “*Boxiana*,” to restrain him from publishing a fourth volume of that work, he pleaded for himself against Sir Launcelot Shadwell (who appeared in support of the injunction), and came off victorious. He rose to thank his Lordship after the case was disposed of, for the patient attention bestowed upon him ; but the Lord Chancellor, unwilling to hear his own praises, cut the eulogy short by exclaiming, “Mr. Egan, you have gained all you want, and now the sooner you take ‘*your own head*’ and mine ‘*out of chancery*,’ the better.”

*The Olympic Theatre.*—This now fashionable place of amusement was originally built in 1805-6 by old Astley, the stage being made of the timbers of the *Ville de Paris*, a French man-of-war we captured some years before. In 1811 Elliston bought the theatre, then a pavilion, for 3150*l.*, and an annuity of 100*l.* to Astley, which he lived but two years to enjoy. Elliston’s success was equal to that now enjoyed by Madame Vestris whilst he himself acted there : but when he was absent, the attraction failed. Capt. Barlow, Oxberry, and many others, became lessees for a short period ; but no speculator succeeded, and the house was purchased by Mr. Scott, the present proprietor, for 4600*l.*, subject to 100*l.* per annum ground-rent. Opening it with his own company, and not proving profitable, he let it to a variety of persons, none of whom found it answer their purposes, until Madame V. took it in 1830, at a rent of 1000*l.* per annum, and raised the establishment to the first rank as a place of fashionable amusement. The receipts *now* are seldom less than 100*l.* per night ; on one occasion, in the winter of 1824, the curtain went up there to *nineteen* shillings, and fell at midnight to 3*l.* 10*s.* !

*A riglar Yankee’s Evidence.*—When Kean was in America, he occasionally “broke out,” as it is termed. On one of these occasions he committed divers outrages, was incarcerated, and brought before the autho-



rities in the morning. Of what had occurred Kean and his party had only a confused recollection; nor was the case made very clear by the following evidence, taken down as uttered:—

“ I was going through Valley of Death (a place so called) 'cause there a'nt no directer line to my store, when I was sudden strik, and driv back considerable—I'm not quite capable to say which done that—I falls slick down—for it was over slithery, as it *snew* considerable—then this varment (meaning Kean) speaking to I, says ‘Get up and I'll lick you elegant,’ to which I was no ways given; but when John Adams and another come, I riz. Then this varment fetches me an almighty blow on the nose, and John Adams had t'other's stick *poken* in his eye.” On this lucid evidence Kean and his companions were declared guilty and fined.

*George the Third and Henderson.*—George the Third (like his eldest son and grandfather) preferred comedy to tragedy. George the Fourth could not bear the “harrowing of the heart” that Kean's *Othello* gave him. A new comedy, by Cumberland, attracted his Majesty George the Third and Queen Charlotte to Covent Garden about 1778: it was entitled “The Mysterious Husband,” and Henderson acted the hero. It proved to be one of the serio-comic dramas then in vogue, and in the last scene the principal character dies. Henderson's delineation was perfection: his Majesty's attention was riveted to the stage; but he at length exclaimed—“Charlotte, don't look—it's too much to bear.” The play, by Royal desire, was never repeated.

Henderson's countenance was of the same order as Macready's—flat, but capable of great variety of expression. His imitations of his contemporaries might justly have been termed personations, or identifications—the look, tone, carriage, expressions, even the thoughts, in extemporaneous dialogue, were those of the individual he represented. Henderson, though not an imitator, was in the school of Garrick; John Kemble in that of Barry, or rather of Quin—for Barry was only a graceful disciple of the Quin school of oratory.

*Suett and Wewitzer's Hoax.*—Parsons was the victim of asthma, and suffered so much in the confined atmosphere of a theatre, that he had a small window cut for him at each house, so that, when he left the stage, he might inhale the fresh air: these were called “Parsons' port-holes.” When Suett first came up, “*uncooked*, from Yorkshire,” the actors persuaded him that Parsons visited this “cupboard,” as they termed it, to take his wine. At the suggestion of his hoaxers, Suett undertook to steal the bottle. Old Wewitzer was perched upon a ladder, and held the wine, which, when Suett put his hand through, he popped into it. Suett cracked the bottle, chuckling over the want of sociality in Parsons' running, after every scene, to drink on the sly. According to the prevalent taste for practical jokes, the bottle had been impregnated with *pulvis rhei*, and poor Dicky soon felt extremely unwell. The idea presenting itself that this was some medicine, Suett ran to Parsons, and said hastily—“Pray, what is it you take when you go to that port-hole?” “What I am obliged to take, in the state my lungs are,” said Parsons. This was conviction strong. Home ran poor Suett, with awful forebodings, sent for his doctor, described his symptoms, and was ordered some medicine, which accomplished what his fears had already predisposed him for—Dicky was on a sick bed. The hoaxers now relented, and confessed the plot. Dicky recovered, and seemed to have forgotten it; but he only hoarded up vengeance, to wreak it on the head of his principal tormentor, Wewitzer, who, some months after, received a letter from Scotland, informing him that his sister, Lady ———, was on her death-bed, begged to be reconciled, wished him to leave the stage on an annuity, &c. Off went Wewitzer to the manager, obtained, with great difficulty, permission to go to



Scotland, borrowed the amount of his expenses of the coadjutors in the hoax on Suett, crossed the border, found his sister by no means disposed to forgive or receive him, and not at all likely to quit this world. Back came poor Ralph, foaming with rage; attributed the whole plot to his companions (never suspecting simple Suett); and, quarrelling with every one of them, refused to refund the amount lent. For weeks this went on, all the parties meeting daily, as was then the custom with the Covent-garden and Drury-lane actors, at a house in Clare-market. Wewitzer at length became so exasperated, that, to pacify him, the parties accused offered to make an affidavit of their innocence. During all this, Dicky sat fondling a dog that was called "Suett's familiar." At last he broke forth with "O dear! O la! don't lay out your shillings. It was I did it; and now we're even for the rhubarb, my Witzzy." Very few jokes were attempted with Suett after this.

*Wewitzer.*—When James Aickin (who was universally and justly respected) departed this life, his merits, adventures, &c., were discussed in both green-rooms. "Strange he should have gone so suddenly," said one; "for, previous to this, I believe he never had a day's illness." "Pooh, pooh!" answered Wewitzer; "I've known him from boyhood, and can tell you he has been *aching* (Aickin) all his life."

*Knowledge of Shakspeare among Actors.*—When Garrick, rejecting Davenant's alteration, advertised " 'Macbeth,' as written by Shakspeare," Quin exclaimed—"What does he mean? Don't *I* play Macbeth as written by Shakspeare?"

It is only a few years since that the writer of this read to Munden the porter's speech from the second act of "Macbeth." The comedian was in ecstasies, and said "he would give up the first witch to play it." He had *never heard of it* before.

*Holcroft.*—There is no character in the dramas of England, France, and Italy that has had so many representatives as Figaro. It is not generally known that the original performer of that character in this country was Holcroft, the author\*, who acted it in his own free translation of "La Folie Journée," brought out at Covent-garden Theatre in 1784, under the title of "The Follies of a Day; or, the Marriage of Figaro."

Holcroft had been a riding-boy, a shoemaker, and an actor, ere he became a politician and an author. He was called a bad actor because he was not a noisy one; but I believe old Harris had not brains enough to understand him. Had he had sufficient practice, his *Touchstone*, *Auto-lychus*, &c., would have been admirable; he *read* these characters inimitably.

*Transatlantic Kindness.* ———, the comedian, went to America, and remained there two years, leaving his wife dependent on her relatives. Mrs. F——t expatiating in the green-room on the cruelty of such conduct, the comedian found a warm advocate in a well-known dramatist. "I have heard," said the latter, "that he is the kindest of men; and I know he regularly writes to his wife by every packet." "Yes, he writes," replied Mrs. F., "a parcel of flummery about the agony of absence; but he has never remitted her a shilling. Do you call that kindness?" "Decidedly," replied the author, "*unremitting kindness*."

---

\* I say this with a perfect knowledge of the fact that Edwin previously played a part called Figaro, in a piece of G. Colman's (the elder), brought out in 1777, called "The Spanish Barber," and professedly taken from Beaumarchais' "Barbier de Seville;" but all the spirit of Figaro has evaporated in this version, and the part is rendered a mere foolish friseur, who sings some wretched comic songs. Take an example. Addressing an old lady, he says,—

"I make, with a touch, every ragged old stump  
In your mouth like the keys of a harpsichord jump."



*Munden.*—When Cherry formed the scheme of taking a company to Calcutta\*, the terms *talked of* were enormous. A lac of rupees per month was promised to the walking gentlemen, &c. &c. The question went round, “What is a lac of rupees?” None of the actors were sufficiently acquainted with the course of exchange to reply, but Munden, who was opposed to the scheme, said, “Do ye know what a lack of money is?” “Yes, yes.” “Then that means *exactly the same thing*.” The result proved that Joey was right.

*Destruction of Theatres.*—In the words *built* and *burnt* might be written the records of all our longest-established theatres: there is but one exception to the fate of conflagration in the following list:—

	Built, and after burning, rebuilt in the years	Burnt
Covent-garden Theatre . . .	1733 } 1809 }	1808
Drury-lane Theatre . . .	1662 } 1674 } 1794 } 1812 }	1672 1791 1809
Opera House (King's Theatre) . .	1704 } 1791 }	1789
Astley's Amphitheatre . . .	1780 } 1795 } 1804 }	1794 1803
Circus, now the Surrey . . .	1782 } 1806 }	1805

The falling of the Brunswick, the burning of the English Opera, &c., are in every one's recollection. Glasgow and Birmingham theatres have been destroyed by fire within the last ten or twelve years.

Garrick, Kemble, and Kean, appeared at the same time of life, *i. e.* at twenty-six years of age.

	Born	Début in London
Garrick . . .	1716	late in 1741
Kemble . . .	1757	1783
Kean . . .	1787	Feb. 1814

*Macready adapting “Rokeby.”*—When Mr. Macready was a very young man, he adapted and compiled a drama from Walter Scott's “Rokeby,” and played the character of Bertram Risingham in it himself. It must be one or two and twenty years since I saw him in this at Newcastle-upon-Tyne (his father being manager of the theatre). The impression he then made upon me I now vividly remember. The manner in which he executed the task of selecting portions of the poem, and imitating Scott's style in the connecting lines, essentially necessary to form it into dialogue, impressed me with an opinion of Mr. M.'s literary powers. Why does he not exert them upon an original drama?

*Direction of a Letter.*—The following lines were written on a letter sent by the twopenny-post to a well-known dramatist—the epistle came safely to hand:—

“To ———, a writer of plays,  
Who at Isaac's coffee-house, Brydges-street, stays :  
Why *he* stays at a *coffee-house* none can divine—  
He's so cursedly given to brandy and wine.”

---

\* After all the perils and privations of the voyage, the company were not allowed to land, but returned *re infectâ* to England; by some arrangement with the Governor it was understood, however, that Cherry was reimbursed his expenses, which were enormous.



*Incedon Similes.*—During the O. P. war, whilst a terrific tumult was raging in the front of the house, the management, in their dilemma, popped upon Incedon, as “an everybody’s favourite,” to go on and pacify them. “I, my dear boy,” replied Charles, “I attempt to stop that riot! I might as well bolt a door with a *boiled carrot*.”

Wishing to give a stranger an idea of a man who was extremely thin, he said, “His leg, now, is a capital leg to *clean a flute* with.”

His quotations from scripture were always aptly, sometimes awfully, used; but occasionally he made them convey bitter sarcasm. He had been *star-ing* at a large provincial town, and his share of the receipts certainly appeared very inadequate to what might have been expected from the houses. The manager protested all was correct; Incedon bowed, and, after a moment, muttered, “*Now Barabbas was a robber*.”

Incedon was *not* very learned, but affected to be much more ignorant than he really was. Conversation once turning upon poetry, and the “*Canterbury Tales*” being quoted, one of the arguers asked Charley if he was partial to *Chaucer*. “Am I partial to chaw, Sir? By the Holy Paul, that entirely depends upon what it is, but if you mean tobacco—d—n me, I am not!”

*True Revenge.*—Old Johnny Winter, wardrobe-keeper of the York circuit, was noted for leading new-comers what is expressively termed “a devil of a life;” he hated what he thought innovation—new pieces, new dresses, new scenery, and new performers, were all objects of excessive dislike. His common reply, if an actor objected to a dress, was, “It’s been worn by all t’ actors in your line these forty years, and de’el in’t if ’twan’t dee for you.” When the late Mr. Mathews came to York, he succeeded Emery, who had just started for London. The first dress Winter put out for the new comedian was very reasonably objected to. “You get nout else o’ me,” said Johnny; “Measter Emery could put on a smock frock, and make ’em laugh; noo I wish ye may make ’em laugh, put on what you may.”

The dresses worn as old English costume in our historical plays, &c. are technically termed “shapes.” Shortly after Mr. M.’s joining the York company, he was in the wardrobe helping himself to an endurable shape for some character he had to personate, when Johnny put in his veto in a quotation from *Macbeth*—“Take any shape but that.” Tate Wilkinson, eccentric himself, and admiring eccentricity in others, encouraged Winter in these vagaries; many a sensitive novice, however, sank under these reiterated “dampers;” they were meant as ebullitions of humour, and indulged accordingly; but though sport to Johnny, were frequently death to the endurers. Mr. Mathews, many years afterwards, took ample revenge upon his tormentor; he heard Johnny Winter was aged and unfit for his duties—poor, and almost forgotten; he made him a present for immediate exigencies, and granted him an annual allowance, which, I think, Winter still lives to enjoy.

Kean was ill-used in the provinces by C——, the manager; when fortune turned, and Kean was on the summit, C—— beneath the wheel, the tragedian played gratuitously for C——’s benefit, which was then equivalent to giving him 150*l*.



## CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. The Heavens.—2. The Earth.—3. The Air.—4. The Sea.

By Robert Mudie.

In these four neat and elegant volumes we have a whole encyclopædia of natural philosophy. The arrangement, or rather the division, of the Parts is not indeed scientific, but it is so managed that it is both popular and original, without interfering with the more distinct and precise classifications of the usual elementary works upon the subjects of which they treat. The principles of each science, with its proper definitions, phenomena, and characteristics, are so introduced as to leave a sufficiently definite impression upon the mind. The first volume, of course, has for its principal subject astronomy. The author states why he has deviated from the technical language of each science. He explains in common language the law of the planetary motions; analyzing the balancing forces which sustain the heavens into their simple elements, showing which of these elements are constant, and which admit of variation. The distances, the magnitudes, the masses, and the motions of the heavenly bodies are ascertained by the application of those common means of measuring and weighing with which every one is familiar. In the second volume, entitled "The Earth," where, as we have intimated, there is no particular exposition of any science, there is all that is necessary to fulfil the author's design, which is to give as clear and comprehensive a view as possible of the earth, considered as a whole, having equal regard to the causes or agencies which produce the more general terrestrial phenomena, and to the things in which, and the places where, these phenomena present themselves. "The Air," which combines in its circle several distinct sciences, and which is related to so many others, is the third division of the author's plan, and discovers the versatility of his knowledge, and the happy method of illustrating and applying its principles. "The Sea," which concludes the series, is full of interest. Indeed, the volumes remind us of St. Pierre, both for minuteness of research, exactness of description, richness of colouring, and fervid eloquence. We cordially recommend the entire work, sincerely hoping that the author's modest and devout wish may be accomplished—"to entice the reader to learn for himself practically, pleasantly, and profitably;—to stimulate the desire of knowledge, and to simplify the means of acquiring it, as well for the satisfaction and superiority which true knowledge gives us in this world, as for the confirmation which it affords of the fulfilment of our best hopes when to us this world shall be no more."

Japhet in Search of a Father. 3 vols.

The author of this book (Captain Marryat) is known as the Fielding of our day, and, in so far as he gives us sailors and sea-scenes, the Smollett also; happily devoid, it is true, of the coarseness and indelicacy of his school, and gifted with an originality which effectually preserves him from the charge of being a copyist, we yet recognize in his pages *their* vivid humour, *their* variety of character, and that acquaintance with places and persons which enables him to give vivid descriptions of all ranks and conditions of men.

Together with the power of leading us to the quarter-deck and the cottage—the little parlour behind the shop, or the squire's hall in the country—the hospital in London, or the gipsies' tent in the forest—our author can give not only the humour, but the pathos which belongs to the many-coloured views of human nature thus presented. His lights and shadows are strong but faithful; and we (generally speaking) have found our acquaintance with men and things enlarged after perusing one of his works, which have never failed to amuse us as we proceeded; and albeit some little



matters may have struck us as capable of amendment from the master-hand to whom we had consigned ourselves, yet have we hitherto closed the last volume of each droll story with warm eulogiums on the author's wit and ability, and a desire to meet him soon again. A portion of this feeling remains, but Japhet is not Peter Simple. His trickery and cunning give us an uneasy sensation, and his rambles are those of a much earlier day than they are placed in. Nevertheless, there is a lively, bustling, mirthful succession of incidents which exhibits the peculiar powers of the author, and keeps the reader in good humour with himself, whatever he may be with his hero.

Japhet, educated in "the Foundling," and apprenticed to an apothecary in Smithfield, in due time seeks for his father in the world of fashion, and eventually finds him; but his intermediate adventures introduce him to a gipsies' camp; the professions of a fortune-teller and quack doctor render him the deceiver of a nobleman, the legatee of a duellist, the dupe of a gamester, and a man overwhelmed with misfortune, in consequence of becoming at length sincere and honest,—a lesson in favour of immorality not likely to be thrown away on the wavering, tempted, and similarly circumstanced in early life, when every man thinks he shall live, and can repent and redress at his leisure.

The book, nevertheless, contains two most useful lessons to all who have the charge of youth. Poor Japhet had a kind master, but a thoughtless one; he gave him no pocket-money, which unquestionably in London amounts to giving a sharp lad a passport to the gallows.

The next is a still more important lesson; it shows that every father is called upon to educate his child in virtue, or deem himself answerable for the vices his situation may have inflicted upon him. The father of Japhet is a most disagreeable personage (as are all parents in the hands of the author, with the exception of Newton Foster's honest-hearted sire); but although the jobation he receives from his son is the very cleverest part of the book, the impression imparted is unpleasant; and so far as we have his mother's history, we dislike it and her. Japhet's "lady love" is a good and pretty Quaker; but although it might be right to reason her out of trifling peculiarities, we think it by no means in good taste to show her up as a leader of fashion. Natteè, the gypsy queen, Fleta, a child stolen by her husband, and Katharine, a pretty specimen of an Irish girl, diversify the story, but have little influence on the fortunes or feelings of the hero,—whose story will be read, and unquestionably admired, by many, but, in our opinion, he will not attain the fame of those who have preceded him.

The Life and Works of William Cowper. By Robert Southey, LL.D.  
Vols. I. and II.

It is not our design to enter into the subject of the dispute that has arisen between the publishers of this edition of Cowper, and that which has been recently issued under the direction of the Rev. Mr. Grimshave, except to express our regret that a complete "work" is yet to be given to the world. Circumstances have precluded Dr. Southey from availing himself of some rich sources; and without meaning anything disrespectful to the Rev. Gentleman, whose task is finished, he was not as competent to its due discharge as the Poet Laureate—whose biographical works are, beyond comparison, the most admirable of modern times. It is to be lamented that a plan was not devised, by which the publishers of both might have acted in concert; had this been done, this edition of Cowper would have been the most perfect work of the kind in our language. We have, notwithstanding, *almost* everything we could require in these volumes of Dr. Southey; he has had large assistance from the relatives and friends of the poet; is enabled to introduce much that has been heretofore unknown; and has obtained the co-operation



of an accomplished artist, Mr. Harvey—whose illustrative designs are among the most delicious we have ever met with. Of Dr. Southey's qualifications for the duty he has undertaken it is unnecessary to say a word. His style is so happy, so pure, and so comprehensive, that the reader is delighted at every page; moreover, the one poet is enabled to comprehend the mind of the other—a matter of exceeding difficulty in a case so peculiar and so complicated as that of Cowper. We shall defer commenting upon the subject until the *Life* has been completed; but we cannot forbear giving expression to the pleasure and profit we have derived from the criticisms the Laureate has so abundantly scattered through his pages; and the insight he has afforded into the poetical history of the time and the characters of some of Cowper's contemporaries. The book is got up with much taste. It is beautifully printed; and, as we have intimated, the illustrations are of the highest merit.

*The Cruize of the Midge.* By the Author of "*Tom Cringle's Log.*"  
2 vols.

There has been an inundation of sea-tales lately, but, like the waters of the Nile, it has fertilized as it flowed. It is not the fault of our gallant seamen if we remain ignorant upon nautical subjects. Young ladies might be qualified for sea-service by this time, and reef a top-sail, or walk straight along the quarter-deck, as well as T. P. Cooke, or Captain Marryat himself. Notwithstanding the inundation we have mentioned, there is still, even to us, (who, as in duty bound, peruse with the most praiseworthy attention every volume, pamphlet, and paper, sent for our inspection,) a fascination in tales of the sea, which no other species of fiction can boast. We suppose it is with us, as it was with the gentle Desdemona, we love them for the dangers they have passed!—Be that as may, we *do* love them; and though there is a great deal of "chaffing" and some over-spun "yarns" in "*The Cruize of the Midge*," yet there is quite enough of what is really entertaining to make amends for ten times as much absurdity.

The description of the foundering of the *Hermes* would be worthy Stanfield's pencil; and some of the island-scenes are rich in quaint and comic humour. "*The Dying Buccaneer*" is too melodramatic to please our taste; and the re-appearance of De Walden, though necessary to the poetical justice of the story, might have been more skilfully managed, though it is a plaguy difficult thing to throw a man overboard in the midst of a stormy sea, with nothing but pirates floating round him, and then bring him, after a long absence, amongst his friends, escaped and scatheless from sharks and murderers.

One of the most comic scenes we have read for a long time is that which takes place in a portion of the book called "*The Devil's Galley*," between Jacob Monro, a keen Scotch merchant, and his young clerk, Saunders; it is inimitable in its way, and as we have not room to extract, we will not spoil it by abridgment, but refer our readers to page 226 of the second volume.

How delighted our old naval officers must be, through the medium of such entertaining scenes, to renew, as it were, the days of their youth, and point out to their children and grand-children the deeds which "kept foreigners from fooling us!" If ever the time comes when our navies shall be again sent over the seas, the nautical novels will be remembered by our tyros with a deep and affectionate regard, and the names of their authors enshrined in every heart. We hope to meet our voyager again, and shall always be delighted to sail in his company.

*Evenings Abroad.* By the Author of "*Sketches of Corfu.*"

The title of this book is pleasant, and it is pleasantly wrought out. The first Evening is passed at Paris, the second at the Simplon, the third at



Milan, the fourth at Padua, the fifth at Venice. The sixth contains a highly poetic legend of the "Isles of Greece," and we should have said before—that the dedicatory epistle to the author's mother breathes an affectionate and fervent spirit, which adds a considerable interest to a very amusing volume. There is nothing particularly new or striking in its pages; but everything is pleasingly told, and arranged with a taste and judgment that does infinite credit to the fair lady, who certainly knows how to pass Evenings Abroad—and we will answer for it—evenings at home, to the advantage of herself and others.

*Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology.* By Robert B. Todd, M.B.

Our attention has recently been drawn to several highly meritorious and national works in connexion with medical literature. We have been much delighted to find the talent of a *Finden* united with the skill and science of the British surgeon in illustrating the nervous system of man: other artists have exercised their graphic powers in demonstrating the ravages of disease, and the philanthropic physician has been vying with his neighbour in communicating information, to preserve the life of humanity and increase its happiness. Our continental neighbours have long since produced the "*Dictionnaire des Sciences Medicales*," of sixty volumes: we have already a dictionary of medicine and surgery, and right glad are we to see the germs of an equally national undertaking on the subject of anatomy and physiology. Such a work as the present has long been a desideratum in medical literature; it professes to embrace the whole of the sciences of anatomy and physiology, in the fullest sense of the term, not only in reference to man, but the whole range of the animal kingdom.

We have long felt the importance of the study of comparative anatomy, being fully persuaded that it throws most important light on the structure and physiology of the human body; and we are much pleased to find the learned editor, who is a Professor of Human Anatomy, sparing so much space to this interesting branch of science.

The articles "*Animal Kingdom*," by Dr. Grant, the well-known Professor of Zoology, "*Animals*," by Dr. Willis, "*Aves*," by Mr. Owen, and "*Annelidæ*," by Dr. Edwards, will, on the most careless perusal, sufficiently stamp the character of the work in connexion with comparative anatomy; while the articles "*Abdomen*" and "*Articulation*" by Dr. Todd, from their terse yet explicit demonstration, as well as their philosophical and correct illustrations, give equal earnest of a proper attention to *man*; the names of Bostock, Brande, and Symons are sufficient guarantees for a due attention to physiology. The plan of the work we think very good; some of the most distinguished anatomists, naturalists, and physiologists are engaged, their several names also are affixed to the articles they have written, and thus we augur the most perfect success to the undertaking. From the specimens in the four parts already published, we expect a perfect epitome of zoology; the habits and peculiarities of animals, the arrangement and subdivision of their classes, are included in the economy of the work. Four parts are already published, and we shall, with much gratification, cull information from the succeeding numbers likely to please and instruct our readers. By readers, we mean not merely professional, but intellectual; for sad indeed must the mind of that man be who is not delighted with the information communicated by this book, not only on his own structure and functions, but also on the evidences of design as generally manifested by the Deity in the arrangements of the animal kingdom.

*The Provost of Bruges; a Tragedy, in Five Acts.*

We have elsewhere noticed this production as an acted play; we give it a cordial welcome as a published work. If its merit be not of a very high



order, it has at least afforded a proof that the public taste for the legitimate drama is by no means gone, whatever the patrons of steeds in tinsel, and burning cauldrons with real fire, may affirm to the contrary. The author of the "Provost of Bruges" informs us that this is his first appearance before the world; his next will, we doubt not, be more worthy of the cause he upholds. The plot he states to have been principally gathered from a story by Leitch Ritchie, in the "Romance of History;" and he very properly, and in a very graceful manner, dedicates his play to the gentleman—Mr. Macready—to whom he is mainly indebted for its success.

Poems. By Robert Styles.

To the immediate connexions and friends of the author this unpretending volume must possess peculiar attractions. Mr. Styles is the poet of the fire-side; every line breathes kindness and affection. We know not whether he be a candidate for holy orders; if he is, we congratulate the Church on the prospect of receiving an addition of another devout and talented pastor to the many excellent and highly-gifted men who minister at her altar. The pieces which have most pleased us are—"Value of Religion," "David before Saul," "The Lost Sheep restored," and "The Mountain Ash." These are all plaintive, and the spirit of religion and poetry pervades them in an eminent degree. We have space only for the following simple lines:—

*"On the Death of S. T. Coleridge."*

"Rest, gentle Coleridge! from thy trembling hand  
Has dropp'd the lyre—that wondrous lyre, which spoke  
In tones mysterious, high, yet passing sweet;  
And which could melt to tenderness and love,  
Yet, swelling, burst like thunder on the ear  
Of the oppressor; while the foul blasphemer  
Shrank, at the crash dismay'd; but Freedom pure,  
Celestial Truth, and Peace, and gentle Love,  
Rejoiced in their own music, and will ever,—  
For e'en on earth those strains will never die.  
In heaven they mingle with the seraph's song,  
With whom thy blessed spirit now is dwelling,  
And free, expanding in the light of joy,  
Basks in the radiant smiles of Love Divine."—p. 38.

Edith of Glammiss. 3 vols.

This is an imitation—and not a discreditable one—of Walter Scott. It professes to proceed from the pen of Cuthbert Clutterbuck, of Kennaquhair; the scene is laid in the reign of our eighth Harry; and the romance is full of those startling incidents, hair-breadth scapes, and wonder-working characters, which produce the excitement so necessary to a work of three volumes. The writer is evidently a man of talent; and he has probably thought that his plan of following closely the great mind of our age would tempt to a perusal of his pages; for he has not been driven to his attempt by poverty of invention or language. We do not think he has done wisely, although he has done well; and trust that, hereafter, he will start for the goal, depending upon his own natural strength and vigour.

The Tin Trumpet; or, Heads and Tales. 2 vols.

This work is especially recommended to two classes of readers—the wise and the waggish; but the volumes may be perused with pleasure by those who belong not to the extremes of either party. They consist of a collection of smart scraps, arranged in the form of a Dictionary, beginning with A. B. C. DARIAN, and ending with YOUTH. They do not profess to dive very deeply in search of the hidden secrets of Nature; they rather skim the surface of things, and sometimes present to us that which is of little value; but they more frequently give us matters rich and rare, and that in



a form exceedingly lively and agreeable. The remarks are, for the most part, sensible and judicious; and occasionally an illustrative anecdote or morsel of wit accompanies observations of weight and import. The writer is sarcastic enough; in his politics rather too "liberal"—such is the term in use, though most grievously misapplied; and he is a "keen observer," who, if he does not "look *quite* through the deeds of men," makes many shrewd guesses as to their motives. Some of his opinions are either the outbreaks of strong prejudice, or are hazarded because of their singularity. One for example:—

"The definition of an *Angler* is very different from that recognized by the Walton Club—namely, 'Angler,—a fish-butcher—a piscatory assassin—a Jack Ketch, catcher of jack—an impaler of live worms, frogs, and flies—a torturer of trout—a killer of carp—and a great gudgeon, who sacrifices the best part of his life in taking away the life of a little gudgeon.' Everything appertaining to the angler's art is cowardly, cruel, treacherous, and cat-like. He is a professional dealer in 'treasons, stratagems, and plots;' more subtle and sneaking than a poacher, and more exclusively devoted to snares, traps, and subterfuges; he is, at the same time, infinitely more remorseless, finding amusement and delight in prolonging, to the last gasp, the agonies of the impaled bait, and of the wretched fish writhing with a barb in its entrails."

We venture to say that Mr. Jefferson Saunders, or whoever the writer may be, would recant in a week, if that week were spent with us when May brings the flies and flowers above and beside the sunny stream. An example or two of a more *reasonable* character may perhaps tempt the reader to procure the pleasant volumes in which they appear:—

"*Exaggeration*.—A Radical, inveighing against the rapacity of the clergy, gave it as his decided opinion that, if they had their own way, they would raise the tithes from a tenth to a twentieth. On the other hand, an intended diminution, by the same figure of speech, may amount to an exaggeration. 'I have just met our old acquaintance Daly,' said an Irishman to his friend, 'and was sorry to see he has almost shrunk away to nothing. You are thin, and I am thin; but he is thinner than both of us put together.' Did the Hibernian sailor exaggerate or diminish when, in describing the weather, he said, 'There was but little wind, but what there was was uncommonly high?'

"*Jealousy*.—Tormenting yourself, for fear you should be tormented by another. 'Why,' asks Rochefoucauld, 'does not jealousy, which is born with love, always die with it?' He would have found an answer to this question, had he reflected that self-love never dies. Jealousy is the greatest of misfortunes, and excites the least pity."

Boswell's Life of Johnson; with Notes, by various Hands. 10 vols.

We have not heretofore had an opportunity of noticing this very admirable publication, unquestionably the most complete and ably-edited work in the language. It entirely works out the object for which it was undertaken—"to place before the public, in an uniform and portable form, and at a moderate price, *all* the existing materials for the biography of Dr. Johnson." Boswell, therefore, forms but the centre, around which a host of writers have been collected, the chief of them being Mr. Croker, to whom the world was not long ago indebted for clearing away much that obscured the character of the great lexicographer, for reconciling contradictory statements, and for doing thorough justice to the mightiest mind of the past century. Industry, skill, taste, and judgment have been all actively and successfully employed in bringing these volumes as near perfection as any volumes can be; and we think it will be found impossible to point out any mode by which improvement may be hereafter effected. It is unnecessary for us to do more than give expression to this opinion. No library, however limited, can be long without it. Those which previously contained Boswell's four octavo volumes, or even the five which Mr. Croker issued to the world, must receive this edition also.



Historical Conversations for Young Persons ; containing the History of Malta and of the Knights of St. John, and the History of Poland. By Mrs. Markham. 1 vol.

Mrs. Markham !—who *is* Mrs. Markham ? Mrs. Markham's " Historical Conversations " on different countries have been so frequently and so deservedly praised, that it is almost impossible to say anything new in favour of a volume which is on the same plan, and of equal merit with its predecessors. The Histories of Malta and of Poland cannot fail to engage both old and young ; we speak of the former from experience, having ourselves been exceedingly pleased and interested, from the first to the last page. The style is so unaffectedly simple, that knowledge is acquired without the student being aware that he is reading for improvement. The reflections are always just, and grow (without being at all forced) out of the incidents recorded. Indeed, there cannot be a more delightful book presented to either boy or girl : no juvenile library can be complete without it ; and we are glad that there are histories still untouched for our young friends to look forward to as necessary to complete the series.

Lectures on the Atheistic Controversy. By the Rev. B. Godwin.

Deeply regretting, as we do, the cause which first induced the author of these Lectures to bend his attention to the subject to which they are devoted, we cannot but regard his book as an additional instance of the truth, that no evil is ever suffered to appear unmodified by good, nor any active principle of mischief unattended by some antidote or palliative of an opposite tendency. Doctrines of an atheistic character will, we fear, never cease to find their advocates, as long as the moral constitution of man remains unaltered ; but it is no small consolation to find, that while those who deny a Supreme Cause have but little to add to their old and frequently-confuted objections, the defences of religion are every day gaining new strength, and its champions furnished with increased resources. Among the works which have for their object the vindication of the first and most important truth which the human mind is susceptible of receiving, Mr. Godwin's Lectures will be justly considered as far from the least in merit. Not that all his arguments are original, or all his means of illustration such as have not hitherto been employed. In a work like his, this would scarcely have been possible, or if possible would have scarcely been to be desired. But viewed as a general manual in which the arguments for a Divine Existence are most judiciously arranged, we believe it to be one of the best works to which the Christian can refer, if at any time hard pressed by the sophistic objections and specious cavils, unhappily too likely in the present day to be obtruded upon his notice. To this we might add that the minor recommendations of a style, at once lucid and energetic, of eloquence evidently springing, as all eloquence should spring, from the true sentiments of the heart, of learning without pedantry, and of judgment unbiassed by prejudice, give an additional value to the volume. The first Lectures at once assuming the offensive, a plan hitherto too generally neglected by writers upon the same subject, disposes in a very satisfactory manner of the theories substituted in place of a Divine Influence acting upon the frame of creation by the author of the " System of Nature," and others. The succeeding discourses consider the proofs of the existence of God from the works of Nature, a path which, however frequently traversed, will still afford new subjects for observation. The sixth and last lecture considers the atheistic philosophy as compared in some of its principal features with Christianity ; and appropriately concludes a work which is distinguished throughout by an uniform degree of



merit, which cannot fail of gaining for it the reputation it deserves. By it the author has approved himself an able and conscientious advocate of the great doctrines which it is his office to inculcate, and the armoury of truth is furnished with an additional weapon of keen and enduring temper.

### The Pilgrims of the Rhine.

Here, in accordance with the taste of the times, is a re-issue of Mr. Bulwer's picturesque story, or rather collection of stories, "The Pilgrims of the Rhine," in numbers, to be completed in twelve monthly parts. The vignette which adorns the cover is very characteristic and elegant, and we are sure that all admirers of Mr. Bulwer's writings will be delighted to possess themselves of this beautiful publication, in so convenient a manner as that in which Messrs. Saunders and Otley present it to the public.

### Exercises for Ladies, founded on Physiological Principles. By Donald Walker.

It is scarcely necessary to say one word in the present age on the utility, or rather the necessity, of well-regulated judicious exercise in the early period of the female career. Its importance in the due development of the animal frame, in the promotion of healthy function, and still more, the deportment, grace, and elegance of women, must be generally admitted; the character of their exercise has been the difficulty with which our best advisers on physical education have had to contend. The author of the work now under our notice is evidently enamoured with his own peculiar methods; and much as we admire his arrangement and directions for the Indian sceptre and rod exercises, which we think from its elegance, variety, and moderation, likely to be beneficial and popular, still we would as strongly condemn the use of dumb-bells, and, contrary to Mr. Walker, as highly extol equestrian exertion; certain are we, from ample experience, that horse exercise is one of the most salutary modes of Hygiene we can resort to.

The suggestions on attitude, deportment, and dancing, we think are truly useful; the plates, amounting to thirty-three, beautifully illustrate the author's views, and, added to the many valuable hints on the different positions in writing, drawing, guitar and harp playing, it is entitled to a place in the mother's library who is anxious to make her daughter an ornament to her sex, an honour to her race, and a fine specimen of British woman.

### Practical Anatomy of the Head, Neck, and Chest. By Edward Cock.

This work is written by a Demonstrator of Anatomy at Guy's Hospital of established reputation, for his pupils, and medical students, and well indeed is it calculated for a facile comprehension of this complex part of humanity.

The arrangement of the subject we think likely to elucidate the anatomy of the face and neck to the non-professional reader; to the artist, especially, such a knowledge is necessary for a lively delineation of feature and correct representation of character, for in the face of man is centred the expression of his most important senses. The work is published in a cheap and condensed form.

---



## LITERARY REPORT.

Horace Smith's very masterly and highly-interesting historical romance, "Brambletye House, or Cavaliers and Roundheads," forms the new work introduced into the cheap weekly issue of Colburn's Novelists. One of the most striking features of this work, it will be recollected, is the affecting description of the fire and plague in London. Six numbers, price one shilling each, with portrait, and three other embellishments, will include the entire three volumes of the original edition, published at a guinea and a half. "Brambletye House" will be succeeded in the present weekly series by "Tremaine, or the Man of Refinement," by P. H. Ward, Esq.

Mr. Murray promises us Lord Mahon's History of Europe, from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle; and Moorcroft's Travels in Thibet.

We learn that Ireland is about to be represented in the arena of critical literature. A review, to be entitled "The Dublin Review," is about to be established, under the auspices of Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M.P. It is understood that the editors will be Dr. Wiseman and Mr. Quin; the latter is well known to the public by several interesting publications; and the former, Dr. Wiseman, is the celebrated professor of the Oriental languages at the college of the Propaganda in Rome.

The first portion of a uniform and complete illustration of the Zoology of Great Britain, viz. "The History of British Fishes," by William Yarrell, Esq., F.L.S., will be completed in May next.

Preparing for publication, "The Life and Remains of Hazlitt," by his Son; to which Mr. E. L. Bulwer has contributed "A few Sketchy Thoughts on Hazlitt's Genius," and which, we understand, will contain similar remarks by Mr. Talfourd and others.

A Life of Lord Clarendon may shortly be expected, written under peculiar advantages, by Thomas Henry Lister, Esq., who married Theresa Villiers, niece of the present Earl of Clarendon, and descended from Edward Hyde.

A work on Archery, with many illustrations by eminent artists, by Mr. Hansard, is in the press.

A new edition of the Dramatic Works of that fine old Elizabethan writer, Thomas Middleton, under the superintendence of the Rev. A. Dyce, is announced.

The Life of the late Bishop Jebb, by the Rev. C. Forster, formerly his domestic chaplain, will shortly make its appearance.

Mr. Charles Doyne Sillery, whose name must be familiar to most of our readers, as the author both of poems and works on theology, is about to publish a new volume—"The Man of Sorrows," a discourse on the sufferings of our Saviour. It is to be dedicated to the young Princess Victoria.

Shortly will appear, the Reliques of Father Prout, late P.P. of Watergrasshill, in the county of Cork.

Nearly ready, in one vol., the Greek Pastoral Poets—Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus.

Done into English by M. J. Chapman, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Speedily will be published, the Pilgrim of the Universe; with Consolatory Views of a Future State, and Suggestions on the most Beneficial Topics of Theological Instruction. By Robert Fellowes, LL.D.

Mr. Curtis has just published a Map of the Principal Nerves and Blood-Vessels of the Head, chiefly with a view of showing their connexion with, and influence on, the Organs of Sight and Hearing.

## NEW WORKS IN THE PRESS.

The Doctrine of Atonement and Sacrifice, evinced from the Scriptures, and confirmed from the Sacraments. By John Whitley, D.D.

Mr. Hallam's Literary History of the 15th, 16th, and 17th Centuries.

The Elements of Latin Grammar, for the use of Schools. By Richard Hiley.

To be completed in about 14 Monthly Parts, the Second Edition of the Entomologist's Useful Compendium.

## LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Illustrations of Ornithology, by Sir W. Jardine and P. J. Selby. Part X., 4to. 1l. 5s., large paper 2l. 2s.

The Siller Gun, a Poem in Five Cantos, by John Mayne, 12mo.

The Wreck of the Challenger, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Dibdin's Reminiscences of a Literary Life, 2 vols. 8vo. 36s.

Fox's Translation of Prometheus and Electra, 8vo. 8s. 6d.

Elucidations of Interesting Passages in the Sacred Volume, 2 vols. 18mo. 9s. embossed.

Transactions of the Zoological Society of London, Vol. I. Part IV., price 34s. coloured, 24s. plain.

Dramas by Joanna Baillie, 3 vols. 8vo. 36s.

Ornithological Biography, by J. J. Audubon, Vol. III. royal 8vo. 1l. 5s. cloth.

The Parricide, by the Author of "Miserimus," 2 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 1s. boards.

The Tyrol, by a Companion of Hofer, with a map and 46 engravings, 1l. 1s.

Murch's History of the Presbyterians of the West of England, 8vo. 12s.

Cadell's America and England, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

Poems by Chandos Leigh, Esq. fcp. 5s.

Piscatorial Reminiscences and Gleanings, by an Old Angler, 1 vol. fcp. 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.

Memoirs of the Life of Sir Humphry Davy, Bart., by John Davy, M.D., 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.

Memoirs of the Life of Mrs. Hannah More, by William Roberts, Esq., 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

Memoirs of Sir W. Temple, Bart., by the Hon. T. P. Courtenay, 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.

Sketches by Boz, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

The Beauties of Shakspeare in English and German, interpaged, 2 vols. 18mo. 9s.

On Insanity; its Nature, Causes, and Cure, by W. B. Neville, 8vo. 10s. boards.

Picturesque Sketches of Ireland, Vol. I. 4to coloured plates, 2l. 2s. cloth.



## FINE ARTS.

## ROYAL ACADEMY.

At a General Assembly of the Academicians, John Gibson and Charles Robert Cockerell, Esqrs., were duly elected Royal Academicians, in the room of Henry Bone and Gilbert Stuart Newton, Esqrs., deceased.

An accident has delayed our notice of the British Institution.

## PUBLICATIONS.

## Continental Gleanings. By J. R. Planché, F.S.A.

This is a very elegant and interesting work. The illustrations have passed through the hands of three artists: Mr. Planché has taken the sketches, Mr. Tomkins has made the drawings, and Mr. Sydney Cooper has lithographed them. The subjects have been happily chosen; they supply us with some of the most remarkable and picturesque scenes of the Continent, and they are accompanied by brief explanatory letter-press. The first part contains views of Salzburg, Frankfort, Aix-la-Chapelle, Saardam, Nieuport (Flanders), and a glimpse of the Rhine. We trust that Mr. Planché will meet with encouragement sufficient to justify him in continuing a publication which promises to become a valuable acquisition to the traveller, and an agreeable acquisition to the portfolio.

## Landscape-Historical Illustrations of Scotland and the Waverley Novels. No. I.

This too is the first number of a new work; it is likely to prove a successful one. We have had landscape illustrations and historical illustrations of Scott in abundance; but it is a novel and a happy thought to combine the two in one print. The commencing part contains a work by M'Clise, Mac Murrough's Chaunt, and another by Turner, R.A., a March of Highlanders. Either our impressions of the plates are not good, or justice has not been done to the subjects by the engravers.

## Burns and Highland Mary. Engraved by Mrs. W. H. Simmons from a Painting by Edmonstone.

This is, we believe, the first opportunity we have had of noticing any of the works of Edmonstone, since the brief but successful career of the young painter terminated. About a year ago he returned from Italy full of hope and enthusiasm, and died before time was given him to realize any of his dreams of greatness. This is one of his earlier pictures; it is a pleasing subject, representing the Scottish poet and his love in some sequestered nook upon the banks of that gentle river of which he sung so sweetly. It has been admirably engraved by Mrs. Simmons, a lady who even now ranks among our best artists in mezzotinto.

## Highland Hospitality. Painted by J. F. Lewis, engraved by W. Giller.

This is a fine print; Mr. Giller has engraved it in a very skilful manner, from a drawing by Lewis—painted, we presume, before the wonders of the all-glorious Alhambra, and the charms of Spanish maidens, drew his genius from the attractions of his own land. His Spanish pictures may be more astonishing, but, to our minds, they have far less interest than the works he once copied from nature at home. Here we have the interior of a Highland cottage, a family group, and a trio of joyous youths who are resting awhile from the pleasures of the chase beneath its roof: the cottage is evidently one in which dwell both comfort and content. The artist has given us much of the national character, but has not deemed it necessary to exhibit it in rags and tatters. The print possesses considerable interest, and is well worthy of a rich frame.



## THE DRAMA.

It would be vain to deny that the drama has fallen upon evil times and into evil hands. With one or two exceptions (we are making a liberal allowance), every theatre in the metropolis is under the direction of some trading speculator or desperate adventurer—low in fortune as in character, contemptible in purpose as in conduct. We repeat, our portraiture of the metropolitan ministry are not overcharged. Scarcely one of our managers has even the small merit of professing to compass anything higher or more honourable, than the acquisition of gain by any means that his stage or his saloons can be opened to. With such persons controlling our dramatic establishments, great and little—with these fatal obstacles in the way of literary enterprise, and great dramatic purposes—it is scarcely to be wondered at that, notwithstanding the advantageous operation of the Act for insuring protection and reward to the humblest translator of farce who may dignify himself with the name of dramatist, no writer of popular name and recognized ability has, up to this moment, departed from the olden paths of literature, and struck into the broad field of the drama. Not one additional experimentalist among our leading writers has been yet moved by the working of this invaluable Act to seek a gold mine there. The humblest dramatic drudges, the shallowest, the most vapid, and the most vulgar of the whole race of scrawling incapables—who would scarcely extract a half-crown from Mr. Warren of the Strand, though they were to indite quartos in honour of his pint bottles—even “Authors” such as these contrive, by means of the Act, to obtain larger sums than men of ten times their standing and pretension can procure for writings a hundred times more valuable. They are not ashamed to write nonsense and indecency, having no capacity or relish for anything higher. They have no fear of losing their labour by the damnation of their productions, having taken care to insert nothing in them, either in the way of joke or incident, but what had been successful a thousand times over. They know that bad pieces tell best, and few of them but are geniuses at anything execrable. Thus they scrawl and succeed—receive a guinea per night during the run of the rubbish in town, and perhaps half that sum per night for a country performance. They are paid probably, upon an average, a guinea per line for a production that is hardly equal to a lively police report, rewarded at the rate of a penny per line. Such are a few of the “Curiosities of Literature” at the present day.

How is it to be expected that while managers, high and humble, are found ready to foster this kind of “talent”—to encourage these, the most paltry and impotent of the large class of pretenders—men of ability, character, and influence with the public will be induced to stoop and share the spoil with them. The Act to the better class of writers is, up to this time, a mere dead letter. The few real dramatists have benefited by it, it is true; but in how small a proportion to the novel-vampers and literary vagrants? It appears to be an Act not for the encouragement of the pen, but the scissors. Noble results, however, will yet spring from it, slowly but surely; and with no little pleasure we, this month, hail a new dramatic candidate, who has already entitled himself to all the honours and rewards that a “successful tragedy” (in other words, a prodigy) can ensure him.

We will not assert that there is anything in the *Provost of Bruges* to kindle the reader to any pitch of enthusiasm; we are not sure that as an acting drama it would have stirred the very inmost depths of feeling, or flashed upon the imagination as a picture of the great past, full of fine realities, and associating itself in their development with the immortal glories of the olden drama—had not Mr. Macready flung the whole power of his genius, with such wonderful force and various effect, into the character of Bertulphe. The tragedy is in most parts prosaically written; but in spite of many faults of construction, and a weak fifth act, almost amounting to an anti-climax, it is the work of a strong, firm hand; there is much true, though somewhat coarse painting in it; the characters are not suits of clothes, but have the



gait either of Christian or Pagan—they are human beings, and these are rare things upon the modern stage; the subject of the play is striking, and not deficient in dignity; the sentiments are bold and aiming at a high purpose; the actor rivets the gaze, the humanity touches the heart. Such is the impression with which we rise from witnessing the new tragedy—but then we are under the spell of Macready's acting. Bertulphe is worthy of the study he had bestowed upon it, and of the rich light in which he exhibited its broad, bold, picturesque outline, while he displayed, with inexpressible delicacy, all its finer sensibilities of expression, the shifting of its stern features, and the awful modulation of its tone. A world of thought and feeling, deeper perhaps than even the author had contemplated, was hidden in this single portraiture; the actor penetrated into its depths, softened all that was rugged, and lit up all that was obscure. He was rewarded by the rapturous applauses of the excited audience; and the tragedy, to whose success Ellen Tree has gracefully contributed, has been often played, and never without testimonies to its power.

If we can thus welcome the unknown author of this new dramatic effort, how much more cordially must we hail the re-appearance of Joanna Bailie, after so long, but, we rejoice to say, not inactive, an interval! One of her dramas, *Separation*, is, at the very moment we are writing, in the course of performance at Covent-Garden. Its subtleties will doubtless afford abundant scope to the fine apprehension of Mr. Kemble, and the natural passion of Miss Helen Faucit.

Charles Mathews is charming the Olympic audiences by his refined humour, apt sense of character, and abundance of embellishing accomplishment. Mr. Elton has, during the same period, presented the Adelphi visitors with an entertainment of a different description—a “kitcat” sketch, vigorous and in some points brilliant, of the character of *Rienzi*, as painted in unfading colours by Bulwer.

---

## PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

### ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

A paper from Lieut. Burnes was read; it is entitled, “On the Maritime Communications of India, as carried on by the natives, particularly from Kutch, at the mouth of the Indus.” After briefly noticing the early history of commerce with India, as narrated by sacred and profane writers, and alluding to its present state in some parts of western India, which he says is carried on in ships or boats by the natives, and rivals in extent that of some of the most civilized nations of Europe, the author gives an interesting account of a voyage to “Barbar,” made in the beginning of last year, of which the following are notes. In the beginning of 1835, the boat, named Veerasil, sailed from Mandavee: she is about thirty tons burthen, was commanded by a Mahometan, and had, besides the master, a crew of five Moslems, three Rajpoots, and a young negro boy. The cargo consisted of the coarsest cotton cloth, the sale of which was managed by a Hindoo from Mandavee. They stretched out at once to sea, made the coast of Arabia, and touched at Sere, Maculla, and Aden, disposing of their goods as they proceeded, till they reached Barbar, in the sea of Babool Mandeb, and outside the straits of that name. The country called Barbar is inhabited by Somallees. There is no town, and no harbour, though the anchorage is safe and good. Barbar is annually frequented by about one hundred vessels from different parts of India, during which time a regular fair is held on the sea-beach with the inhabitants, who come from inland on camels. Immediately a boat lands, each person, even the meanest, must consign himself to a Somallee, who becomes his “aban,” or security for life and property. This arrangement is imperiously necessary; for there is no ruler or chief, and the Somallees are perfidious, bigoted, and quarrelsome. They have been known to swim off at night to European



vessels, and murder all the crew. For such protection, a tax of a dollar, or less, per head, and so much for each bale of cloth, is exacted. In return for the cloth, which is the staple article of commerce, they give goats, coffee, gum, and ghee; but chiefly dollars, which they bring from Hureer, a two months' journey in the interior. There is no coin below the value of a dollar, and small sums are paid by certain fixed measures of coffee. The Somallees are all Mahometans, They do not shave their heads, but go bareheaded, those only who have made a pilgrimage to Mecca wearing turbans. They have little clothing; the females dress in leathern gowns. The Somallees have neither guns nor muskets; a few have swords; but all have spears, generally two each, which are about six feet long, including the blade. They have woolly hair, but not the thick lip. They are believed by Lieut. Burnes to be a mixture of the Hottentot and Arab. They are a noble-looking race, very tall, and elegantly formed. Camels are here very numerous; caravans of five hundred of these come and go at one time. The people eat them, and goats, which are also very plentiful. While it is strange that the natives of India should keep up commercial communication with a port so distant, it is not less so that the managers of it are timid Hindoo Banians, who trust themselves, without fear, to the bigoted and barbarous Somallees, though subjected to the most severe privations. When the Hindoos land in Barbar, they are not permitted to wear a turban. If they die, they are not allowed to be burned, according to the Hindoo custom; a hole is dug, into which they are put in an erect position; and for this privilege a heavy fine has to be paid. In Kutch, during the native government, such was the influence of these very Hindoos, that no animal was permitted to be killed in Mandavee, as they considered it sinful to shed blood. In Barbar, the whole of the people live on flesh; and the very vessels of these Hindoos are washed by the Somallees often, after slaughtering goats; water, which in their own country they will not drink but from the hands of those of certain castes, is brought in skins of animals just killed, by Mahometans. Such privations as these Hindoos suffer can only be accounted for by their love of gain, and the great profits derived from the trade. The author dwells upon this, because it shows in a remarkable degree the sacrifices which the most superstitious people on earth undergo in their pursuit of money-making. He thinks, indeed, that it may be safely inferred from it that commerce was never interrupted in India by religious prejudices; and that a people who can continue it with such sacrifices have been addicted to it from the earliest ages; and that the natives of India themselves, *and not the Arabs*, conducted the trade between India and Egypt. The paper was accompanied by a native Indian chart of the coast of Arabia and the Red Sea: it is a curious original in every way; and it is most remarkable that, with a chart so vague, these people can navigate so safely.

Captain Maconochie stated that the council had received a variety of communications on the subject of exploring the Arctic regions, two of which had been selected to be read that evening, one being from Dr. Fitton, and the other from Dr. Richardson. Each agreed in the propriety of fitting out a new expedition in order to complete the small survey which is all that appears to be required to effect the discovery of the North-west Passage. It was also suggested that another overland expedition should be sent out, consisting of two officers and sixteen marines, or sappers and miners, for the purpose of completing the survey of that portion of the coast which yet remains unsurveyed between the points of Sir John Franklin and Captain Ross, the expedition to leave in the Hudson Bay ship which sails from the Thames annually in the month of June. Sir J. Barrow stated that the various communications received upon this subject had been referred to a committee appointed by the council to consider and report thereon. He considered that as there were two rival nations, the American and Russian,



which were equally emulous to complete the discovery, another expedition should be sent out for the honour of this country, which had already devoted so much attention to it, and had hitherto taken the lead. He hoped that when the committee had drawn up their report, if it appeared feasible to the Government, it would receive their support. Sir John Franklin and Captain Beaufort each expressed themselves in favour of the opinions entertained by the two writers.

#### SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Mr. Rofe, jun., on the manufacture and uses of *papier-maché*. This material, it appears, is of considerable antiquity; its application in the beginning was, of course, limited; now, however, it is employed in the construction of an almost endless variety of articles for ornament and use. There are two kinds; one—used chiefly for architectural ornaments and decorations of rooms—made of paper reduced to a pulp, and pressed in the proper moulds. The other, which is of more extensive application, and of which are made trays, bottle-stands, snuff-boxes, &c., is composed of numerous layers of thick coarse paper pasted together, and afterwards beautifully varnished and polished. The following circumstance was mentioned in the course of the lecture, and is an instance of the truth of the remark, that nothing is without its use. A large quantity of the refuse of spun silk is annually imported to this country from France, from which a strong thread is produced, used in the manufacture of some kinds of shawls. The refuse, again, left from this manufacture, is applied to the production of the best *papier-maché*.

#### ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

At a late meeting a letter was read from M. Thibaut at Malta, giving an account of the capture and condition of the four giraffes which he has procured, and has now under his care for the Society. He started from Cairo on the 15th of April, 1834, and arrived at Dongola on the 14th of July, from whence he proceeded by the caravan to the deserts of Cordofan. These animals are principally hunted for their flesh and the skin, which they convert into bridles and other articles. On the 16th of August the Arab hunters succeeded in tracking a full-grown female about twenty-one French feet in height from the ears to the hoofs, accompanied by a young one. They soon overtook the former on their fleet coursers, and despatched it with sabre cuts. They next proceeded in chace of the younger one, which they took very readily. It was necessary at first to keep it held by men at a distance from the caravan, during three or four days, in order to accustom it to their society, when it began to take food, principally of camel's milk, and then readily followed them. This animal was described as very sensible, and fond of society, and was even seen to shed tears when it did not see its companions. It feeds on leaves from the higher branches of trees, taking them separately and delicately on its tongue, the mouth always rejecting thorns. He remained for three months in the deserts, during which time he succeeded in capturing four others, but the cold weather killed four of them at Dongola; when he recommenced hunting, and soon succeeded in obtaining three others, all of which are now in his possession. The greatest difficulty he experienced was in transporting them to Cairo, and from thence to Malta, as they suffered considerably by sea; but since they had arrived at the latter place, every attention had been paid to them under the care of Mr. Boucher, the Consul-General. He had avoided having them covered in, that they might gradually be enabled to bear the cold of this country. Three of them are male and one female, and they are all described as interesting and beautiful animals, in good condition and health.

---



## VARIETIES.

*Bank of England.*—Quarterly average of the weekly liabilities and assets of the Bank of England, from the 17th of November, 1835, to the 9th of February, 1836, inclusive, published pursuant to the Act 3 and 4 William IV., cap. 98:—

Liabilities.		Assets.	
Circulation . . . .	£17,427,000	Securities . . . .	£31,022,000
Deposits . . . .	18,366,000	Bullion . . . .	7,471,000
<hr/>		<hr/>	
£35,793,000		£38,493,000	

*Downing-street, Feb. 11, 1836.*

*Timber Trade.*—The long-anticipated Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons upon the Timber Duties has been put into circulation amongst the Members: its contents are creating much interest, particularly Mr. Warburton's commentary upon the evidence given whilst he was Chairman, previous to the taking of his own. The following comparative summary of the increase and the decrease of timber, deals, &c., ships, and their tonnage, into the port of London, in the years 1834 and 1835, will be interesting:—There was a comparative increase, in the year 1835, of the imports of logs of teak, to the amount of 1636; of fir pieces, to the amount of 20,274; oak ditto, 1240; and elm, 783; of wainscot logs, 638; and lath-wood, 239 fathoms. The comparative decrease in the number of timber-laden ships entered in the port of London was 105, and the same of tonnage, 23,388. In deals, the decrease was 421,545, and deal-ends, 34,682; battens, 161,873, and batten-ends, 5480; oak-plank, 2222, and firewood, 562 fathoms.

The amount of money now in the Exchequer is 150,253*l.* 9*s.* 1*d.*; the sum to be raised, 4,577,278*l.* 9*s.* 4<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>*d.* Total amount for the service of the year 1835-36, 4,727,531*l.* 18*s.* 5<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>*d.* The amount of Exchequer bills issued on the supplies, 1836, unprovided for, 28,521,550*l.* The amount of Exchequer bills issued for carrying on public works, and for the relief of persons who have sustained losses in the West Indies, unprovided for, is 486,400*l.* The amount of sums which will become payable between the 5th of April, 1836, and the 5th of April, 1837, for East India half-pay, 60,000*l.*—15,000*l.* each quarter.

*Christenings and Burials for 1835.*—In the 97 parishes within the Walls of the City of London, there have been 963 christenings and 970 burials:—in the 27 parishes without the Walls, 4654 christenings, 3658 burials:—in the 24 out-parishes in Middlesex and Surrey, 17,019 christenings, 13,376 burials:—in the 10 parishes in the City and Liberties of Westminster, 3492 christenings, 8411 burials.—Total, 26,128 christenings; 21,415 burials.—Decrease in the burials reported this year, 264.

*Bonded Corn.*—The difference which exists in the stock of bonded corn and flour at the end of the year 1835, as compared with the similar period of 1834, shows a material diminution in all articles during the past year. In wheat, 55,749 qrs.; barley, 112,934 qrs.; oats, 91,689 qrs.; rye, 1,658 qrs.; peas, 2,216 qrs.; beans, 36,147 qrs.; flour, 121,635 cwts.

*Saline Storm.*—A correspondent of the "Worcester Journal," who is in the habit of attending to meteorological phenomena, says that the violent storm from the S.W. which occurred on the 23rd Jan., contained such a mixture of sea-water, that the outside of the windows having a westerly exposure was covered with saline matter when the glass became dry in the afternoon of that day. The distance from the sea must be at least 100 miles in a direct line. This is no unusual thing; it is always observed when storms of *unusual violence* come from the Atlantic Ocean. Mr. Dalton has often re-



marked it at Manchester, and it is evidently caused by the small particles of the spray breaking on the surface of the waves and the rocks on the shore, being driven forward by the fury of the wind like dust off the roads. It is supposed to be beneficial to agriculture, particularly to pasturage.

*London Post-office.*—The ordinary business of each day is, in letters, in the inland office alone, 35,000 letters received, and 40,000 sent (23,475,000 annually), exclusive of the numbers in the foreign office department and the ship-letter office, and altogether independent of the two-penny post. The number of newspapers daily vary from 25,000 to 60,000 (on Sunday 40,000, and on Monday 50,000), of which number about 20,000 are put into the office ten minutes before six. After that hour each newspaper is charged one halfpenny.

---

## FOREIGN VARIETIES.

*Trade of the Netherlands.*—The “*Handelsblad*” contains an interesting comparative view of the situation of the Dutch trade, for the old Dutch provinces only, in 1834, with that of the entire kingdom in 1824, and the actual foreign commerce of the principal trading countries, which, supposing the estimates correct, would go to show that, proportionably to the population, the advantage lies with Holland. The tonnage of the importation for the old Dutch provinces only, in the year 1834, is stated to have been 652,049 tons; computed value, 172,149,936fl., at the average of 264fl. per ton. Ditto, of the exportation, 632,768 tons; computed value, 125,022,528fl., at an average of 196fl. per ton. In 1824, for the entire kingdom, importation, 456,493 tons; value, 129,787,950fl.; average, nearly 284fl. per ton. Exportation, 502,032 tons; value, 84,612,025fl.; average, 270fl. per ton. Total of importation and exportation, in 1824, 214,599,975fl. In 1834, 297,163,464fl., a greater amount even than at the former period, though the population is reduced to nearly one-third. The total of importation and exportation of England having been, in 1834, to the amount of 358,724,843l., and the population being the eight-fold of that of the old Dutch provinces. This gives a superiority to the present trade of the latter of more than double the amount. That of France for the same year is estimated at 1,434,899,374 francs; and the population being in the proportion of 12 to 1, there is a superiority for the Dutch trade of more than five-fold amount. The total of the value imported and exported in the United States, officially stated to the amount of 230,858,304 dollars, though nominally the double of the Dutch, gives a proportion of 6 to 2½ in favour of the latter, considering that the North American population is to the Dutch as 5½ to 1. The corn prices remain as low as ever, notwithstanding the recent importation-duty law. Petitions for its revocation are already preparing to be presented at the re-opening of the Session in the month of April.

According to a statement of the imports and exports of corn, grain, and flour lately sent by the Minister of Commerce to the prefects of the several departments, given in metrical quintals, it appears that during the year 1835 the imports were—of wheat, 227; of other grain, 6210; and of flour, 629. The exports were—of wheat, 20,495; of other grain, 47,888; of flour, 49,527. There were in the bonding warehouses on the 1st January, 1836, 12,502 metrical quintals of wheat, 1111 of other grain, and 9523 of flour.—*Paris Paper.*

The last year was fertile in dramatic productions in Paris; 211 new pieces were brought out, the works of 183 authors. The following is the enumeration of them at each theatre:—Académie Royale de Musique, 3



(1 opera and 2 ballets); Théâtre Français, 10 (4 dramas and 6 comedies, besides 14 old plays reproduced); Opera Comique, 9 (and 6 *reprises*); Théâtre Italien, 3; Gymnase, 16; Vaudeville, 17; Varietés, 29 (one of them without couplets); Palais Royal, 28 (including 2 operas); Gaieté, 8; Ambigu Comique, 16; Porte St. Martin, 11; Cirque, 16; Folies, 9; Choiseul, 14; Panthéon, 17; St. Antonie, 5. Total, 211.

The following is an official statement of the product of the indirect taxes in France for the year 1835, compared with the year 1834 :—

Indirect Taxes.	Product of the Year.		Difference in 1835.	
	1834.	1835.	Increase.	Decrease.
Register, Stamp, and Mortgage Duties .	191,795,000	195,266,000	3,471,000	.. ...
Custom, Navigation, &c. Duties . . .	106,102,000	107,410,000	1,308,000	... ...
Salt Duty, collected on the coast . . .	53,307,000	54,723,000	1,416,000	... ...
Liquor and Liquid Duties . . . . .	74,621,000	76,088,000	1,467,000	... ...
Salt Duty, collected in the Interior . . .	7,331,000	6,989,000	... ..	342,000
Divers Taxes (Public Conveyances, &c.) .	26,401,000	27,506,000	1,105,000	... ...
Product of the Sale of Tobacco and Snuff	72,643,000	74,435,000	1,792,000	... ...
Product of the Sale of Gunpowder . . .	4,553,000	4,608,000	55,000	... ...
Postage and Duty of 5 per cent. on Remittances . . .	32,382,000	33,275,000	893,000	... ...
Postage (Rural Service)	1,606,000	1,734,000	128,000	... ...
Product of Mails and Packets . . . . .	1,809,000	1,733,000	... ..	76,000
Lottery . . . . .	5,583,000	7,955,000	2,372,000	... ...
	578,133,000	591,722,000	14,007,000	418,000
Increase of Product in 1835 . . . . .			13,589,000fr.	

Compared with the year 1833, the increase in 1835 is 18,035,000 fr.

*Tea and Coffee.*—A German paper gives the following account of the coffee and sugar imported into Europe during the last year:—Coffee, 217,600,000 lbs.: namely, 41,000,000 at Hamburgh; 9,300,000 at Bremen; 36,000,000 at Amsterdam; 28,600,000 at Rotterdam; 22,000,000 at Antwerp; 15,400,000 at Havre; 4,100,000 at Bordeaux; 9,600,000 at Marseilles; 2,000,000 at Genoa; 1,700,000 at Leghorn; 19,900,000 at Trieste; and 28,000,000 into Great Britain. During the same period, the importations of sugars into Europe have amounted to 913,500,000 lbs.; namely, 79,500,000 at Hamburgh; 13,000,000 at Bremen; 70,100,000 at Amsterdam; 34,000,000 at Rotterdam; 41,700,000 at Antwerp; 73,000,000 at Havre; 18,300,000 at Bordeaux; 55,300,000 at Marseilles; 2,150,000 at Genoa; 9,700,000 at Leghorn; 56,800,000 at Trieste; and 440,400,000 into Great Britain.



## AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

*Committee on Agriculture in the House of Commons—Opinions of the Leading Members—Proceedings on the same Subject in the House of Peers—Mr. Jacob and his expected Evidence—Incidental Hints—Rural Operations.*

Monday, February 8th, Lord John Russell moved the appointment of a Committee to inquire into the Causes of Agricultural Distress; and on Thursday, February 11th, three days subsequent to the appointment of this Committee, Mr. Bennett presented a petition from the Central Agricultural Society of England and Ireland, praying the House to do that which they had already done. This is a just and complete exemplification of the services which the association is likely to render to agriculture. These petitions are now at an end—their object is attained—Parliament has consented to Committees of Inquiry in both Houses. We shall therefore do no harm if we afford our readers a laugh by extracting, from a Norfolk paper, a metrical version of the West Norfolk petition, attributed to the High Sheriff, who presided on the occasion of the meeting. It runs thus—

## “ WEST NORFOLK PETITION.

“ We men of Norfolk humbly pray,  
That when the House of Commons meet,  
They do proceed without delay  
To raise the present price of wheat.

“ And if (which we think rather odd,  
And is indeed the whole we axes)  
They can’t undo the work of God,  
Then let them take off tithes and taxes.

“ And we, the landlords, further pray,  
Should famine over earth be sent,  
Come war, come death, or come what may,  
Preserve ! O, pray, preserve the rent !”

*Ridiculum acri fortius*; and therefore this is the hardest hit that has yet been made, for it really embodies the whole substance of all the petitions, past, present, and to come, in a dozen lines.

But let us take a look at what is more grave and important—the opinions of Ministers and their opponents—the leading men of all parties; for, from their sentiments, some general notions of the good to be attained may, perhaps, be gathered.

Lord John Russell, in moving the Committee, strongly insisted at the very outset upon the duty and power of the House in such a case, which he considered to be to devise measures of relief, if possible, or to reconcile the sufferers to the impracticability, should it so turn out, by showing the grounds, and lessening the distance between contending interests and opinions. But while he expressed these conciliatory sentiments, he took especial pains to guard against the supposition that good could be expected from, or that Ministers would lend any sanction to, any tampering with the currency. He was so anxious to protect the agriculturist and the Government from this vain expectancy, that, as a preliminary, he desired the Clerk to read the resolution of 1833, in order to preserve in the minds of the House “ those solemn declarations ” on that subject. “ I am prepared to say,” said the Minister, “ that although I should think it unadvisable, and in some degree unjust to the Committee we appoint, to restrict the Members by any resolution with respect to the currency, yet as far as I am concerned, and as far as his Majesty’s present Ministers are concerned, no recommendation or decision in favour of tampering with the currency would induce them to adopt or to further a measure which they would consider neither consistent with the public faith nor conducive to the public interest.”

Nor did Lord John confine himself to negation; he showed that since



1828, when the last corn-law passed, wheat had fallen 36 per cent., barley 9 per cent., and oats  $2\frac{1}{4}$ . The causes of this variation of prices was therefore a primary object of attention, as well as the prices of produce generally. The next subject was the Poor-law Amendment, from which, from the reports from different quarters of the kingdom, he augured great and substantial benefits in the reduction of the poors'-rate. The county-rates formed another item for consideration. After some observations on the impolicy of attempting to establish a *minimum* price, he came to the most important sentence of his speech;—mark it, ye tenants—mark it well! “I must now say, reverting to the opinion which I expressed at the commencement of my observations, that I do not see very clearly any sufficient remedy by which the distress now pressing upon the agricultural class may be removed by Parliament. I wish to hold out no hope which may be afterwards disappointed. I wish, however, that the whole question may be fairly considered by the Committee, and sure I am, that if there be any practical means devised by which the agricultural interest can be benefited, it will be their duty to adopt them.”

The great champion of agriculturists, the Marquess of Chandos, desiring only a full, free, and unfettered Committee, was satisfied with Lord John Russell's proposal.

Mr. Attwood maintained his opinion that the currency was at the bottom of the mischief, and moved an amendment that the Committee be instructed “to inquire into the effect of the Bill of 1819, commonly called Peel's Bill,” which amendment found no seconder.

The most remarkable speech was that of Mr. Roebuck, who, dividing the agricultural interest into its three classes—labourer, farmer, and landlord, said, “The first thing that ought to be asked was, whether or not there was any increase of distress among the agricultural labourers; if it should turn out that there was no such increased distress—if it should turn out that the condition of the agricultural labourers was better than it had been for the last twenty years, to that portion of the agricultural interest the attention of the Committee need not be paid. Touching the farmers, the first question to be asked was, whether the capital employed on land was less profitable to its owner than capital employed in any other manner? If not, then the condition of the farmers did not require any inquiry. The last, and the least important class of the agricultural interest—the least numerous and the most unproductive and useless—were the landlords. That was a proposition certainly which was not likely to meet with much support in that House. Although landlords formed but a small proportion of the population of the country, a large proportion of the Members of the House of Commons—all the Members for counties—were landlords. Still, however, he adhered to his proposition, that the least important class of the agricultural interest were the landlords. That they were in distress he did not doubt; but their distresses were caused by their own conduct, and were not attributable to the measures of Government or to the laws. If they would prove the causes of their own distress, they would find that that was the case; they would find that it originated in habits formed at a time when they were in a very different condition, and when they enjoyed a monopoly of which circumstances had deprived them. They had no right, therefore, to come to Parliament and call for a helping hand in their misfortunes, when it was well known that those misfortunes proceeded from their own conduct, and not from the Government or the laws.”

Turn we now to Sir Robert Peel's opinions. He entirely coincided in the views of Lord John Russell, and the very opening of his speech was in the following words:—“He wished he could concur in the expectation entertained by some of his friends, who thought that good would result from the appointment of a Committee. In that hope he confessed he did not participate. He firmly believed that when the Committee reported, probably at the close of the Session, after a great deal of inquiry, the result



would not differ from that of a Committee of 1833, stating the strong impression made upon the Committee that legislative interference would not advance the prosperity of the agricultural community. At the same time he willingly admitted, that if a general expectation was entertained that good might result from the inquiry, those who did not see the advantages were bound to give up their opinion, and to secure the moral advantages which might follow proceeding to the inquiry. This he would say, however, that if he thought the Committee was appointed with the ulterior view of altering the standard, and if he believed that such would be the result of the inquiry, he, for one, would not consent to the appointment." His general views were alike moderate and sensible. He thought no exaggerated estimate ought to be formed of the benefits (which he, nevertheless, believed would be considerable) to be derived from the Poor-law Amendment Act. "But as to the various causes which had led to the existing state of things, he did not believe that the Committee could by possibility come to any satisfactory result respecting them. Much of the present state of things was the consequence of the peaceful habits of the country, much resulted from increased facilities of produce." This is perfectly quiet, practical good sense.

The Committee was moved for in the House of Peers on the 18th by Lord Wynford, and Lord Melbourne expressed similar sentiments with Lord J. Russell. The most remarkable feature in the whole discussion was the very decided part taken by Lord Ashburton (so lately the Member for Essex). He said, "There never was a greater delusion practised than in the statement that the currency had the slightest effect in creating agricultural distress. The standard of the country was a subject of great importance, for it affected all the interests of the nation, and had no more to do with the distressed state of agriculture than with any other portion of the industry of the country. He had taken the liberty of making these observations, lest it should go abroad that the Members of that House, or a majority of them, were inclined to countenance anything in the shape of a depreciation of the currency. Never was a more wild and absurd notion than that Parliament could be guilty of such consummate ignorance and such consummate bad faith, as to be induced to tamper in any way with the standard of circulation in this country, nor was anything more wanting to add to this absurdity than that the notion should be especially fostered by the farmers, who, of all men, would be most injured by its realization." From questions put by the Marquis of Westminster to Lord Winchelsea, concerning certain resolutions passed by the Central Association, it was admitted that "in the presumed event of the agriculturists being so hard pressed as to be unable to meet the demands made upon them, and a Bank Restriction Act being refused, they would look to an equitable adjustment as the only alternative." What then, we ask, is to be anticipated from the inquiries of the Committees, and in what do the views of the statesmen, the real statesmen on both sides, differ from those we have from time to time made the foundation of our speculations? Not a tittle. The clamour is silenced for the period of the Session; in the meantime wheat will probably get up a little, for every method of reducing the stocks by introducing novel means of consumption is now in practice. Even live stock is fed with wheat meal; add to this, that the immediate pressure upon the tenantry for money is over, and opinion, the most influential of all agents in the corn-markets—opinion dictates a firm belief that up to harvest wheat will slightly rise. The prophecy will help to fulfil itself. It is already doing so.

The Committee consists, in the House of Commons, of thirty-six Members. Of these thirteen are favourable to an inquiry into the currency, fifteen are opposed to it, and the opinions of the remaining eight are not ascertained. Twenty-five are county Members, a powerful majority in favour of the landed interests; eighteen are Conservatives, and twenty-two, it is said, have all their property in land. If then there be any leaning, it is to



the landed proprietor and not at all to the ruling party in the state; the agriculturist cannot, therefore, complain of a neglect of his welfare. Mr. Shaw Lefevre is appointed chairman, and it is curious that Mr. JACOB, the person of all others whose knowledge and opportunities of information have been the greatest and widest, and whose inferences have the most signally failed, should be the first witness examined. If his testimony be in accordance with his reports to Government, it must run thus—"I pronounced that foreign wheat could not be grown or imported under 48s. per quarter—it has come in under 36s. I proved by voluminous documents from all parts of the world that no supply equal to more than an annual 500,000 quarters of wheat could be imported: the importation, while it went on, exceeded my estimate. I demonstrated, by a detailed statement, that the stock in hand in England from 1822 to 1827 was so vastly diminished, and an increasing population must lead to such an augmented consumption, that supply would scarcely, if at all, reach demand, and that by about 1832, at farthest, scarcity, if not famine, would be imminent. The supply has never, for a series of seasons, so far exceeded demand as since that period." It is impossible to doubt the variety and extent of Mr. Jacob's information; our shelves groan beneath the weight of the documents and reports published by Government through his agency, but there is no name held in such suspicion, not to say contempt, throughout the country, as his, from the utter variance between his anticipations and the event. Verily, the inquiry commences ominously.

We would fain suggest one clear and important topic for examination: the effect of taxation, which is almost the only accident under the control and direction of Parliament, considered in its relation to the increased production, manufacturing as well as agricultural, of the empire. Political economy, in however an infant state, has established that price (*i.e.* the general price of all commodities), depending on the rate of subsistence, levels itself to an exchange of equivalents, taxation excepted; that is to say, if the farmer obtains a high price for his meat, wool, and corn, the manufacturer apportioning his charges to that primary element, and obtains a compensation by a high price also: if, on the contrary, corn and wool and meat be low, he can afford his manufactured goods for a comparatively low charge; but the tax-gatherer comes for the same nominal amount, whether that amount will purchase one or two bushels of wheat; and thus when wheat is low, the pressure of taxation falls, relatively to him, with an increased weight. But there is not only the element of taxation simply *per se* to be taken into account—there is the gross amount of production upon which taxation acts to be considered. Let us look at it relatively to existing circumstances: when wheat was from 70s. to 80s., that is, just previous to the conclusion of the war, the taxation was seventy-two millions; the taxation now is scarcely more than forty millions: upon this ground we have before demonstrated the farmer can bear (*quoad* the taxes) a reduction of price equivalent to three-sevenths. But a very profound observation of Sir John Sinclair, in his "History of the Revenue," will set this matter in even a stronger light. He shows, first, that at the Revolution (1688), the whole production of the kingdom was forty-three millions, and the whole revenue two millions. In 1803, the production was one hundred and fifty millions, and the taxation thirty millions. The taxation has since stood to the income as seventy-two millions to four hundred and thirty millions, and is now perhaps as forty millions to four hundred or four hundred and fifty millions. Thus the pressure has varied at the several dates from one-twentieth to one-fifth of a man's income, taking, as it must be taken, that the burthens distribute themselves pretty equally.

Now, then, for Sir John Sinclair's observation. "At first sight it is natural to wonder how a hundred and fifty millions of annual income can yield a public revenue of above thirty millions *per annum*, when forty-three millions only produced two. But it should be considered that it is *from superfluous wealth* alone that a large revenue can be drawn. At the revolution



the people of England required the greater part of their income to purchase merely the necessities and conveniences of life; and four shillings in the pound must be less felt, and less liable to complaint, from the additional wealth that has been acquired since, than one shilling in the pound taken from an income that was little more than sufficient for the sustenance of the people." This we apprehend to be the relation of the main question of existing taxation. There can be no doubt that much more *superfluous wealth* is hourly created than heretofore, and that this superfluity must go on to increase; if, then, Sir John is right, the taxation is less heavily felt, to an indefinite degree, and this we believe to be true.

For this reason, and for the still stronger, that one only of four of the main articles of agricultural produce is low, while three—barley, wool, and meat—are comparatively high, we doubt exceedingly whether the origin of the distress felt does not proceed from what may be termed moral rather than fiscal causes. If the landowner have changed his former comforts into expensive foreign excursions and metropolitan enjoyments—if he have a larger mansion and a more numerous retinue—a wider circle of company and generally more luxurious habits—if he have raised money on his estate, and pays a heavy interest—if the farmer have, in a like manner, become a superintending rather than a personally active labourer in his concerns—if his family be trained to more refined, and consequently less productive and more chargeable habits—if the labourer, extruded from the farm-house, working by the job, and beat down by the competition of increased numbers claiming employment upon the same area, thus driven to marry early, and incited to do so by the maladministration of a former poor-law—becoming the father of a large family—if from all these evils he be beaten down to pauperism,—these, we say, are moral changes, having their origin in an artificial state of things, which gave to capital engaged in agriculture a larger interest for a time than to other concerns. If, in the transition from war to peace, from an artificial to a *more* (not an absolutely) natural state of the commerce, great reverses have happened, herein we say are to be traced the causes of the distress, whatever its amount, that is now so clamorous. To these points be the attention of the Committee turned, as well as to price, currency, taxation, rent, tithes, and rates. Let the effects of these be fixed, and the fluctuating expenses of farming be examined—subsistence, seed, horse provender, and smaller expenses—and we will venture to predict that, to the artificial nature of protecting duties, keeping up prices, and to the altered habits of the landed classes, landowner, tenant, and labourer, are to be traced the causes of those changes which have made them, in all respects, a different race of men.

Previous to the appointment of the Lords' Committee, the Central Association had come to a strong set of resolutions. From amongst which we select the following:—

"That the Central Agricultural Society will not relax its exertions until full and effectual relief be afforded to the landed interest; and will endeavour, by every constitutional means, to uphold the just rights of the landlords, tenants, and labourers, and the agricultural interest of the United Kingdom.

"That the tenantry of the kingdom have a great interest in obtaining a redress of grievances from the Legislature, and that the concentration of the energies of British agriculture appears to have been the only constitutional effort to which that interest could resort, to save the farmer from inevitable ruin, the great mass of agricultural labourers from the district workhouses, and the country at large from general anarchy and convulsion.

"That a sub-committee of agricultural statements be appointed to investigate all documents proposed to be laid before the Select Committees of the two Houses of Parliament, and that it be recommended to the local agricultural associations to collect and authenticate such facts as may develop the causes and extent of agricultural distress, and that they be recommended to name witnesses for examination by the Select Committees of Parliament.

"That a sub-committee of this society be formed to collect evidence and facts a



to the effects of the Poor Law Amendment Act, in reference to the condition of the agricultural labourers, and to report thereon to a general meeting of this society."

These are resolutions against which the Committee ought to be especially guarded; for it is palpable that if the evidence is to be first sifted and prepared by this Committee, it is scarcely to be hoped that it can be beneficial. A report deduced from evidence so concocted will, of course, be liable to every sort of suspicion. But we shall see. It is more than probable that the price of wheat will rise a little during the sitting of the Parliament, and thus do more to demonstrate the effect of demand and supply than all the Committee can prove as to extrinsic, or extraneous, or transitory causes. But be the report what it may, we are safe in asserting that price will be found to depend on demand and supply, and nothing else.

We have taken up so much space in the indispensable abstract of proceedings so important to agriculture and the country, that we have no room left for rural operations. The few that are going on have been checked by frost and weather. Wheat has risen during the month, and the flour trade has been firm, but there is not much expectation even of the present currencies being sustained. The supply of barley has been large, and prices have given way a little of late. Oats, in spite of the desire of purchasers to hold back, exhibit a tolerably brisk trade, owing to the Irish importations slackening, on account of the price not meeting the expectations of the exporters.

---

## RURAL ECONOMY.

*The Wheat, Barley, and Oats of France compared with those of England.*—The extreme price of wheat at Besançon is 15f. 80c. the hectolitre, which corresponds to 1*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* the quarter; and the price of wheat of the finest quality at the Corn Exchange, Mark-lane, being 2*l.* 6*s.* the quarter, it thus appears that the wheat of Besançon is 10*s.* 6*d.* per quarter lower than that of London.

At Bray-sur-Seine the finest wheat is sold at 22f. the 1½ hectolitre, which is equal to 1*l.* 13*s.* the English quarter, and barley for 8f., which corresponds to 18*s.* the quarter; whilst the wheat of England is quoted at 2*l.* 6*s.* per quarter, and barley at 1*l.* 12*s.* the quarter, leaving a difference in the former of 13*s.* per quarter, and in the latter 14*s.*

The wheat at Chateau Dun, allowed to be among the first of those of France, is quoted 15f. per hectolitre, which corresponds to 1*l.* 13*s.* 9*d.* the quarter, barley at 6f., which is equal to 13*s.* 6*d.*, and oats at 5f., which is also equal to 11*s.* 3*d.*; which shows a difference of 12*s.* 3*d.* per quarter between the price of wheat in London and at Chateau Dun; a difference of 18*s.* 6*d.* per quarter between the quotation of barley; and a difference of 10*s.* 9*d.* in the quotation of oats, they being quoted 22*s.* per quarter at the Corn Exchange.

Wheat of the first quality at Dammartin (Seine-et-Marne) is quoted 13f. 67c., the second quality 13f., and the third quality 12f. 33c., the mean price of which is 13f., equal to 1*l.* 9*s.* 3*d.* the quarter; and oats are sold at 6f. 50c. for the first quality, and 6f. for those of the second, the mean price of which is 6f. 25c. the hectolitre, equal to 14*s.* the English quarter; and wheat in London being quoted 2*l.* 6*s.* the quarter, and oats at 1*l.* 2*s.*, it clearly proves that the wheat in Dammartin is 16*s.* 9*d.* lower than that of London, as are also the oats 18*s.*

The quotation of wheat at Limoges is 16f. the hectolitre, which corresponds to 1*l.* 16*s.* the quarter.

At Montmedy the finest quality of wheat is sold for 12f. the hectolitre, which is equal to 1*l.* 7*s.* the quarter; barley at 6f. equivalent to 13*s.* 6*d.* per quarter; and oats at 5f. corresponding to 11*s.* 3*d.* the quarter; which shows



that the wheat of England is 19s. per quarter higher than that of Montmedy, that the barley is 18s. 6d. higher, and the oats 10s. 9d.

It will appear by taking the mean price of wheat of the six above-mentioned places, which is 17. 12s. 5d. per quarter, and the mean price at the Corn Exchange being 27. 3s., that wheat in London is 10s. 7d. dearer per quarter than at the six above-mentioned places. The mean price of barley, too, being 15s. per quarter, and the mean price of Mark-lane being 28s., it follows that barley is 13s. per quarter dearer. In oats the mean price is 12s. 2d. the quarter, which compared with the mean price of oats in Mark-lane, which is 20s. the quarter, shows that the oats of France are 7s. 10d. per quarter cheaper than those of England.

*Spade Husbandry.*—It is proved by the trial now giving to spade husbandry by the most respectable agriculturists in the neighbourhood of Eastbourne, that digging land is cheaper than ploughing it. They complied with the petition of ten surplus labourers for this work, at 20s. per acre, which is fully equal to three times ploughing, which costs 30s. per acre. May we not, therefore, hope that future arrangements will be made by these and other agriculturists to continue the system of digging, which will occupy the surplus labourers, lessen the number of horses, whose food may be given to oxen stall-fed, and produce manure, on the ample supply of which the success of all farming depends, as appears by the success of the Scotch farmers, who are enabled by this system to send fatted meat to the London markets by steam.—*Sussex Advertiser.*

---

## USEFUL ARTS.

*New Thermometrical Scale.*—Dr. Castle, of the Linnæan Society, by modifying Fahrenheit, has proposed a scale which will admit of the thermometer being taken with the same precision as the barometer. The degrees are arranged decimally, 10°, 20°, 30°, and so on, each 10° being equal to 20° of Fahrenheit. The rise and fall of the quicksilver is shown by a small sliding scale, so graduated, that even the decimal fractions can be readily ascertained. The registering is, at the same time, accurate and easy—thus, 15°,00, by doubling the degrees of the fractions, will be found equal to 30° Fahr. *exact*, 15°,02 to 30° and *four-tenths*, 15°,05 to 31° *exact*, 15°,08 to 31° and *six-tenths*, 16°00 to 32° *exact*, and so on. By this arrangement greater accuracy is attained, without any increase in the size of the instrument.—*Brighton Herald.*

The introduction into Scotland of the system of smelting iron by heated air has produced extraordinary changes in the manufacture of that important metal. The reduction in the quantity of fuel required is said to be not less than 300 per cent. ; two tons of coals, or a corresponding quantity of coke, now proving to be sufficient for the smelting of one ton of iron, which formerly required upon an average about eight. This would rank among the greatest strides of modern art, were no objections to exist in the corresponding deterioration for general purposes of the quality of the iron so produced. The “hot blast” has not yet been introduced into the manufacturing districts of England, from the supposition that the metal is rendered by it brittle, and devoid of that malleability which is one of the finest qualities of iron.—*Cambrian.*

A most important application of that splendid invention, the Jacquard Loom, has just been made. It is now being used in *raising figures on bed-quilts*. The figures are in relief on the surface of the cloth, and are as firmly bound as on counterpanes made in the usual way. The inspection of a 13-4ths quilt, just finished, has given great satisfaction. The effect on the prices of these articles will be astonishing.



## BANKRUPTS,

FROM JANUARY 26, TO FEBRUARY 19, 1836, INCLUSIVE.

Jan. 26.—J. RICKMAN, York-mews, Baker-street, St. Marylebone, livery stable-keeper. T. B. HANKS, High-street, Newington-butts, linendraper. A. STUART, Spread Eagle-court, Finch-lane, tailor. R. JONES, Garfwn, Carnarvonshire, draper. L. ROSTRON, Salford, Lancashire, and J. ROSTRON, Edenfield, manufacturers. R. DANGERFIELD, Bromyard, Herefordshire, scrivener. J. FREEMAN, Ipswich, Suffolk, woollen-draper. W. HAND, Molleston, Pembrokeshire, coal-merchant.

Jan. 29.—J. CALTHORP, Isleham, Suffolk, iron-master. S. B. HEMMER, Ely-place, merchant. A. LAZARUS, Chiswell-street, linen-draper. R. THOMPSON, Liverpool, coal-merchant. T. BERKS, Manchester, provision dealer. T. BLACKSTOCK, Manchester, cotton cloth manufacturer. G. WOOD, Loughborough, coal-merchant.

Feb. 2.—E. SARGEANT, Stamford, Lincolnshire, chemist. W. MILES, West Ham, Essex, cattle salesman. S. LAKEMAN, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, shipowner. M. S. SCHLESINGER, Strand, merchant. W. POUND, Long-acre, carriage-lamp manufacturer. J. W. HAINES, Upper-street, Islington, linen-draper. W. RITCHIE, Liverpool, baker. J. STALEY, Witney, Oxfordshire, druggist. J. SPEDEN, North Shields, spirit dealer.

Feb. 5.—S. JOHNSON, Addle-hill, licensed victualler. J. SILLETT, Yoxford, Suffolk, linendraper. J. CARTER, Paddington-green, builder. E. MUMFORD, jun., Ware, Hertfordshire, victualler. C. S. DIXON, Aldersgate-street, bookbinder. J. HALL, Liverpool, merchant. I. ROSSER, Abergavenny, Monmouthshire, grocer. T. CHAPPELL, Leeds, cheese and bacon factor. W. CLEAVER, Banbury, Oxfordshire, victualler. J. SMITH, Spalding, Lincolnshire, corn merchant. C. CLARK and J. CLARK, Bridgnorth, Shropshire, wine merchants. C. BALLS, Tattingstone, Suffolk, carpenter. T. PUGH, Shrewsbury, carpenter.

Feb. 9.—A. GOODRICK, Edwards-street, Portman-square, dress-maker. J. HADLEY, Abingdon, Berkshire, hemp-manufacturer. H. K. COX, Knightsbridge, linen-draper. C. MILLAR, Bexley-heath, Kent, carpenter. R. SPARROW, Sun-street, Bishopsgate-street Without, linen-draper. J. WILLIAMS, High-street, Islington, linen-draper. W. BEAUMONT and C. BEAUMONT, Ember Mills,

Thames Ditton, Surrey, millers. W. COLE, Great Barlow-street, St. Marylebone, brick-layer. W. FLY, Hearn Bay, Kent, builder. G. GREEN and J. LEES, Huddersfield, Yorkshire, fancy cloth-manufacturers. C. N. WILSON, Batley Carr, Dewsbury, Yorkshire, common brewer. M. POTT, Heaton Norris, Lancashire, coach proprietor.

Feb. 12.—R. JELlicoe, Turnwheel-lane, Dowgate-hill, merchant. W. EDWARDS, Fisher-lane, Greenwich, coal-merchant. M. WERTHEIM and M. WERTHEIM, Friday-street, warehousemen. J. SMITH and J. DAWSON, Halifax, Yorkshire, wool-staplers. H. HOLDEN, Huddersfield, Yorkshire, victualler. E. SHIPWAY, Stroud, Gloucestershire, clothier. T. WATERS, Christchurch, Monmouthshire, cattle-salesman. S. HERD, Appleby, Westmoreland, licensed victualler. J. COX, H. COX, J. COX, sen., and W. REED, Blackwall, Gateshead, Durham, paper-manufacturers. J. B. JENKINS, Maesteg, Glamorganshire, lime-burner. A. WHITE, Cheltenham, cabinet-maker. J. KERR, Manchester, merchant. J. M. FISHER, Manchester, woollen-draper. J. SMITH, Salford, Lancashire, victualler. H. HALL, South Shields, Durham, ironmonger.

Feb. 16.—G. COOPER, Barbican, victualler. P. F. LAPORTE, Haymarket, bookseller. J. HAMILTON, King-street, St. James's, wine-merchant. T. BROWN, Watling-street, merchant. J. ALSOP, Glossop, Derbyshire, shopkeeper. E. L. IRELAND, Birmingham, factor. J. HADLEY, Cradley, Worcestershire, grocer. C. JOHNSON, Northwich, Cheshire, boot-dealer. J. COLLING, jun., Newcastle-upon-Tyne, hatter. R. MILLER, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, watchmaker.

Feb. 19.—J. GOLDWORTHY, Great St. Helen's, Bishopsgate-street, coal-merchant. W. HODGKINSON, Margeret-street, Cavendish-square, furniture-printer. G. COXE, Darkhouse-lane, Lower Thames-street, victualler. M. CATLIN, Blackman-street, Southwark, horse-dealer. C. KEENAN, Berwick-upon-Tweed, linen-draper. E. WILSON, Lower Thames-street, cheesemonger. F. GAMBLE, Gracechurch-st., provision-merchant. E. M. and A. M. CADDICK, Manor-hall, Little Chelsea, boarding-house keepers. G. SAFFERY, Market Rasen, Lincolnshire, scrivener. J. TETLOW, Manchester, house-painter. J. UGLOW, Cheltenham, music-seller. T. C. WEBB, Ilminster, Somersetshire, tea-dealer.



## COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

No alteration has taken place in the general tone of prosperous energy which has characterized our manufacturing districts for some time past; and the ample employment for the labouring classes throughout the country is evidenced in the most satisfactory manner by the almost unexampled tranquillity which pervades every portion of it; the only tokens of discontent with the laws, or the administration of them, among the humbler classes, being the infliction occasionally of an incendiary destruction of property by some hardened vagabond, exasperated by the more severe restraints which the present operation of the poor-laws puts upon laziness and profligacy.

In the Market for Colonial produce, a very decided improvement has recently taken place in West India Sugars, amounting within the last week or ten days to 2s. per cwt., and fully restoring prices to the position from which they had fallen. The cause of this is the low state of the stock warehoused, not exceeding the ordinary demand for five weeks; of Muscovades the present stock is 14,660 hhds. and trs., which is less than that of this time last year by 10,850; and at the same time the stock in Mauritius Sugars is 63,400 bags, being a diminution as compared with last year of nearly 17,000 bags.

In this latter description the advance has been nearly equal to that in West India Sugar, the prices lately realized at public sale being for grey, 62s. 6d.; for low to good yellow, 63s. 6d. to 66s. 6d. East India and Foreign Sugars have been benefited but to a slight extent by these improvements; low to good middling white Bengal has brought 36s. to 38s. 6d.; damp and washed at 35s. to 37s.; sound white Havannah has sold at 44s. 6d. to 47s. 6d.; washed, 41s. to 43s.; sound yellow, 32s. 6d. to 36s. 6d.; washed, 29s. to 33s. 6d.; Brazil taken in at 30s. 6d. to 33s. for very low soft yellow to low greyish white; Bahia, 24s. to 29s., for low brown to fine yellow. The last average price of Sugar as gazetted is 17. 17s. 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. per cwt.

The Coffee Market is in general heavy, but more particularly in British Plantation; Mocha Coffee has, however, shown some disposition to advance within the last few days.

The transactions in Rum are very limited, and are confined to strong descriptions for the trade.

The demand for Cotton continues un-

abated, and prices both in London and Liverpool have lately improved; at a recent public sale of 1100 bags Bengal, and 500 Madras, the whole was taken off, the former at 5 $\frac{7}{8}$ d. to 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. for fair to good quality, the latter at 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. for ordinary brown, and 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. to 7d. for fair to good fair; the prices recently obtained by private contract have been as follows:—

Bengal, good ord. to fair	. . . 5 $\frac{5}{8}$ d. to 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ d.
Surat, good ord. to good	. . . 5 $\frac{7}{8}$ d. to 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ d.
Bowed, good to fine	. . . 10 $\frac{1}{8}$ d. to 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.

The East India Company's sale of Bengal Raw Silk commenced on the 22nd, and a considerable rise has been obtained as compared with the prices of the last sale; good and fine Silks may be stated at 10 to 15 per cent. advance, and middling at 5 to 10 per cent. Italian Silks are also looking upwards, and a parcel of 150 bales of China arrived at Liverpool has been sold at 27s. and is expected to be shortly worth 30s.

In Wool there is not much doing, but prices are firmly maintained, as the manufacturers are in full employment, and the stocks on hand are inconsiderable.

In Indigo there is no great activity, but purchases cannot be made except at a premium upon last sale's prices.

The Market for Tea continues steady, and Company's fine Congous bring 1d. to 2d. per lb. upon the prices of last sale; good common Congous are at 11d. to 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.; common Twankays at 1s. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.; Boheas and Hysons without alteration.

There has been, since the middle of the month, a lively demand on the Corn Market for Wheat and the better qualities of Barley, the former at an advance of 2s. per quarter; in Oats the trade has been dull.

The steadiness in the English Funds which has obtained since the commencement of the year, is the most certain test and guarantee of the general feeling of confidence in the continuance of public tranquillity and prosperity. The 24th was settling-day in Consols, and in the six weeks intervening since the last settlement, the extreme variations scarcely amounted to  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.; and all other descriptions of Government Security have been nearly equally steady. Bank Stock and India Stock have, however, materially improved within the last month; the former to the extent of nearly 5 per cent., the latter about half as much.

In the Foreign Market the fluctua-



tions had been within narrow limits, even in that great medium of speculation, Spanish Stock, until the 22nd of the last month, when something like a panic was engendered by some exaggerated statements of reverses suffered by the Queen's troops in the revolted provinces, and by apprehensions of the want of ability of Mendizabal to provide for the dividends due in May. The effect of this was to reduce Spanish Active Stock from 47 to about 43; but it has since rallied to a quotation midway between those extremes.

The Share Market has presented a scene of extraordinary excitement and activity; almost every description of railway scheme has been eagerly patronized, and shares purchased at a premium. Since the commencement of the present month, the premium on London and Birmingham has advanced from 60% to 75% on London and Southampton from 1*l*. 10*s*. to 8*l*. 10*s*., and on Great Western, from 15*l*. to 24*l*. The determination, however, expressed by Ministers in the House of Commons to scrutinize more narrowly than has hitherto been the case the relative merits of rival schemes, has lately somewhat checked the eagerness for engaging in these speculations, which were beginning to excite no small apprehension in the minds of cooler and more observing persons.

The closing prices of the various descriptions of Public and Joint-Stock Securities on the 23rd are subjoined:—

ENGLISH FUNDS.

Bank Stock, 218 $\frac{1}{2}$  19 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Three per cent. Reduced, 91 $\frac{7}{8}$  2—Three per cent. Consols, 91 $\frac{1}{4}$   $\frac{3}{8}$ —Three and a Half per cent. Reduced, 100 $\frac{1}{2}$   $\frac{5}{8}$ —Three and a Half per cent. New, 100  $\frac{1}{8}$ —Long Annuities, 1860, 16 $\frac{5}{16}$   $\frac{3}{8}$ —India Stock, 256 $\frac{1}{2}$  7—India Bonds, 3 5—Exchequer Bills, 19 21—Ditto Small, 19 21—Consols for Account, 91 $\frac{1}{8}$   $\frac{1}{4}$ —Ditto April, 91 $\frac{1}{2}$   $\frac{5}{8}$ —Omnium, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$   $\frac{5}{8}$ .

SHARES.

Brazilian, Imperial, 25 7—Ditto d'El Rey, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  5 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Canada, 35 7—Colombian, 13 14—Real Del Monte, 19 20—United Mexican, 4  $\frac{1}{2}$ —London and Birmingham Railway, 73 5 pm—London and Greenwich ditto, 29  $\frac{1}{2}$ —London and Southampton ditto, 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  8 $\frac{1}{2}$  pm—Great Western ditto, 23 $\frac{1}{2}$  4 $\frac{1}{2}$  pm—London and Brighton, 11 $\frac{1}{2}$  12 $\frac{1}{2}$  pm—Rennie's ditto, 1 $\frac{3}{4}$  2 pm—Blackwall, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  2 pm—Commercial ditto, 1 $\frac{1}{4}$   $\frac{1}{2}$  pm.

FOREIGN FUNDS.

Belgian, 5 per cent. 102 $\frac{3}{4}$  3 $\frac{1}{4}$ —Brazilian, 1824, 5 per cent. 86 $\frac{1}{4}$   $\frac{3}{4}$ —Chilian, 6 per cent. 49 50—Colombian, 1824, 6 per cent. 31 $\frac{3}{4}$  2 $\frac{1}{4}$ —Danish, 3 per cent. 76 $\frac{3}{4}$  7 $\frac{1}{4}$ —Dutch, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. 55 $\frac{3}{8}$   $\frac{5}{8}$ —Ditto, 5 per cent. 104  $\frac{1}{4}$ —Mexican, 6 per cent. 35 $\frac{1}{2}$  6 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Peruvian, 6 per cent. 25 6—Portuguese Regency, 5 per cent. 82 $\frac{7}{8}$  3 $\frac{1}{8}$ —Ditto 1835, 3 per cent. 52 $\frac{5}{8}$   $\frac{7}{8}$ —Russian 0*l*. sterling, 5 per cent. 110 $\frac{1}{2}$   $\frac{3}{4}$ —Spanish Active Bonds, 1834, 44 $\frac{3}{4}$  5—Ditto, Deferred ditto, 22 $\frac{1}{2}$   $\frac{3}{4}$ —Ditto, Passive ditto, 14 $\frac{1}{2}$   $\frac{3}{4}$ .

## MONTHLY DIGEST.

### GREAT BRITAIN.

#### IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.—HOUSE OF LORDS.

Feb. 4.—HIS MAJESTY this day opened the Session of Parliament. On his arrival at the House of Peers he was conducted to the Throne with the usual ceremonies, and in a firm and distinct voice delivered the following Speech:—

“ My Lords and Gentlemen,

“ It is with great satisfaction that I again meet the great Council of the nation assembled in Parliament. I am ever anxious to avail myself of your advice and assistance, and I rejoice that the present state of public affairs, both at home and abroad, is such as to permit you to proceed, without delay or interruption, to the calm examination of those measures which will be submitted to your consideration.

“ I continue to receive from my Allies, and generally from all Foreign Powers, assurances of their unaltered desire to cultivate with me those friendly relations which it is equally my wish to maintain with them; and the intimate union which happily subsists between this country and France is a pledge to Europe for the continuance of the general peace.



“ Desirous on all occasions to use my friendly endeavours to remove causes of disagreement between other Powers, I have offered my mediation in order to compose the difference which has arisen between France and the United States. This offer has been accepted by the King of the French: the answer of the President of the United States has not yet been received; but I entertain a confident hope that a misunderstanding between two nations so enlightened and high-minded will be settled in a manner satisfactory to the feelings, and consistent with the honour, of both.

“ I have still to lament the continuance of the civil contest in the northern provinces of Spain. The measures which I have taken, and the engagement into which I have entered, sufficiently prove my deep anxiety for its termination; and the prudent and vigorous conduct of the present Government of Spain inspires me with the hope that the authority of the Queen will soon be established in every part of her dominions, and that the Spanish nation, so long connected by friendship with Great Britain, will again enjoy the blessings of internal tranquillity and union.

“ I have given directions that there be laid before you the treaty which I have concluded with the Queen of Spain for the suppression of the Slave Trade.

“ Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

“ I have directed the estimates of the year to be prepared and laid before you without delay. They have been framed with the strictest regard to well-considered economy.

“ The necessity of maintaining the maritime strength of the country, and of giving adequate protection to the extended commerce of my subjects, has occasioned some increase in the estimates for the naval branch of the public service.

“ The state of the commerce and manufactures of the United Kingdom is highly satisfactory. I lament that any class of my subjects should still suffer distress; and the difficulties which continue to be felt in important branches of agriculture may deserve your inquiry, with the view of ascertaining whether there are any measures which Parliament can advantageously adopt for the alleviation of this pressure.

“ My Lords and Gentlemen,

“ I have not yet received the further Report of the Commission appointed to consider the state of the several dioceses of England and Wales; but I have reason to believe that their recommendations upon most of the important subjects submitted to them are nearly prepared. They shall be laid before you without delay, and you will direct your early attention to the Ecclesiastical Establishment, with the intention of rendering it more efficient for the holy purposes for which it has been instituted.

“ Another subject which will naturally occupy you is the state of the tithe in England and Wales; and a measure will be submitted to you, having for its end the rendering this mode of providing for the clergy more fixed and certain, and calculated to relieve it from that fluctuation and from those objections to which it has hitherto been subject.

“ The principles of toleration by which I have been invariably guided must render me desirous of removing any cause of offence or trouble to the consciences of any portion of my subjects; and I am therefore anxious that you should consider whether measures may not be framed, which, whilst they remedy any grievances which affect those who dissent from the doctrine or discipline of the Established Church, will also be of general advantage to the whole body of the community.

“ The speedy and satisfactory administration of justice is the first and most sacred duty of a Sovereign, and I earnestly recommend you to consider whether better provisions may not be made for this great purpose in some of the departments of the law, and more particularly in the Court of Chancery.

“ I trust that you will be able to effect a just settlement of the question of tithe in Ireland, upon such principles as will tend at length to establish harmony and peace in that country.

“ You are already in possession of the Report of the Commission appointed to inquire into the state of the Municipal Corporations in Ireland; and I entertain the hope that it will be in your power to apply to any defects and evils which may have been known to exist in those institutions, a remedy founded on the same principles as those of the Acts which have already passed for England and Scotland.

“ A further Report of the Commission of Inquiry into the condition of the



poorer classes of my subjects in Ireland will speedily be laid before you. You will approach this subject with the caution due to its importance and difficulty; and the experience of the salutary effect produced by the 'Act for the Amendment of the Laws relating to the Poor in England and Wales' may in many respects assist your deliberations.

"I rely upon your prudence and wisdom, and upon your determination to maintain as well as to amend the laws and institutions of the country; and I commit these questions of domestic policy, to which I have deemed it my duty to direct your attention, into your hands, persuaded that you will so treat them as to increase the happiness and prosperity, by promoting the religion and morality, of my people."

After the delivery of the Royal Speech, the House of Lords adjourned during pleasure.

When the house met at five o'clock, after their temporary adjournment, the Duke of Leinster moved the Address, which was seconded by the Earl of Burlington.—The Duke of Wellington, after expressing his satisfaction at the assurances in the King's Speech that the general tranquillity was not likely to be disturbed, directed his remarks to the domestic subjects alluded to from the Throne. His Grace disclaimed any wish to embarrass his Majesty's government, but stated, at the same time, his objection to being bound by the pledge introduced into the Address to consider the proposed Municipal Reform Bill for Ireland, on any ground but the real merits of the question. The Noble Duke then moved the following amendment:—"That being already in possession of the Report of the Commission appointed to inquire into the state of the Municipal Corporations in Ireland, we will proceed, without delay, to the consideration of any defects or evils which may have been shown to exist in these institutions, for the purpose of obviating them—to ensure the impartial administration of justice."—Lord Melbourne assured the House that no intention existed of pledging Noble Lords to any precise form of enactment for the Irish Municipalities.—The Marquess of Lansdowne repeated the assurances of Lord Melbourne; and added that, without compromising their own views, the government would accede to the motion of the Duke of Wellington. The amendment was then agreed to, and their Lordships adjourned.

Feb. 5.—Their Lordships met, and proceeded in state to present the Address to his Majesty.

Feb. 8.—The Lord Chancellor informed their Lordships that his Majesty had been pleased to return the following answer to the Address of that House:—"My Lords—I thank you for your loyal and dutiful address: I receive with great satisfaction, and rely with entire confidence upon your assurance that the questions of domestic policy which I have recommended to your attention will be treated by you in a manner calculated to increase the happiness and prosperity of the country, by promoting the religion and morality of my people."

Feb. 9.—On the motion of the Earl of Winchilsea, a list of Commissioners, &c., appointed since January 1, 1830, was ordered to be laid before the House.—The Marquess of Salisbury called the attention of the House to the practice which he understood had obtained, of appointing magistrates on the recommendation of Secretaries of State without reference to the Lords-Lieutenant of counties, whose local knowledge makes it desirable that they should be consulted. He moved (considering political partisans might in this way be preferred, but not bringing any charge against the present government) for returns of persons so appointed.

Feb. 18.—Lord Wynford moved for a Committee to inquire into the causes of the distressed state of agriculture.—Lord Melbourne said that he should not oppose the motion, but he begged to state that he could take no part in the management of the Committee, and that the government could be no party to any measure which would propose to tamper with the currency,



either by a greater issue of paper, or by depreciating the standard.—After some discussion the motion was agreed to, and the Committee appointed.—The Marquess of Londonderry reverted to the case of twenty-seven young men who had been seized in Spain, and imprisoned, contrary to the law of nations. His Lordship gave notice that he should move for papers on the subject.

Feb. 19.—It was ordered, on the motion of Lord Londonderry, “That an humble address be presented to his Majesty, praying that his Majesty will be pleased to order that there be laid before this House a copy of the letter, written in or about the month of September last, by the Noble Lord the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, interceding for the liberation of twenty-seven Spaniards captured on board the *Isabella Anne*, about the month of February, 1835, and still retained as prisoners, together with the answer of the Spanish government thereto.”—On the motion of Lord Lansdowne, the resolutions of the House of Commons relative to the mode of preparing Bills and Parliamentary Papers, and substituting plain round-hand for engrossing in black-letter, were referred to a Select Committee.

#### HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Feb. 4.—Sir J. Wrottesley moved the Address to the Throne, which was seconded by Mr. Parker.—Sir R. Peel protested, in a very forcible manner, against the breach of established courtesy involved in so wording the Address as to pledge Hon. Members not to inquire into and redress the defects in the Irish Corporations, but to the declaration of a particular mode of legislation on the subject, even when the Speech from the Throne, to which the Address was an answer, admitted that the proof of any defects had not yet been furnished by the Commissioners for Municipal Inquiry. In conclusion, the Right Hon. Bart. moved an amendment on that portion of the Address referred to, to the effect that the House would zealously inquire into, and scrupulously redress, any grievances that might be proved to exist.—This amendment was opposed by Lord J. Russell.—Lord Stanley expressed his disposition to do whatever justice might require in the reform of Irish Corporations, but concurred with Sir R. Peel in refusing to be pledged by others to the adoption of any peculiar plan for securing that object.—Lord Dudley Stuart announced his intention to move an amendment to the Address with respect to Poland. His Lordship, however, before sitting down, withdrew the proposed amendment, and satisfied himself with stating that he should bring forward the subject on another day.—After some further discussion, the gallery was cleared for a division, which was however delayed by the rising of Mr. O’Connell. He reiterated, with scarcely a variation of phrase, the speeches he has lately made in Ireland and some parts of England, and declared his resolution to support ministers. The House having divided, the numbers were—For the Address, 284; for the Amendment, 243; Majority for the Address, 41.

Feb. 5.—Mr Ewart moved that no business except of a formal nature should be entered upon after the hour of half-past eleven at night. He had made a similar motion during the last Session, which, though not carried formally, was virtually so by the persevering conduct of his Hon. Friend the Member for Salford, and he only now wished to establish, by a resolution of that House, what had been the practice for some time past. There was now a great deal of time wasted in debating the solemn and important question whether they should adjourn or not, and by acceding to his proposition they would be enabled to devote it to public business. The Hon. Gentleman concluded by submitting his proposition.—After a long discussion the House divided, when there appeared—For the motion, 51; against it, 233; majority against it, 182.—Sir J. Wrottesley then brought up the Report on the Address.

Feb. 8.—Lord John Russell having called the attention of the House to a resolution passed in 1833, to the effect that it would be very dangerous to



make any attempt to alter the currency, so as to lower the standard, proceeded, in compliance with the terms of his Majesty's Speech from the Throne, to move for the appointment of a Committee of Inquiry into the present state of the agricultural interest, for the purpose of ascertaining the facts of the case, and of devising a remedy, if such were possible. His Lordship strongly deprecated any alteration in the currency, as being neither consistent with the public faith nor conducive to the public interest, and recommended to the notice of the Committee the fact, that, although wheat was and for some time had been very low in price, there had not been an equal fall in the other descriptions of grain. His Lordship then adverted to the great changes at present in progress for the benefit of the farming interest, from the operation of the new Poor Law Act, which had in Sussex, and many other parts of England, already reduced the poor-rates one-third, and would eventually reduce them much more—thus affording a great amelioration to the farming districts. The state of the law relative to the county-rate would also come under the consideration of the Committee, with the view, if possible, of devising some satisfactory control over the expenditure incurred under that important head. With regard to the corn-laws, he did not deem it expedient to take that subject into consideration. He thought the agriculturist entitled to protection, and did not wish that question to occupy the attention of a Select Committee, being, in his judgment, a question more suited to the consideration of the whole House. His Lordship added, that his reasons for assenting to the appointment of a Committee were founded more upon his feeling that it was the duty of Parliament to inquire, when inquiry was demanded by a large class of the community, than upon any prospect which he saw of relieving the distress which pressed upon the agriculturist by any legislative interference. He did not wish to hold out any hopes which might turn out unfounded. He wished the question to be fairly sifted by the Committee; and if, after its inquiries were terminated, it should turn out that there were any practical means by which agriculture could be improved, it would then be the duty of Parliament to adopt them.—The Committee was appointed.

Feb. 9.—A petition was presented by Mr. Buckingham, for leave to bring in a Bill for compensation from the East India Company for injuries sustained.—Lord J. Russell moved for leave to bring in a Bill for the Commutation of Tithes in England and Wales. The leading outlines of the plan were, that in the first instance there should be a board formed, to consist of three persons, two to be named by the King and one by the Archbishop of Canterbury; that such board should have opportunity to nominate sub-commissioners to act in different parts of the country; and that they should hear and determine the commutations, subject, of course, to the revision of the superior board. That all parties should have the opportunity of effecting voluntary commutations, by each representing the case before the commissioners; but that if they did not voluntarily adjust the commutation, then the commissioners should have the power of compelling a commutation, and deciding the amount of it. To ascertain what ought to be the amount of the commutation, an average to be taken of the tithes for the last seven years; and 75 per cent. of that average to be the *maximum* of amount to be fixed upon as the rate of perpetual commutation. It being notorious that many clergymen have for years received much less tithe than they ought to have received, there should be power in those cases to ascertain what ought to have been received, and then to fix the amount at not lower than 60 per cent. nor above 75 per cent. The amount of tithe-commutation to be ascertained in consequence of this Bill not to continue to be paid as now, but to be in the nature of a rent charge, and to be payable by the landlord. His Lordship made some exceptions regarding new hop-grounds, &c., which afterwards called forth some inquiries from Mr. Hume and others: in reply to which his Lordship was understood to say, that those grounds should not be liable to more than 15s. an acre charge over and above what they would



pay as corn lands.—Sir R. Inglis considered the measure to be of a most injurious tendency, and that eventually it must very materially affect the revenues of the Church.—Sir R. Peel regretted that it had been deemed requisite to introduce a *compulsory* provision; he should have preferred an attempt, in the first instance, to ascertain what could be effected by voluntary commutation. When last in office, he had prepared a Bill on this subject, and as it might be of use, he should be happy to let the Noble Lord have it, to assist him in preparing the Bill now proposed.—After some further remarks from Sir E. Knatchbull, &c., leave was given to bring in the Bill.—Mr. Hume, after an extended discussion, carried his resolution for discontinuing gratuities to officers of the House, &c.—Mr. Hume brought forward his proposition, that it be an instruction to the Committee to reconsider the propriety of *removing* the site of the Houses of Parliament. It was debated at some length, and strongly resisted; and eventually the House divided on it. The motion was lost by—Ayes, 42; Noes, 141—Majority against it, 99.

Feb. 10.—The Committee moved for by Mr. Ewart on a preceding evening, to inquire how far the arts of design could be rendered more available to the improvement of certain branches of manufacture, was nominated. Sir H. Hardinge called attention to the fact that, out of fifteen Members appointed on the Committee, only four were from the Opposition side of the House.

Feb. 11.—Colonel Bruen presented a petition from certain electors of the county of Carlow, praying for inquiry into the circumstances connected with the election of Messrs. Raphael and Vigors.—Mr. O'Connell declared himself ready to second the motion for a Committee to inquire into his conduct. Having supported inquiry in the case of other persons, he would not resist it in his own. He complained of the endeavour to wound his feelings by introducing the name of his son, John O'Connell, the Member for Youghall, into the petition.—Mr. Hardy presented a petition from Bath to the same effect.—After considerable discussion it was proposed that they should postpone further debate till Monday, and that in the meantime the petitions should be printed.—Mr. O'Connell and others proposed that Tuesday should be named.—Lord Stanley expressed his astonishment that Mr. O'Connell could consent to, or desire any delay of the consideration of such serious charges. He should have thought that there would have been resistance from such quarter of every hour's delay that was not absolutely unavoidable. Not knowing what use was to be made of the delay, he knew not how it could be sanctioned.—A long discussion followed, which ended, eventually, by Mr. Hardy's motion for the Committee of Inquiry being deferred till Tuesday.

Feb. 12.—Mr. Hawes gave notice of his intention to present a petition from certain architects, praying that all the plans sent in for the new Houses of Parliament should be publicly exhibited before the Committee of the House.—Mr. Wilks presented a petition from three individuals of Marlow, complaining that distress-warrants had been issued against them on Monday for the payment of church-rates, although the summonses were only issued on Saturday. Laid on the table.—Mr. R. Wallace begged to ask whether it was the intention of the Post-office Commissioners to make any alteration in the general management of the Post-office; and, secondly, whether there was any foundation for the alleged irregularities in the packet department.—Mr. Labouchere said it was intended to make some change in regard to the management of the Post-office; and also that a report relative to the steam-packet stations would be laid on the table in about three weeks.—In answer to another question from Mr. R. Wallace, Mr. Labouchere said that there would be no further outlay on the harbour of Portpatrick until a Report had been made upon the subject by the Commissioners.—On the motion of Mr. Baring, the House went into a Committee of Supply, and several sums were voted.—The House having resumed, and certain resolutions re-



specting Committees having been proposed, Mr. S. O'Brien moved as an amendment, that upon all subjects which concerned the interests of the United Kingdom at large, at least two out of the fifteen be selected from the Irish Members. The Hon. Member, however, eventually withdrew his motion.

Feb. 15.—Mr. Roebuck moved for a copy of the instructions to Lord Gosford and the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the grievances of Lower Canada.—Sir. G. Grey said, the production of the papers required would operate injuriously to the public service.—Mr. Roebuck, upon this statement, declined to press his motion.—Mr. Roebuck then brought forward his motion for the appointment of a Committee to inquire into the administration of justice in the Mauritius.—After an extended discussion, the House divided; the numbers were—For the motion, 69; against it, 227; lost by a majority of 158.

Feb. 16.—Mr. Hardy, on renewing the discussion upon the petitions relating to the Carlow election, read the correspondence which had taken place between the parties, on which he grounded his charges against Mr. O'Connell. The transaction, he contended, was distinctly in its character a bargain, and he challenged the Attorney-General to say whether he had ever witnessed a more complete bargain than this appeared to be. With respect to the expenditure of the money, he could not conceive how it could have been all expended, seeing how soon the Hon. and Learned Gentleman had withdrawn his opposition to the petition. But it was, as he conceived, of little importance whether any portion of the money had gone into the pocket of Mr. O'Connell or not. Besides, he would ask the House, what would have become of the money if no opposition had been made to the return of Mr. Raphael? There was no condition in the bargain to provide that in such a case the money should be returned. The Hon. Member concluded by moving, "That a Select Committee be appointed to inquire into the circumstances of the traffic and agreement alleged to have taken place between Daniel O'Connell and A. Raphael, Esqrs., touching the nomination and return of Alexander Raphael as one of the representatives in Parliament for the county of Carlow, at the last election for that county, and to report the minutes of evidence taken before them, with their observations thereon."—Mr. O'Connell commenced by declaring that the resolution was an exceedingly paltry one. It did not extend to the inquiry which he demanded. He denied that he had been furnished with a copy of the petition before the correspondence with the Hon. Gentleman, and alluded to the cheers with which the contrary statement had been received, as a proof of the "impartiality" he had to expect. The inquiry should have been extensive and searching, not paltry and personal, as it had now become. He was acquitted of personal corruption the other evening. But he defied the charge. What he wanted was an independent Committee and a full inquiry; and if that were not granted, his influence in Ireland—ay, and in England—ay, and even in Bradford—would be increased, and the Hon. Member who accused him might meet him there if ever he stood for that place again. He was the hired servant of the Irish people, and it was his duty to obtain Members to represent them in that House. Yet this was made a charge against him. The Hon. and Learned Gentleman then entered into a history of the state of Ireland under the Tories, and proceeded to detail the history of his connexion and proceedings with Mr. Raphael. As to the charge of pecuniary corruption, the whole of it arose from the circumstance of Mr. Raphael being applied to for the expenses of his election. But he would appeal to any man whether the legitimate expenses must not be considerable. After going through many additional details, the Hon. and Learned Member concluded by declaring, that if he agreed to the Committee, it would be in order to hear the evidence of Mr. Vigors, and to ascertain whether the allegations contained in his petition were or were not well founded.—Mr. R. Wason abandoned his proposi-



tion that the case be investigated at the bar of the House.—Mr. Warburton moved, as an amendment to Mr. Hardy's motion, "That it be an instruction to the Committee to ascertain how the money advanced by Mr. Raphael was expended, and to the circumstances connected therewith."—In answer to Lord Sandon's inquiry, he added that he did not thereby mean that the Committee should go into the history of the county's elections.—The motion was eventually carried, amended as proposed by Mr. Warburton, and the names previously selected by conference between parties on each side of the House were adopted.—Mr. Hardy said, he had neither prepared the list, nor intended to be on the Committee.—Nominees were afterwards chosen, Mr. Sergeant Wilde and Sir F. Pollock, making 13 Members.

Feb. 17.—Mr. Ewart moved the second reading of the Prisoners' Defence by Counsel Bill.—Sir E. Wilmot moved, as an amendment, that the Bill be read a second time that day six months.—After some discussion there was a division, when there appeared, for the second reading, 179; against it, 35; majority in its favour, 144.—Mr. Hawes moved, "That it be an instruction to the Committee appointed to consider and report on the plans for the two Houses of Parliament, to inspect all the plans that had been submitted to the Commissioners, &c., and to receive the estimates of the said plans from such architects as might be willing to furnish them to the Committee."—The Chancellor of the Exchequer opposed the motion, as being calculated to open the whole question regarding the plans.—The House eventually divided on it; the numbers were, for the motion, 48; against it, 120; majority against it, 72.

Feb. 18.—Lord Morpeth moved for leave to bring in a Bill to amend the law regarding the appointment, &c. of the constabulary force in Ireland, which, after an extended conversation, was agreed to.—Mr. Sheil brought forward his motion respecting the Lay Association for the protection of Church property in Ireland, and moved for a Select Committee to inquire into certain particulars of their conduct while endeavouring to enforce the payment of tithe.—Mr. Sergeant Jackson and Mr. Shaw complained that the law had not been observed.—Mr. Sergeant O'Loughlin, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Lord Morpeth, contended that they had obeyed the law, and followed the precedents of their predecessors in office.—After an extended discussion, the motion was conceded.

Feb. 19.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer moved for a copy of the Treasurer's minute to carry into effect the offer of Lord Sidmouth to resign his pension of 3000*l*. He was anxious to take the earliest opportunity of bringing this subject before the House, and he did so in consequence of a letter received by the head of the Government from Lord Sidmouth, in which he begged to resign the pension of 3000*l*., which he received for the duties he had performed as Speaker of that House.—Lord D. Stuart moved, pursuant to notice, "That an Address be presented to the Crown for the treaty of Constantinople of the 8th of July, 1833, called the treaty of Hoonkiar 'Skelessi, the treaty of St. Petersburg, of the 29th of January, 1834, the correspondence between this Government and the Governments of Russia and Turkey relative to those treaties, and the correspondence with the Government of Russia relating to the remonstrances made by England against the conduct pursued by Russia towards Poland." After a long discussion, that part of the motion relative to the treaty of Hoonkiar 'Skelessi was agreed to, and the rest negatived.

---

## THE COLONIES.

### WEST INDIES.

The Jamaica papers contain the unwelcome information that fresh differences had arisen between the House of Assembly and the Marquis of Sligo. The Colonial Legislature had had under discussion the Police Bill; and,



after a lengthened debate, it had been resolved to continue that measure for one year only, in opposition to the wishes of his Excellency that it should be of equal duration with the term of apprenticeship.

## CANADA.

The Canadian Legislative Council have adopted resolutions declaratory of the "extreme alarm" with which they view what they herein designate "any inclination to infringe on the institution by a change in its constituent principles, which would ultimately tend to destroy the tutelary prerogative of the crown, to neutralize the indispensable protection of the mother-country, and to annihilate the counterpoise on the legislature which can alone insure to all the inhabitants of this province the full enjoyment of their rights and liberties."

---

 FOREIGN STATES.

## FRANCE.

The French papers state that M. Thiers is to be the President of the Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs, though not officially announced. With M. Thiers are to be associated—M. Montalivet, in the Home Office; M. Sauzet, Justice; M. D'Argout, Finance; Marshal Maison, War; M. Passy, Commerce; M. de Montebello, Public Instruction; and Admiral Rosamel, Marine.

## UNITED STATES.

The Message of the President to Congress on the subject of the relations between that government and that of France has been received. Its tone is decidedly warlike; for it not only recommends the cessation of all friendly intercourse with France by the prohibition of French products, and the entry of French vessels into the ports of the United States, but alludes, in language that cannot be mistaken, to their right of indemnification by reprisals upon French property. The President refers to "naval preparations in France intended for the American seas," and recommends "adequate preparation" to counteract them, "an increase of the navy, and the completion of the coast defences." He considers the subterfuge of France as to the non-payment of the debt as an insult to the United States; "for," says General Jackson, "France admits the debt to be a just one, but refuses to pay because her feelings have been hurt by his telling her it was a shame not to pay." The general opinion, however, is notwithstanding these hostile demonstrations, that no war will take place. The Message bears date on the 18th of January; and as it was necessarily referred to a Committee of Congress, and any measure resulting therefrom must not only be digested and reported on by that committee, and subsequently pass the House, as well as receive due consideration in the Senate before it can be acted on, it is probable that several weeks may elapse before the measures recommended by the President can become the law of the United States; and the interval which must thus elapse will afford time for the arrival of the despatches from England, announcing, not only the offer of mediation of the British Government, but also the fact that the French Government had accepted that mediation. These despatches were transmitted by his Majesty's brig *Pantaloön*, which sailed from Falmouth on the 23rd of December; and although winter passages from England to America are generally longer than those from America to England, yet it is only a fair assumption that the accepted mediation would reach Washington within a fortnight after the date of the President's Message, and therefore in time to prevent the passing of any measure likely to widen the breach between France and the United States. The interests of the people of both countries are essentially pacific. Neither of their governments has anything to gain by war.



## BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

### LORD STOWELL.

The venerable Lord Stowell died at Early-court, near Reading, in the 91st year of his age. By the demise of the Noble Baron, one of the few remaining links between our times and the era of Johnson, Burke, and Goldsmith, has been lost. The venerable peer was one of Dr. Johnson's most intimate friends, and executor named in his will. Lord Stowell presided for years with great credit to himself over the Consistory and Admiralty Courts; and one of his latest judgments in the latter, given a few years since, in the matter of the slave *Grace*, was as distinguished as those given in his best days for critical acumen and extreme nicety of discrimination. He had been twice married; in April, 1782, to Anna Maria, eldest daughter and co-heiress of John Bagnall, Esq., who died in 1809. In 1813 he married, when in his 68th year, Lady Louisa Catherine Howe, Marchioness Dowager of Sligo, and daughter of the celebrated Earl Howe: she died in 1817, without issue. By his first marriage Lord Stowell had a son and daughter; the latter was married in March, 1809, to Thomas Townshend, Esq., who died in 1820 childless; and she was married a second time, in 1823, to Viscount Sidmouth. Lord Stowell's only son, the Hon. William Scott, was born in 1794, and died a short time ago, somewhat suddenly. The title is extinct. Lord Stowell's next brother, who survives him, is the venerable Earl of Eldon. Lord Stowell retired from the Admiralty Court in 1828, having presided there for the term of twenty years. The late Baron was a Privy Councillor, a Commissioner of the Land-tax, Master of the Faculties, a Bencher of the Middle Temple, D.C.L., F.R.S., and F.S.A.

### ADMIRAL SIR THOMAS PAKENHAM, G.C.B.

The deceased Admiral was son of Thomas Lord Longford by Lady Elizabeth, who was made a Countess after his death. He was certainly one of the most distinguished officers of the British navy, a man remarkable for talent, prompt decision, courage, and judgment. He first went to sea in 1770, in the *Southampton* frigate, with Captain Macbride, and in 1774 proceeded to the coast of Guinea with the brave Cornwallis. On his return he was appointed acting Lieutenant of the *Sphinx*, Captain Hunt, and sailed for North America. Early in 1776 General Lord Howe had evacuated Boston, and Lord Cornwallis had arrived. It was of the utmost importance that he should be apprised of the circumstance immediately, and Mr. Pakenham was intrusted with the dispatches of General Clinton, and sent in the armed sloop *General Gage* to Halifax, which port he reached, having narrowly escaped capture by an American squadron. Admiral Shulldham was so pleased with his skill and ability that he instantly made him a Lieutenant in the *Greyhound* frigate, in which he was actively employed and severely wounded. On the return of the *Greyhound* to England, Lord Mulgrave took Mr. Pakenham as Second Lieutenant of the *Courageux*, from which he was removed to the *Europe*, Admiral Arbuthnot's flag-ship, and proceeded with him to North America. He was soon after made a commander, appointed to the *Victor*, and dispatched to the West Indies with the intelligence that Count D'Estaing had arrived on the American coast with a large fleet. On his arrival at Jamaica Captain Pakenham was transferred to the *Ruby*, Sir Peter Parker's flag-ship, and was soon after appointed to the command of the *Bristol*. He then sailed with Commodore Cornwallis, and fought in those defensive actions which covered him with immortal honour. In these engagements Captain Pakenham distinguished himself by his coolness and judgment, for which Sir Peter Parker promoted him to the rank of Post Captain in the *San Carlos*, a ship taken from the Spaniards. His career was



for a time suspended: the wounds he had received in the *Greyhound* broke out afresh, baffled all medical skill, and forced him to return to England. As soon as he recovered he was appointed to the command of the *Crescent*, of twenty-eight guns, in which he accompanied Admiral Digby to Gibraltar, and thence to Minorca, for the relief of the garrison. He returned in company with the *Flora*, Captain Williams, and they fell in with two Dutch frigates, of thirty-six guns each, which they brought to action. For two hours did Captain Pakenham contend against the superior force, but having lost his mainmast, the ship became unmanageable, and he was forced to strike; but Captain Williams, having reduced his opponent, bore up to the assistance of the *Crescent*, and prevented the enemy from taking possession of her. Captain Pakenham came home in the *Flora*, leaving 103 either killed or wounded out of 196. The court-martial came to the unanimous opinion, "That the Honourable Captain Pakenham throughout the action had behaved with the coolest and ablest judgment; and with the firmest and most determined resolution—that he did not strike till he was totally unable to make the smallest defence; and the Court do therefore honourably acquit him. They cannot dismiss him without expressing their admiration of his conduct, wherein he manifested the skill of an able and judicious seaman, and the intrepidity of a gallant officer." Captain Pakenham was appointed to the *Minerva*, in the Channel fleet, under Lord Howe, and continued in her till the conclusion of the war. When the French revolution renewed the hostilities, Lord Chatham gave Captain Pakenham the command of the *Invincible*, of 74 guns, and in the complete defeat given to the enemy on the 1st of June, he bore a distinguished part. He was particularly mentioned by Lord Howe, and received a medal. In 1795 he was made a Colonel of Marines, and served under Admirals Waldegrave, Cornwallis, and Alan Gardner. In 1799 he was advanced to the rank of Rear-Admiral, in 1804 to that of Vice-Admiral, in 1810 to that of Admiral, and in 1820 was created a Grand Cross of the Bath.

---

## MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

*Married.*]—At Wimpole, R. C. Z. Bevan, Esq., of Belmont, Herts, to Lady Agneta Yorke, sister of the Earl of Hardwicke.

At Milan, Count Jules D'Andreis, to Caroline, daughter of the late Rev. T. King, D.D. of Woodstock, Oxfordshire.

J. W. Shawe, Esq., to Mary, only daughter of Sir Christopher Bayne, Bart., of Harefield-place, Middlesex.

At Millmount-house, Ross-shire. Edward Ricketts, Esq., of his Majesty's Treasury, to Miss Isabella Gibson, of the former place.

At Weymouth, Theophilus John St. George, Esq., eldest son of Sir Richard Bligh St. George, Bart. of Woodgift, county Kilkenny, to Caroline Georgiana, second daughter of J. Lautour, Esq., of Hextoun-house, Hertfordshire.

At Sherborne, the Rev. Joen Langdon, B.A. of St. John's College, Cambridge, to Elizabeth, relict of the late Capt. Cook, of Slape-house, Netherbury, Dorset.

At East Woodhay, Hants, the Rev. James Deans Dundas, second son of Capt. Dundas, M.P., to Olivia Flora, only daughter of Col. Burslem, of Harwood Lodge, Hants.

*Died.*]—In Upper Harley-street, John Cunningham, Esq., in his 28th year, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law.

At Sevenoaks Vine, Mrs. Randolph, aged 81 relict of John Lord Bishop of London.

In Cadogan-place, Caroline Christiana, wife of Major Goldsmid, and daughter of the late Daniel Birkett, of Ralhead House, Middlesex, Esq., in the 37th year of her age.

On the 6th ult., of a brain fever, in his 16th year, George Augustus, fourth and youngest son of John Burke, Esq., of St. Michael's Grove, Brompton.

William Strange, Esq., of Upton, Essex, aged 70.

At Clapham, in his 80th year, John Gillies, LL.D., F.R.S., &c. &c., Historiographer to his Majesty for Scotland.

In Grosvenor-place, William Hollond, Esq., in the 86th year of his age.

At Hackney, Thomas Warburton, Esq., in his 79th year.

At Ardsallagh, county of Waterford, Mr. Ronayne, the Member for Clonmel.

At West Hill, Wandsworth, Mr. Richard Phillips, in his 81st year.

---



## PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES

### IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

#### LONDON.

In the London Almshouses, instituted in lieu of an illumination to commemorate the passing of the Reform Bill, twenty-three candidates have been elected, who enjoy each annuities varying from 12*l.* to 25*l.* per annum. The almshouses are situated at Park-hill, Brixton. They are built in the Gothic style, and possess all the accommodations which are consistent with institutions of this nature.

#### LANCASHIRE.

Mr. Pease, the Member for South Durham, at a dinner at Stockton-upon-Tees, drew the following picture of the flourishing state of the commercial and manufacturing interests of the country:—"I am assured by an individual connected with the cotton trade in Manchester, that the number of mills now building in that district must be considered to *exceed those already in existence!* Allow me, also, to turn your attention to figures. I find that the shipping from all parts of the world, entered inwards in 1833, was 27,730 vessels, while in 1835 there were 28,860; that the number of men employed in the former year was 223,855, while the number employed in 1835 was 340,027. Here is a proof of the increase of foreign trade, and this is the result of the prosperity of manufactures. The export of manufactures—its declared value—was last year 36,444,000*l.*; in 1835, 41,649,000*l.* It is this that gives to the manufacturing districts their present state of prosperity. This prosperity must also operate on agriculture."

*Liverpool Custom-House.*—The amount of duties received at the Custom-house in 1835 was 4,273,000*l.*, an increase of upwards of 426,000*l.* From a parliamentary return of the receipts from customs at London, 1834, there were only six ports in England where they exceeded 100,000*l.*: namely, London, 10,697,263*l.*; Liverpool, 3,846,306*l.*; Bristol, 1,072,106*l.*; Hull, 682,000*l.*; Newcastle, 286,918*l.*, and Gloucester, 131,105*l.* The total receipts in Ireland were 1,756,036*l.*, and in Scotland, 1,441,336*l.* It will be seen, therefore, that the receipts at London were more than three times as much as those of all

Scotland and Ireland, and that the receipts at Liverpool, during the same period, were 648,934*l.* more than in all Scotland and Ireland.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

#### SOMERSET.

*Trade of Bristol.*—In the report of the proceedings of the annual meeting of the Chamber of Commerce it will be seen that the increase of the customs' duties at this port for the past year, as compared with the preceding, has been 105,580*l.* 8*s.* 9*d.* We presume this is caused in a large degree by the opening of the tea-trade. By a Liverpool paper, we find that the increase at that port for the same period has been 426,598*l.*

#### WALES.

*North and South Wales Banking Company.*—We are glad at length to learn that the attention of British capitalists has been directed to the improvement of Wales, by the establishment of a Bank capable of affording to the agricultural and mining interests a judicious and provident accommodation, and a more extended and safer monetary system.

North Wales especially demands the succour of a bank framed upon a broad national basis, which alone is calculated to inspire confidence among the Ancient Britons.

The principles of this bank appear to be the best adapted to promote the welfare of the Principality, and to open to individuals in Wales the means of securely investing any small surplus capital which they may have accumulated; and we confidently hope that the inhabitants, enlightened by their chiefs, may derive all the advantages which the influx of half a million of capital into a district so much requiring it is capable of yielding.

Wales has in abundance natural sources of wealth, and requires only capital to render them available. Its mines are among the most productive in the world; but the fortunate chances that have led to the working of some have not operated to insure the prosperity of others—although many of them are of high promise. The earth may be made to "yield its increase;" but enterprise and industry can achieve little, without the sinews that add strength to



action: the introduction of sufficient capital will convert many an apparently barren rock into gold.

Wales also, considered with reference to agriculture, has riches on its surface. The farmers of that country have long felt they stood in need of the assistance which the prudent capitalist is always ready to contribute—benefiting others while he serves himself. To this class, especially, the establishment of the bank to which we refer, founded as it is upon the most safe and certain of all principles, will be of immense advantage.

Wales has also its extensive manufactories. If their prosperity has not been commensurate with those of England it is only because the means have not been so fully within its reach. Its iron and its flannel have, it is true, maintained their supremacy in our markets; but even they have not continued to improve as they would have done if the manufacturer had found the aid which in England is procured so easily. The miner, the agriculturist, and the manufacturer may, therefore, expect to reap vast advantages from the establishment of this “North and South Wales Banking Company;” and its beneficial influence will necessarily spread to every class of the people. We trust that the more wealthy among the Welsh will stir themselves to give it proper effect. It is only by improving the condition of the actual labourers above and beneath the soil that the lord of it is really benefited. The poor are not more dependent on the rich than the rich on the poor; and if the circumstances of the one are bettered, those of the other necessarily become so. The introduction of capital into Wales, by the mode to which we refer, is of immense importance to both.

#### SCOTLAND.

*Cotton Trade of Scotland.*—The cotton trade of Scotland continues to increase every year. Last year the increase was more than 3800 bags; total consumption nearly 100,000 bags. 32,000,000 lbs. at 9d., 1,200,000l.; charges and profits on spinning at 7d., 930,000l.; of this sum about a half would be for wages and a half for tear and wear, profit, &c. Value of yarn, 2,130,000l.; exported (about a fourth!), 530,000l. Left for manufacturing, 1,600,000l.; expense and profit of manufacturing, 1,200,000l. Value of manufactured goods, 2,800,000l.

*Astonishing Produce at Leadhills,*—which, in the words of the Gazetteer of Scotland, “stand in an Alpine region,

1300 feet above the level of the sea, amidst a wilderness of dismal heathy mountains.” Mr. John Hunter planted this last season 16 Scotch falls (being the tenth part of a Scotch acre) with potatoes, which produced the extraordinary quantity of 335 imperial stones, being at the rate of 21 tons to the acre. The Earl of Hopetoun, the superior of this district, allows the miners to cultivate small lots, in all, consisting of about a square mile around the village, which is consequently under spade labour, producing an annual average of upwards of 25,000 stones of hay (22 lbs. to the stone), 12,000 stones of potatoes, a few patches of oats, also a considerable quantity of green food for the cattle in summer. These quantities being computed by residents at Leadhills, well acquainted with the nature of agricultural produce, they can be relied on as correct, notwithstanding the account which has appeared in the “Statistical Account of Lanarkshire,” which must have been derived from some erroneous calculation. When public attention is now so generally called to the practicability of improving our waste lands by spade labour, this instance of productiveness, from a mountain district higher than the summit of the Pentland range, ought certainly to be a strong proof of the possibility of employing our pauper population with advantage to themselves, to the benefit of proprietors, and the general improvement of our country.—*Scotsman.*

*Dundee Shipping.*—From an obscure provincial town, Dundee has, within the brief space of twenty years or little more, risen to distinction, her shipping and manufactures being now objects of national importance. In the year 1792, the number of vessels belonging to the town was 116, measuring 8550 tons register. In the under-mentioned years the number of vessels, and the amount of tonnage, were as follows:—In 1824, 165 vessels; 17,945 tons. In 1829, 225 vessels; 27,150 tons. In 1833, 284 vessels; 35,473 tons: and, 1st of January, 1836, the number was 302, and the tonnage 39,531. During a period of 32 years, from 1792 to 1824, there was an increase of 9495 tons, which is scarcely equal to the increase for the next five years, namely, from 1824 to 1829; and in the succeeding four years, from 1829 to 1833, was almost equal to what it had been during the previous five, being 9323 tons. The increase goes on progressively, and will of course keep pace with the trade.—*Dundee Chronicle.*



## SHERIFFS FOR 1836.

## ENGLAND.

Bedfordshire—Francis Green, of Bedford, Esq.  
 Berkshire—William Bennett, of Faringdon-house, Esq.  
 Buckinghamshire—Thomas Tyrwhitt Drake, of Shardloes, Esq.  
 Cambridgeshire and Huntingdonshire—Geo. Thornhill, of Diddington, Esq.  
 Cheshire—Egerton Leigh, of High Leigh, Esq.  
 Cornwall—Arthur Kelly, of Kelly, near Launceston, Esq.  
 Cumberland—Thomas Irwin, of Calder-Abbey, Esq.  
 Derbyshire—William Pole Thornhill, of Stanton, Esq.  
 Devonshire—Robert Robertson, of Membland, Esq.  
 Dorsetshire—John Stein, of Chalmington, Esq.  
 Essex—Wm. Whitaker Maitland, of Loughton-hall, Esq.  
 Gloucestershire—Samuel Gist Gist, of Wormington-grange, Esq.  
 Herefordshire—Edward Griffiths, of Newcouth, Esq.  
 Hertfordshire—William Blake, of Danesbury, Esq.  
 Kent—Sir Edward Cholmeley Dering, of Surrenden, Bart.  
 Leicestershire—Sir Lionel Talmash, of Buckminster, Bart., commonly called Lord Huntingtower.  
 Lincolnshire—Sir Montague John Cholmeley, of Easton-hall, Bart.  
 Monmouthshire—George Rooke, of Llandogo, Esq.  
 Norfolk—Anthony Hamond, of Westacre, Esq.  
 Northamptonshire—William Harris, of Wootton-house, Esq.  
 Northumberland—Thomas Riddle, of Feltonpark, Esq.  
 Nottinghamshire—John Handley, of Muskhall Grange, Esq.  
 Oxfordshire—Thomas Stonor, of Stonor, Esq.  
 Rutlandshire—Richard Wade, of Uppingham, Esq.  
 Shropshire—Sir William Edward Rouse Broughton, of Downton, Bart.  
 Somersetshire—James Bennett, of North Cadbury, Esq.  
 Staffordshire—Thomas Hawe Parker, of Park-hall, Esq.  
 County of Southampton—Sir Charles Hulse, of Breamore, Bart.  
 Suffolk—Edward Bliss, of Brandon, Esq.  
 Surrey—William Henry Cooper, of Pains-hill, Esq.  
 Sussex—John James King, of Coates, Esq.  
 Warwickshire—Henry Cadwallader Adams, of Ansty, Esq.  
 Wiltshire—Sir John Dugdale Astley, of Everleigh, Bart.  
 Worcestershire—Sir Offley Penbury Wake-man, of Perdiswell, Bart.  
 Yorkshire—Nicholas Edmund Yarborough, of Heslington-hall, Esq.

## WALES.

Anglesey—Richard Lloyd Edwards, of Mo-nachdu, Esq.

Breconshire—John Lloyd Vaughan Watkins of Pennoyre, Esq.  
 Cardiganshire—Geo. Bowen Jordan Jordan, of Pigeonsford, Esq.  
 Carmarthenshire—Richard Janion Nevill, of Llanelly, Esq.  
 Carnarvonshire—Thomas Parry Jones Parry of Aberdunant, Esq.  
 Denbighshire—John Robin, of Tany-graig, Esq.  
 Flintshire—Sir John Williams, of Bodlewyddan, Bart.  
 Glamorganshire—Thomas Penrice, of Kilyrough, Esq.  
 Merionethshire—John Ellirker Boulcott, of Hendreissa, Esq.  
 Montgomeryshire—James Proud Johnson, of Monksfields, Esq.  
 Pembrokeshire—Charles Wheeler Townsend Webb Bowen, of Camrose, Esq.  
 Radnorshire—James Williams Morgan, of Treble-hill, Glasbury, Esq.

## IRELAND.

Antrim—Edward Bruce, of Scoutbush, Esq.  
 Armagh—Viscount Alexander, of Caledon.  
 Carlow—Richard Butler, of Ballintemple, Esq.  
 Cavan—Thomas Finlay, of Sugarloaf, Belturbet, Esq.  
 Clare—John O'Brien, of Elmvale, Currofin, Esq.  
 Cork—Hon. Robert King, of Mitchellstown.  
 Donegal—John Harvey, of Mallin-hall, Esq.  
 Down—Charles Douglas, of Grace-hall, Esq.  
 Dublin—Sir William Henry Palmer, of Rush, Bart.  
 Fermanagh—William Hall, Esq.  
 Galway—John Cheevers, of Killyon, Esq.  
 Kerry—Hon. T. Browne, of Prospect-hall, Killarney.  
 Kildare—John H. Nangle, of Garrisker, Esq.  
 Kilkenny—Peter Connellan, of Coolmore, Esq.  
 King's County—Andrew Armstrong, of Gal-len, Esq.  
 Limerick—Vere Edward de Vere, of Curragh, Esq.  
 Longford—Francis Jessop, of Mount Jessop, Esq.  
 Leitrim—Pierce Simpson, of Drumsna, Esq.  
 Louth—Matthew O'Reilly, of Thomastown, Esq.  
 Mayo—Thomas V. Clendinnau, of Thomas-town, Esq.  
 Meath—Hen. Meredyth, of Carlanstown, Esq.  
 Monaghan—Chas. Dawson, of Tanna, Coote-hill, Esq.  
 Queen's County—J. W. Fitzpatrick, of Rath-kale, Esq.  
 Roscommon—Edmund Mitchell, of Castle-Strong, Esq.  
 Sligo—James Knott, of Battlefield, Esq.  
 Tyrone—Chas. J. Gardiner, of Mountjoy Fo-  
 rest, Esq.  
 Waterford—Robert Power, of Clashmore House, Esq.  
 Westmeath—William Chapman, of Killua Castle, Esq.  
 Wexford—Matthew Derinzy, of Cloughbren-nan, Enniscorthy, Esq.  
 Wicklow—John Parnell, of Avondale, Esq.



# THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

---

## LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH.

### LETTER XVII.

ON our way back to Bona we halted a few miles from town to see a farm which Marshal D'Uzer has bought and begun to cultivate, and on which he is constructing a handsome house. This would seem to indicate, at least, *his* belief, that the French occupation of the country will be permanent. The soil of the flat part of the farm is black loam, and it appears to be fertile. He has planted thousands of young trees in a spacious level orchard, the tender verdure of which is beautiful, and fills the mind with pleasing associations. Here the olive, the vine, the mulberry, and the fig-tree have already displaced the osier and the nettle; and amidst fruits and flowers that will soon spring up, the song of the nightingale will be heard instead of the yelping of the jackal. Looking over the fair plantation, I recalled, and repeated to myself, the lines of my favourite Beattie:—

'Twas from Philosophy man learn'd to tame  
The soil by plenty to intemperance fed;  
Lo, from the echoing axe and thundering flame,  
Poison, and plague, and yelling rage are fled.  
The waters bursting from their slimy bed  
Bring health and melody to every vale;  
And from the breezy main and mountain's head,  
Ceres and Flora to the sunny dale,  
To fan their glowing charms, invite the flattering gale.  
*Minstrel—Book II.*

On a hill above his farm the Marshal has opened a marble quarry. The vein unfortunately produces hitherto only blue marble; but he has explored it neither widely nor deeply, and by extending his researches he may come to pure white stone. I returned to Bona well pleased with my excursion in all respects; except that an untoward boot had pressed so tightly on one of my ankles as to inflame it, and occasion considerable pain. Absorbed as I had been in sublime speculations about the quantity of bread and cheese which the enormous plain might be made to yield under good cultivation, I had never thought of relieving myself by the simple process of ripping up the galling leather: on reaching the hotel I found myself quite lame, and after despatching an apology to the commandant for not dining with him, I was glad to stretch myself on the top of my bed, and to amuse myself with reading the few books that I had with me relating to the history of Bona.

I find that the latitude and longitude of this place have been accurately ascertained by a French officer of engineers, and that it lies in  $36^{\circ} 53' 56''$  north latitude, and in  $5^{\circ} 24' 38''$  east longitude; so that its distance in a straight line is a little more than 95 leagues from Algiers.



Bona is situated in a spacious bay, bounded on the west by Cape Garde, and on the east by Cape Rosa. The river Seibouze, joined toward the end of its course by the river Boojeemah, the ancient Armua, falls into the sea within this bay, as well as the Mafrag, a river rather less than the Seibouze, which discharges itself half way between Bona and Cape Rosa.

General Bourmont had no sooner possessed himself of Algiers than he thought of occupying Bona. The French having long maintained an African company, whose coral fishery was here, looked on themselves as natural heirs to the possession of this part of the coast; an expedition was accordingly fitted up, and General Damremont was appointed to the command of it. The land troops consisted of two regiments of the line, and a proportionable force of artillery: these were embarked in ten vessels of different sizes, of which two frigates, the *Bellona* and the *Duchess of Berri*, set out ahead of the rest to reconnoitre the place, and to sound, not only its harbour, but the disposition of the inhabitants. On the 1st of August, 1830, the whole squadron anchored in the bay of Bona, and the Admiral learned from the Captain of the *Bellona*, which had previously arrived, that the inhabitants, annoyed by the hostilities of vast hordes of Kabyles and Arabs who beleaguered the place, would be but too happy to receive the French as their defenders. By invitation from General Damremont, the Cadi and the chief inhabitants of the city came on board the Commandant's vessel. Promises of eternal attachment were exchanged as liberally as between lovers: it was settled that the French troops should land, and they accordingly took possession both of the town and the citadel.

Bona is built at the bottom of what the French call a *mamelon*, *i. e.* breast or nipple of land, the sides of which terminate in steep rocks along the shore; the city is inclosed by walls about sixty feet in height, pretty thick, but not backed with earth, and have the shape of a rectangle slightly inclined towards the valley of the Seibouze. This wall, though weak in some parts, is still capable of a good defence against the Arabs; its total circumference is 3,400 yards. The town has four gates, one leading from the east to the harbour; another, called the Arab Gate, leading to Constantine, and two that face the citadel. The Kasbah, or citadel, with a wall of 700 yards in circuit, crowns a high hill to the south of the city: this wall is so high and so thick, and so backed by the natural soil, that it would be difficult to make a breach in it; it is capable of cannonading the roadstead and the mouth of the valley, and it entirely commands the town: its interior is very large, and contains a number of cisterns.

Posted here with two thousand regular soldiers, besides artillerymen, General Damremont congratulated his countrymen on their prowess in beating off the Kabyles and Arabs, who besieged the place very actively during eighteen days; but if we look to the history of a subsequent siege after Gen. Damremont had deserted Bona, we shall not be disposed to rank this defence among the first-rate feats of heroism. On the 18th of August, a squadron of four ships arrived from Algiers, bringing at once intelligence of the revolution of the Barricades in Paris, and an order for Gen. Damremont and all his force to reimbarc for Algiers. It was supposed that Gen. Bourmont meditated throwing himself with the whole French African army, if he could persuade them to follow him, into the South



of France, and there to erect the Bourbon standard. Whether he entertained this project or not, he at least thought it fit that the garrison of Bona should be recalled; and the inhabitants learned with consternation that they must now depend on their own valour for defending the town. Fear and grief, say the French, and we can well believe them, were depicted in the countenances of the citizens when they saw the preparations of the French for departing; and by way of encouraging their compatriots to a more desperate resistance, an hundred and twenty families of the richer class took the noble resolution of flying away, and embarked on board the French squadron for Algiers. The remainder, thus left to their fate, seemed to have but a small chance of standing out against their besiegers; but the poor people of Bona, though thus basely abandoned both by the French and their own civic notables, were not thrown into utter despair, but resolved upon and accomplished their defence.

*Una salus victis nullam sperare salutem.*

They threw fifty men into the citadel, and the rest kept watch and ward on the city walls; the continuance of fourscore Turkish soldiers among them, the residue of the ancient garrison, was no doubt an important circumstance in their favour, and it is possible that the occupation of Bona by the French had spread an exasperation among the native tribes that may have somewhat abated when they heard of the Christians having departed; nevertheless, the Kabyles and Arabs still partially invested the place, and the position of the citizens was very perilous, as the Bey of Constantine continued summoning them to surrender. The number of men in Bona at this time could not have exceeded 300, if it even amounted to so much, without counting the Turks; for the French, on first taking possession of it, reckoned the whole population only at two thousand. One thing was quite certain, namely, that if the native tribes had got into the town and found any unfortunate Christian, particularly a French soldier, within its precincts, his head would have been the first offering made to Mahomet. After the embarkation of the French was completed, and their sails were hoisted, a signal from the land was given by the Bonnese, requesting a boat's crew to be sent ashore. A boat was accordingly manned and sent, and the cause of the signal was found to be, that a French artilleryman had been left behind in the hurry of embarkation, and the inhabitants, though far from secure themselves, had no wish that he should be included in the massacre. There was courage as well as humanity in this action, for the citizens who brought down this artilleryman to the sea-shore and saw him into the boat, both came and went back under the fire of the besieging Arabs.

For more than a year after this first abandonment of Bona by the French, the little civic garrison continued heroically to resist the hostilities of the native tribes, and to refuse submission to the Bey of Constantine. In the beginning of July, 1831, Gen. Berthezène, the then governor of Algiers, learning that they were blockaded, and probably in want of provisions, sent them a present of twenty sacks of biscuits, and a few more of rice, together with a cargo of provisions, which were offered for their purchase, at what the French considered moderate prices. The Bonnese accepted the present with many thanks, but they declined the provisions that were offered on sale, as they could import the same articles



at a cheaper rate from Alexandria and Tunis: happily their invaders were too barbarous to have a single galley at sea: the people of Bona had, therefore, to endure only a land-blockade. But how did the poor devils, you will say, get money to purchase supplies from Egypt and Tunis after all their richest citizens had left them? This question is not perfectly insoluble. In the first place, let a Moor or an Arab pass for being ever so poor, and live ever so miserably, you can never be sure that he *is* really poor, or that he has not got a good deal of money hid underground; and this was probably the case with the majority of the citizens of Bona, who were reckoned in the poorer class. In the next place, there are still some manufactories of cloth and other articles in Bona; and the desultory warfare of its besiegers, I believe, never entirely prevented a trade with the interior which carried the Bonnese exports into the interior, and brought back, I believe, even gold from the auriferous sands of the river Jummel, in the province of Constantina.

Bona thus continued to hold out, and the only mark of distrust in its own resources which it betrayed was, the sending a request to the Governor of Algiers for a small auxiliary force, to be accompanied with some arms and ammunition. The deputation, however, who brought this request, particularly insisted that no French soldiers should be sent, but only Mahometans in the French service. A hundred and twenty-five Zouaves were accordingly selected at Algiers, and the stipulation respecting "no Frenchmen" was adhered to as far as the privates were concerned, but the twelve officers and subalterns were all French. Every man was provided with a hundred and fifty European cartridges, besides forty thousand Algerine ones for the whole corps, and to these were added sixty grenades, fifty howitzers charged, an hundred muskets, and sixty complete uniforms. A distinguished officer, Captain Bigot, had the chief military command of this little force, whilst Lieut.-Col. Huder had in reality a superior authority, under the title of French consul at Bona. The expedition arrived on the 14th of September, 1831: its details have not sufficient importance that I should relate them to you, but when I put them together in my own mind, they seem to me one of the thousand and one proofs of the folly, and, what is worse, of the folly made more foolish by fraud, that has pervaded the French management of Africa. Really if ants and beavers had risible faculties, they might well laugh at the lack of wisdom with which the affairs of men are conducted.

The French manifestly wished to make themselves masters of Bona, and, all things considered, I should say that they were justifiable in that desire; for if their occupation of northern Africa is to be of any use to the cause of civilization, it is obvious that they must possess as much as possible of the Algerine regency; but if the possession of Bona was their wish, they should have also made it their determination, and the presence of a few frigates in the harbour would have instantly decided the matter by laying the Bonnese at the mercy of the French for supplies by sea, whilst at the same time two or three battalions would have rid the place of all land-blockade, and would have imposed laws on the Moors and Arabs.

If, on the other hand, France thought herself bound, in conscience, merely to protect the people of Bona and to leave them a free and independent community, they ought to have sent no French officer at all



amongst the Zouaves, and they should have instructed Col. Huder to act in no other manner than as a mere consul. But they chose a disingenuous middle part. They pretended to treat the people of Bona as allies, independent of every thing except the friendly assistance of the French; but the citizens very soon saw that Huder had come as a would-be commandant, and not as a consul. No blame, I believe, attaches personally to Huder—he only obeyed his instructions—but the intentions of the French not to aid, but to rule, became so evident, that the Turks, joined not only by most of the citizens but by the Arabs without, caballed against the French and resolved to get rid of them. Prayers were offered up in the mosques, beseeching God to favour an insurrection against the Christians. The issue of the affair was, though a detachment of French military arrived to relieve the forlorn consul, that he was shot through the head, in attempting to swim to a French vessel in the harbour—that Captain Bigot was massacred in one of the streets—and that the French, and all who were friendly to them, were chased out of Bona.

In March, 1832, the Government at Algiers equipped against this place a third expedition, the diminutive nature of which, I think, did as little credit to their sagacity as that of the last; but they, happily, selected leaders of uncommon skill and intrepidity, and by almost miraculous good fortune Bona was taken without bloodshed. This success was attributed principally to three individuals, Captain D'Armandy of the artillery, Lieutenant Freart of the navy, and an adventurer named Yousouf, or Joseph, then a captain of the Algerine chasseurs, whose history is rather romantic.\*

Before I tell you the romance of Joseph's history, I ought to state the exploits, either real or but slightly, if at all, exaggerated, which have brought him into notice. An European by birth, he lived from childhood to manhood at Tunis, and repairing from thence to Algiers, after the French had conquered it, he entered into their service and distinguished himself by his bravery. He was employed by General Clausel and was one of his staff. The Duke of Rovigo afterwards appointed him to take a share in the last adventurous expedition to Bona, the citadel of which was manned by the Turkish soldiers already mentioned, who threatened a determined resistance. Here Joseph performed a feat which, unless its narrators unaccountably embellish it, has no parallel that I know of, except in the annals of ancient Greece or of chivalry—as for the story

“I give it as 'twas given to me.”

He climbed the walls of the citadel alone, threw himself amidst four-score Turks, harangued them dauntlessly in their own language, which he had learned at Tunis, and by his eloquence persuaded them to join the cause of the French and to make him (Yousouf) their commander.

---

\* In a newspaper I have just seen, I find General Clausel mentioning the name of my friend Joseph with no small approbation. The general dates from Oran an account of a recent battle between the French and Abd-El-Kader, Prince of Mascara, in which poor Abd-El-Kader has been miserably cut up. General Clausel says, “The Chef d'Escadron Yousouf, whom I brought from Bona, was at the head of the native horsemen. Six times while pursuing Abd-El-Kader he succeeded in cutting him off from his men. He was afterwards separated from him by a distance of only forty paces, and if his horse had not been exhausted by a gallop of three hours, he would have certainly taken him prisoner.”



Though I returned from Bona to Algiers with the hero himself, I am sorry to say that his temporary indisposition prevented me from getting a distinct account of his exploit from his own lips, and he failed to fulfil a promise which he made me, to write me out a full account of it in French, when we should arrive at Algiers. From all that I have heard, my impression is, that he undoubtedly scaled the walls of the Kasbah, but whether his escalade was supported by followers, to back his eloquence, as I suspect it was, I cannot determine. At all events, the enterprise was consummately heroic. Joseph was rewarded for it by an appointment to command the Turkish garrison, and he admitted many French within the citadel walls. He had not, however, been long in his authority, when he discovered that the Turks were conspiring to assassinate him, and also to massacre all the French in the town as well as in the Kasbah. On this intelligence, he went immediately to Captain D'Armandy, warned him of the danger, and declared to him that he knew but one means of warding it off. "I must march out of the citadel," he said, "with all my Turks." "But the Turks will kill you," replied D'Armandy. "And what if they do?" replied Yousouf; "I shall still have time enough to spike the artillery at the marine. I shall die, I foresee, but you will be saved; and the French colours will continue to float over Bona!" He had scarcely uttered these words, when he sallied from the fort at the head of his Turks, and the gates were instantly shut behind him. After descending to the bottom of the town, Joseph halted his troops and addressed them thus:—"I know very well," he said, "that there are traitors among you, who have conspired to dispatch me, and that the night after this day was the time appointed for executing your infamous project; but I know who are the guiltiest in this conspiracy, and now let them strike—if they dare to lift a hand against their commander." Then turning to one of the troop, he said, "You are one of the guilty!" and he shot him dead on the spot. His resolution overawed the conspirators; the whole troop fell on their knees and vowed to him a fidelity from which they have never swerved.

Joseph was born in the island of Elba, probably about the year 1807. He remembers, in 1811, when he was a little boy, to have seen the Emperor Napoleon, who noticed him and patted his head. He is a handsome man, and, with his intelligent countenance, must have been an exceedingly interesting boy. He gives out, that he has no recollection of his family, from which it must be inferred either that his parents died in his absolute infancy, and that he was an orphan in the hands of guardians; or that he has no wish to record his ancestors, possibly intending to set up for an ancestor himself. I lean to the latter supposition, because he lived in Elba long enough to be fit for school, and a child of that age was not likely to be perfectly ignorant about his parents. Be that as it may, he was embarked for Florence, where he was to have been placed at college, being then some seven or eight years old; but the vessel that bore him, falling in with a Morocco corsair, our little hero was taken to Tunis, and became the property of the Bey, in whose palace he was placed, and made a Mussulman—"à l'improviste." Here his education, though different from what it would have been at Florence, was not neglected. He made rapid progress in the Turkish, Spanish, and Arabic languages; and, instead of learning



the logic of Aristotle, he became a proficient in the logic of the sabre. At the age of manhood he was an accomplished soldier, and he accompanied the Bey of Tunis in an expedition as far as the desert, for the collection of those *voluntary* taxes, which the loving subjects of the Bey always contribute at the point of the sword. He returned with a high character,

“Dreaded in battle and loved in hall;”

and being exceedingly handsome, he captivated the heart of one of the daughters of the Bey. All this is charming, you will say—but is it all true? Yes, I own to you, it looks like a parody on that beautiful French song “*Le Beau Fernand aime la fille d’un Roi Maure*,” to which we have both listened with admiration; but I fully believe the story of Joseph’s courtship of the Moorish princess; and it is the more credible from the circumstance, that the Bey of Tunis has 150 daughters constantly living in his palace. Joseph and his princess met and fell madly in love, and, as it was leap-year, she made the first proposals. According to the Tunisian version of the story, they were one day surprised at their place of interview by a eunuch of the palace, whom Joseph took the bold resolution of following into the adjacent garden, and, as dead men tell no tales, of cutting off his head. Having disposed of the body, so says the story, by throwing it into a deep fish-pond, he next day met his sweetheart, who was a prey to the liveliest terrors; but to assuage them, he opened a press in his chamber and showed her the head of the spy—“Behold! madam,” he said, at least they say that he said; “there are the eyes that looked upon our love, and there are the lips that would have revealed it.” But melo-dramatic and beautiful as this latter part of the story is, I consider it as apocryphal. At least, Yousouf himself protested to me, in the strongest terms, that the murder and the press-scene were sheer fictions. I made his acquaintance on board the steamer in returning to Algiers. I was struck with his appearance, and the vivid expression of his countenance; but, though I will not call him absolutely a dandy, his manners certainly struck me as exhibiting no deficiency in self-estimation. How his amour was discovered I know not, but discovered it was; and Yousouf, finding that his presence could be dispensed with at court, decamped as speedily and as secretly as he could. The Consul of France assisted him in his escape. In the May of 1830 there lay in the roadstead a French brig, to which a boat was got ready for conveying him; but five tchausses (Moorish officers of police, next in dignity to the hangman,) were posted on the shore to speak a quiet word with him before embarking. Yousouf stealing along concealed pathways, remarked that those tchausses had piled their arms on a rock at the sea-side. He got close to them unobserved, he sprang on them like a cat upon vermin, poked at them with his yatagan till they all ran helter skelter, then tumbled their arms into the sea and leapt into his boat. All this was done in a few moments. The brig that received him was under orders to join the fleet which was to invade Algiers. He was welcomed by the French army, and speedily rose to distinction. But what became of his poor dear princess? Alas! I cannot tell you:—the first time, however, that I go to Tunis, I will make the strictest inquiries respecting her.



## LETTER XVIII.

More than a century before their conquest of Algiers and down to a comparatively recent period, the French had an African Company, who, with factories at different places on the coast, rented from the Algerine government a monopoly for the exportation of wool and grain, as well as for the fishery of coral which was principally conducted at Bona.

In the voyage thither I sometimes amused myself with building castles, not in the air, but under water. I am a great lover of submarine prospects. Often in my boyhood, when the day has been bright and the sea transparent, I have sat by the hour on a Highland rock admiring the golden sands, the emerald weeds, and the silver shells at the bottom of the bay beneath, till, dreaming about the grottos of the Nereids, I would not have exchanged my pleasure for that of a connoisseur poring over a landscape by Claude or Poussin. Enchanting Nature! thy beauty is not only in heaven and earth, but in the waters under our feet. How magnificent a medium of vision is the pellucid sea! Is it not like poetry, that embellishes every object we contemplate?

On the way to Bona, I recalled old and pleasing recollections of voyagers who describe the splendour of coral groves, particularly as they are seen on the shores of the Red Sea when its water is still; and though I was not going so far as the Red Sea, yet I flattered myself that I might enjoy some such spectacle on the shores of the Mediterranean. Well, and got you a sight of any coral groves, or pretty mermaids sporting among them? No, indeed I must confess I came at the wrong time to see the coral-fishery; and as to groves and mermaids, on the only morning I could spare to look out for them, the Sea was not so smooth or civil as to give me a sight of either. Indeed, I am told that nothing is so rare as the sight of a mermaid on that coast, his marine majesty being as jealous as a Moor about his females. I picked up however some information which was new to me, and which I hope you will not think uninteresting, respecting that singular production of nature—coral. In our own remembrance a bit of that substance used to be one of the first things, after the nurse's nipple, that was put into the toothless human mouth; a bit of soft white wax is now more sagaciously substituted, but yet common as coral is, if you ask the first ten persons you meet with to what kingdom of nature the substance belongs, it is probable that nine out of the ten will be unable to answer the question.

Coral was long believed to be a marine plant, but it is not a vegetable. It belongs to the animal kingdom; that is to say, it is the habitation of a minute animal, who makes it his cradle, his castle, and I may add his catacomb, for the substance does not completely indurate or become susceptible of polish, till its tenant is dead.

The first ancient naturalists, looking only to its appearance when formed into beads and toys, considered it as a mere stone or mineral; and it is so called in one of the Orphic fragments, and recommended as an antidote to the bite of serpents. Aristotle makes no mention of it; but his scholar Theophrastus, being a botanist, made the poor thing very unjustly a subject of the vegetable kingdom, and Dioscorides and Pliny\*,

---

\* Pliny seems to allude to the coral when he says "*Nascuntur et in mari frutices arboresque: minores in nostro: Rubrum enim et totus Orientis oceanus refertus est sylvis.*"



together with a host of botanists even down to modern times, followed Theophrastus's example. Ovid was of the same opinion, and in the following lines,

“ Sic et corallium, quo primum contigit auras  
Tempore durescit: mollis fuit herba sub undis”—

alludes to an error not very long exploded, that the coral hardens by its transition from water to air. The fact is, that the coral which is fished up soft is only that part of it which is inhabited by the living generation of animals.

The botanists having remarked that coral has a root, *i. e.*, that it attaches itself to any substance which will give it firm anchorage under the sea; that it has a trunk as well as branches, and that the last layers of these are less solid than the inner ones, set down the former, that is the last layers, as the bark of the coral tree. Even as late as the last century, the Count de Marsigli, an eminent naturalist of Italy, having remarked some white little bits of substance shooting out of coral which had been recently brought out of the sea, pronounced them to be the flowers of the coral plant. After this, the botanists for a long time considered the vegetable nature of this production to be unquestionable, till the French naturalist Peyssonnel gained himself just celebrity by the single discovery that coral is not a vegetable, and that the imagined blossoms are really animals. His proofs to this effect are now considered as irrefragable; but his theory was for some time discountenanced by Reaumur himself, who was looked up to at that time as the chief of natural historians. A discovery however somewhat analogous to Peyssonnel's—namely, that by Trembly, of the polypus in fresh water—recalled the attention of the scientific to the theory of the former philosopher: the Academy of Sciences sent two of their members, Messrs. Guettard and Jussieu, to the coast where coral was fished, and those eminent men confirmed Peyssonnel's assertion, that these little floriform things are living creatures.

Before I left Bona, a MS. essay on the natural history of coral was offered to me for sale, and I purchased it. Though the vender, who pretended to have written it himself, was a shrewd-looking fellow, and evidently was well acquainted with coral fishery, I had not read much of the work when I found that it could not be his composition. As a scientific article, it is a perfect model of concinnity and clearness; brief without abruptness, and full without superfluity. I derived so much pleasure from reading this essay, that I have had half a mind to translate it for you; but it contains matter that would cover several sheets, and yet is too compact to bear abridgment\*.

The time for the coral fishery in the Mediterranean is from the middle of April to the end of July. It is fished up in the following way. There are generally seven men to a boat, six of whom manage it whilst one is the fisher. The machinery employed for tearing the coral from the bottom of the sea consists first of all of two beams crossed and tightly fixed at right angles to each other, with a leaden weight to press them down; to these beams they fasten a great quantity of hemp loosely twisted, among which they mix strong nets. When the machine has been let down into the sea, and the coral is thought sufficiently entangled in the hemp and nets, they draw it out by a rope which they unwind

---

\* I have since found that it is an article by Mons. de Blainville, in a recently published Philosophical Dictionary.



according to the depth, and which sometimes requires half a dozen boats to draw it. The operation is toilsome, and even attended with danger.

Spallanzani says that the hollows and caverns of rocks are the places from which they endeavour to bring up the coral with their nets; not but that it likewise grows out of these and on the sides of rocks, but usually in less quantity.

As to the position in which coral chiefly loves to grow—for the insect seems to build his fortification not from chance but from a desire for security against the agitation of the sea—it seems agreed that the coral prefers a southern aspect. The depth at which it grows varies enormously, from 10 feet to 750; it may even grow farther beneath the sea's surface for aught that is known, but to fish it from a greater depth would be too laborious.

It is further remarked, that the deeper coral grows in the sea it is the smaller. "This observation," says Spallanzani, "appears to be universal and constant. To what," he continues, "are we to attribute this difference? Were coral brought up only from places to which the heat, or at least the light of the sun can penetrate, we might suspect that one or other of those two principles might more or less influence its growth. But it appears certain that corals grow even on those bottoms to which not an atom of solar heat, much less of light can penetrate, if there be any accuracy in the calculations of a celebrated philosopher, who asserts that the light of the sun does not enter deeper into the water than 600 feet, and that his heat does not reach to a quarter of that depth." Yet coral is fished up, according to the observations of Marsigli, from the depth of 750 feet. If we reject these two principles as insufficient, it will be very difficult to discover what other can cause the greater growth of coral at a less depth. "I have sometimes thought," Spallanzani continues, "that the pressure of water at these great depths might possibly be an impediment to its development; but this idea by no means accords with the birth and growth of numerous minute plants and worms not inferior in the delicacy and tenderness of their bodies to the polypi of the coral, at equally low submarine situations."

The coral on the coast of Barbary, it appears, is larger than that of Messina; but the latter, when it is red, has a more vivid colour.

Spallanzani adds, "that the Sicilian fishers divide the whole tract in which they seek for coral, into ten parts. Every year they fish only in one of these parts, and then do not fish for it again until ten years have elapsed. This interval of time they think necessary for the coral to acquire its full growth in height and consistence. When they transgress this law they find, in fact, the coral smaller and of less consistence, and the intensity of the colour is also always in proportion to the number of years in which they have desisted from fishing. When the ten years have elapsed, they believe that the coral no longer increases in height but only in thickness: this increase however has its limits, never exceeding a third part beyond the common size."

From all that I can learn, the old French African Company derived no great profits from the fishery of this article at Bona and their adjacent factories, and the only benefit resulting to France was that it afforded a nursery for a few hundred seamen. The fishers were generally natives of the south of France, who were furnished with provisions and utensils, and bound to deliver the whole product of their industry at



a stipulated price ; but both their agents and their fishers cheated the Company. The latter sold their finest pieces of coral at sea, and brought ashore only those of an inferior quality.

In 1793 the revolutionary government of France attempted to give new vigour to the coral fishery, and finding a lack of French hands, they employed some hundreds of Italian mariners ; but the latter, after the honest example of their predecessors, continued to fish more for their own benefit than for that of their employers. By-and-by Napoleon's expedition to Egypt set him at war with all the Barbary powers, and put a stop to all the commercial speculations of France on the north of Africa, where her company was ruined, and its agents clapped in irons. In 1805 a peace was concluded with the Dey of Algiers, and a new attempt was made to renovate the fishery, but without success. A few years afterwards it came into the hands of the English, and their sagacity revived it. They adopted a new mode of remunerating the fishers, and some two hundred thousand pounds sterling became the annual profit of the fishery. In 1817 the fishery was once more cultivated by the French, and continued to be so down to the time of the rupture with Algiers, but with decreasing advantage, owing to a great reduction in the price of coral itself\*.

"The conquest of Algiers," says Genty De Bussy, "which ought to have benefited the coral fishery, appears to have been almost its death-blow. The few shipowners who show themselves on the coast in this trade have to borrow money at usurious interest ; the coral is low in value and of difficult sale, so it is no wonder that the fishers implore for a diminution or an abolition of the charges that weigh upon them."

"France," he continues, "being now mistress of all the coasts which contain coral, there cannot be two opinions about its being her interest to encourage the fishery of it ;" and he thinks that the best means of encouraging it would be, since native adventurers are so reluctant to come, to encourage foreign fishers by the reduction of rent, and only to confine their exportation of it to France.

At the same time this writer, whose work on the statistics of the conquered regency is at once copious and authoritative, though he wishes to see a great many coral-fishers on the coast, very justly adverts to the fact that the coral itself would be exhausted or much deteriorated by overcrowded competition, and that the number of vessels should therefore be limited, as well as that the fishery should be pursued only successively in particular stations, in order to give the article due time to reproduce itself. Luckily it is found that there are coral beds here and there along the whole coast from Bona and the borders of Tunis on the east, almost to the confines of Morocco in the opposite direction. Among so many stations, it would be easy to afford several years of repose to some of them, and to cultivate the rest with great profit. France, I should think, might thus derive from coral alone above 200,000*l.* a-year, or about a fifth of all the money that is requisite to support her colony. It is a curious fact, that though the Red Sea

---

\* In stating these views as to the coral fishery I may have failed, for want of clearness in my language, to have explained the consistency of two assertions which are nevertheless reconcileable—"Coral has fallen in value." It fell very much in consequence of the poverty in Eastern countries, that resulted from pestilence ; but the price and demand are now increasing, and it would be policy in France to encourage the fishery of it.



abounds in coral, it is inadequate to supply the constant demand for this article in the East. Loads of it are constantly transported from Europe to Alexandria and Aleppo, and from thence to Bagdad, through which place it reaches Persia and India. The cholera, it is true, by spreading poverty and thinning population in eastern countries, lately checked the coral trade in that quarter; but the demand is now reviving, and you have only to look at all the arms, coffers, and trinkets that come from the East, to see what a favourite coral is among the Orientals—adorning at once the sword-belts of their warriors and the necks of their beauties.

Do not hypercritically chide me for dwelling so long on the subject of this substance. A bit of ornament and a bauble it is, I grant you; but remember that the coral-insect, though a tiny little gentleman, is more important in one respect than Columbus himself. He is not a finder of islands and continents, but a founder of them. This thing, though but recently admitted to be a living creature, enroaches on the ocean itself—diminishes his dominion—increases the proportion of habitable land on our planet, and contributes with the submarine volcano to change the aspect of the world. The volcano, as an agent of nature, does his business with terrible despatch; he heaves up the bottom of the sea to a moderate distance from its surface, and there leaves a submarine rocky bank; but in a thousand instances this bank would never emerge from the ocean as an island, unless the little coral-insect set to work in building his house upon every hard substance that he can find at the bottom of the sea. When the first generation of these animalcules ceases to live, their structures adhere to each other by virtue either of the glutinous remains within them or of some property in salt-water, and the interstices being gradually filled up by sand and shells, a mass of rock is at length formed. Future races of these animalcules erect their habitations upon the rising bank and die in their turn, to increase, but principally to elevate this monument of their wonderful labours. An able voyager\*, who has written on the formation of coral-reefs, observes, that “the care taken to work perpendicularly in the earlier stages marks a surprising instinct in these diminutive creatures; for when their wall of coral, which is erected for the most part in situations where the winds are constant, is arrived at the surface, it affords a shelter, to the leeward of which their infant colonies may be safely sent.” To be constantly covered with water seems to be necessary to the existence of the coral insects, and therefore their habitations are always under the sea’s surface. But above their habitations matter accumulates till it overtops the waves at low water, and this matter, being exposed to the action of the air, loses its adhesive property, salt-plants take root upon it, and a soil begins to be formed. Ere long the new bank is visited by the sea-bird, by-and-by the nut of the cocoa or the pandanus is thrown ashore, and the wearied land-bird, resting his wings on the soil, deposits on it the seeds of herbs and trees. Every tide and every gale adds something to the bank, and it gradually spreads into an island of luxuriant vegetation. Man comes at last to take possession of the new estate, and he may well say that the architecture of an insect has laid the foundations of his property.

---

\* Captain Flinders.



## AN OLD LADY OF THE LAST CENTURY.

'Tis an often-quoted adage of the celebrated Jewish "lover, king, and sage," that "there is nothing new under the sun." I think that, in the present day, one might rather say "there is nothing old." We are conjugating the verb change, in all its moods and tenses. Coleridge says—

"For what is grey with age becomes religion."

We are atheists to the past, and act upon Wordsworth's principle,—

"Of old things, all are over-old;  
Of good things, none are good enough:  
We'll help to show that we can frame  
A world of other stuff."

Trees, streets are passing away as rapidly as their inhabitants, and to-day has nothing in common with yesterday. Marmontel had "*un grand regret pour la fiérie*," and I have *un grand regret* for the old school.

In endeavouring to recall a few memorials of Mrs. Lawrence Burgoyne, I do it on the same principle that scientific men collect the bones of a mammoth—the whole exists no longer; but there are sufficient remains to show that it did exist. The few survivors of the old school, such as are kept alive by having life annuities—a plan which has some secret charm for putting off death—even these few are fast disappearing. Mrs. Burgoyne has been dead these two years; she had borne a great deal. Powder and hoops had been left off, guineas had changed into sovereigns, and, like many other things, lost by the change; but the last shock to her nerves was given by her granddaughter. Miss Ellen, an urchin of some six years old, came to see her grandmother during the Christmas holidays. Mrs. Burgoyne having heard that the child was a quiet one—though she had some misgivings about the matter—prepared a book for her entertainment; it was a volume of Mother Goose's Fairy Tales. Plum cake and sweet wine were duly administered in the first instance, and the cat recommended as a playmate in the second: the cat, however, being declined, the book was produced. The young lady opened the pages—turned them over with a solemn air of contempt—and then, throwing the work aside, begged that "she might have something to read that would improve her mind." Her grandmother never got over the shock—but took to her bed, ejaculating "What will this world come to! Improving her mind at six!—why, at sixteen I did not know whether I had a mind or not!"

Mrs. Burgoyne passed the last twenty years of her life in a large, solemn-looking house at Kensington; it is now a mad-house. How curiously do these changes in dwelling places, once cheerful and familiar, bring the mutability of our existence home! It would be an eventful chronicle, the history of even a few of the old-fashioned houses in the vicinity of London. You ascended a flight of steps, with a balustrade and two indescribable birds on either side, and a large hall, which, strange to say, was more cheerful in winter than in summer. In summer the narrow windows, the black wood with which it was panelled, seemed heavy and dull; but in winter the huge fire gave its own gladness, and had besides the association with old English hospitality which a blazing grate always brings. You passed next through two long drawing-rooms, whose white wainscoting was almost covered with family portraits.



There cannot be much said for the taste of Queen Anne's time downwards—bagged, wigged, and hooped ; there was not a picture of which the African's question might not have been asked, “ Pray tell me, white woman, if this is all you ? ” The floors were dry-rubbed, and the mahogany tables shone as if in recollection of former festivities, when whole nights floated away like the

“ Hydaspes, dark with billowy wine.”

The chairs were high-backed and the seats covered with needle-work : there was also a buffet, through whose glass doors appeared some singularly small tea-cups, and some still more singularly small tea-pots—why, it would take a dozen to fill one of our modern breakfast cups. The third was Mrs. Burgoyne's own room—and here comfort had made some encroachment on precedent ; indeed it was needed by her bodily weakness. The room was carpeted—books and various trifles were on the table, and in an arm-chair was seated the old lady herself : her tall figure was still unbent, and the aristocratic hand was still white : she had no peculiarity of costume, unless it was its extreme propriety—she was, indeed, the very beau-ideal of black satin and blonde. I think it cost her the bitterest pang of all to part with her train, it was like going a grade lower in society. Still, to use her own remark, “ It is better to be anything rather than conspicuous : never meet the fashion, but always follow it.” She had been a beauty and an heiress, and had gone through life on the sunny side. Tombstones had been her only monitors ; but the deep sorrow of death brings with it deep sympathy. Opposite to her were hung the portraits of her husband and her only daughter, whom she had lost very young ; but for such humanizing distress, her nature might have been hardened in its glittering course of worldly prosperity—but with her, the well of tears had opened too deeply ever to dry again. On a little ebony table at her elbow were placed her bible and prayer-book, in which she read the psalms and lessons every morning ; a friend fancying it was bad for her eyes, somewhat foolishly remonstrated, and asked if she had always done so ? “ My dear,” said the old lady, “ youth forgets what age never does—its Maker.”

Mrs. Burgoyne was cheerful, and fond of society ; in the morning she had a levée of visitors, and twice a week at least, a little circle gathered round her of an evening. Then she was seen to advantage. Some one says of cleanliness, that it is next to godliness—the same might be said of politeness. Mrs. Burgoyne's good-breeding was the most perfect thing in the world—I cannot even imagine her saying or doing a rude thing ; I do not believe that she ever even thought one. Her manner was as polished and as minutely finished as the carving on an ivory card case : a little stately it might be, and her curtsy belonged to the days of hoops and brocades—her curtsy was the only old fashion she could not give up—still it put you at your ease ; she knew well how to encourage, and she had too much good taste, I might add good feeling, ever to patronize. There never was a more exquisite listener ; with what graceful patience would she endure the most wearisome stories—with what quickness catch the least attempt at wit, often giving the said attempt some nice turn, of which the originator was quite guiltless—not that she was the least of a *bel esprit*. She spoke with admiring deference of Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Carter's coteries, but she had never belonged to them ; she had just the most delicate dread in the world of being called



clever. Indeed it is a doubtful fact whether clever people are ever very agreeable; they are too much absorbed by one particular pursuit, to bound lightly enough over those generalities which are the stepping-stones of conversation; they feel as if they ought to say something worth remembering. Now carelessness in the talker is what most puts the listener at ease with himself. In some cases it seems a duty to recollect, and we all know what disagreeable things duties are.

Mrs. Burgoyne, on the contrary, was simple and *naïve* to the age of eighty. Her talents had never been overlaid; indeed she used to enjoy quoting a speech which the Duchess d'Abrantes puts into the mouth of her mother, the prettiest and most fascinating *femme à la mode* that ever took her degrees in *la haute science* of French *coquetterie*. Mde. de Permon says, "Je n'ai jamais lue d'ouvrage plus grave que Télémaque, et je ne suis pas trop ennuyeuse moi!" Our kind hostess rarely stirred from her arm-chair; but that served as an excuse to draw near to herself any one who needed encouragement: none but those who have keen feelings of their own can enter into those of others, and this susceptibility in her was cultivated by that constant attention which is the most difficult lesson of good breeding. Mrs. Burgoyne was proud—but her very pride showed itself in respect—she only claimed what she herself was ready to yield: her theory was comprised in her favourite anecdote of the late Lord Besborough. While getting into his carriage one day, a poor woman asked charity; he gave her a shilling, but it dropped into the mud: he instantly stooped down, picked it up, and wiped it with his handkerchief before he put it into her hand.

The little circle that used to gather round her is now dispersed—the loss of Mrs. Lawrence Burgoyne has been felt by many; sympathies and affections lingered with her to the last. I know no one remaining the least like her. The vault of her Norman ancestors has closed over the kindest friend and the most thorough-bred gentlewoman.

L. E. L.

---

#### A PATTERN FOR A SILK GOWN.

*Intended for the Album of a Serjeant's Wife.*

AH! why have I not something sage  
 To spell upon this little page?—  
 Something fit for lady's leaf,—  
 Tale, or thought, or moral brief,  
     Winter-white with age!  
 Methinks I would not see it hid  
     With weeds of my unthinking youth;  
 But whisper serious thoughts, and bid  
     It blossom out in truth.  
 So, gravest Goddess, who dost fill  
 The lawyer's brain and poet's quill,  
 Hint thou some shining theme  
 Whereon a briefless bard may dream.  
 Hail! Lincoln's Inn, and Temples twain!  
 Will ye not help a rhymer's brain?



King's Counsel, all ! King's Serjeants, learn'd !  
 (Ye jewels in base wigs in-urn'd !)  
 Shine out, and quick suggest some " case,"  
 Whereon I may, with solemn face,  
 Or features simpering o'er with wit,  
 Grow tedious while the Judges sit.  
 And help, ye loiterers in the halls,  
 Who wait for him that never calls—  
 The CLIENT !—creature bold and dull,  
 Fat phantom with his pockets full,  
 Who ever sings a golden song,  
 And ever turns his steps to wrong ;  
 And grows more daring day by day,  
 As all his metal melts away ;—  
 Who imp's his wings, and flies the higher,  
 The more he's bidden *not* aspire ;  
 Until into the heaven of fools  
 He's welcomed—and his frenzy cools !

No help ? no word ?—I cannot turn  
 A couplet, though my fingers burn ;  
 Nor twist a threadbare thought to rhyme,  
 Nor e'en to doggrel coin my time.  
 What shall be done ?—Ah ! have I shown  
 The goose, and shall I now disown  
 The fox, who on the goose doth prey ?—  
 Behold a lawyer of our day !

*He*—(one, I mean, that's fit to lead  
 A great cause through the Courts, indeed)—  
 Is faithful, learn'd, and quick to fight,  
 And bold in battling for the right ;  
 Hath judgment keen, and steady nerve,  
 And never droops, and will not swerve ;  
 But like true hero in the field,  
 (When meaner hearts will quail and yield,)  
 Is stronger in the dangerous hour,  
 And smiles undaunted in the strife,  
 Though blustering, babbling tyrant power  
 Try to frown him out of life.  
 Calm, patient, (so by wisdom taught,)  
 And plain in phrase, and clear in thought.  
 Dextrous in feints, retorts, assaults,  
 He ne'er recoils, and never halts ;  
 But, watchful, flies from side to side,  
 Defending what he cannot hide ;  
 Fighting with undiminished strength  
 From first to last,—and gains, at length,  
 By wasting nought on petty things,  
 But striking where the arrow stings !  
 —But I should waste a summer's day,  
 Were I to track him on his way,  
 And show how he, 'midst facts and laws,  
 Goes conquering on from cause to cause.  
 You'd better seek him at your ease :  
 Perhaps—he's in the Common Pleas.

---



## THE ROMANCE OF LAW.

---

“ *Quod fieri debet, factum est.* ”—Law Maxim.

---

## I.

MANY are the readers who delightingly believe that the “ Romance of History,” with its “ legends ” and “ tales ” of improbable reality, has opened to enlightened curiosity a new and rich field of literary research. Nor is the gratification afforded by this intellectual discovery (if a successful speculation in literature may deserve *that* name) confined to the dull and frivolous among readers ; it will be found to be extensively shared by persons of taste and sensibility engaged in the habitual pursuit of information. But, apart from the “ instruction by example ” skilfully unfolded in interesting narrative, confined to the shadowy region of dogmas and decisions ; still—in the solemn and mysterious, the strange and terrible, the fanciful and unexpected, not to say occasionally in the picturesque and chivalrous—where is the Professor hardy enough to assert that the Romance of History is at all comparable to the Romance of Law ?

Think of its having been said by the highest authority, speaking of the subordinate judicial and legal functionaries in Courts of Law, “ And *this* was the ancient law of England, that none having any office concerning the administration of justice, should take any *fee* of any subject for the doing of this office ! to the end he might be free and at liberty to do justice, and not be fettered with golden fees, to the subversion of truth and justice.”\* “ If the taking of money for doing his duty were permitted,” said Mr. Justice Denison, “ it would introduce such a scene of oppression, as would be insufferable.”

*Romancing ;  
first  
Specimen of.*

Again, regard the earliest authority for the uses to which Church property was originally granted : “ The preamble of Statute 25 Edward III. s. 6, recites that it had been shown to the Parliament of Carlisle, that the Church of England was founded by the kings and nobles of the realm for their instruction and that of the people : and also for keeping up hospitality and alms, and other works of charity.”

Then mark the principal—the noble and legitimate—objects of attention, (being the advancement of religion and the promotion of charity,) at the æra of the Reformation ; when Cromwell, as Vicar-General, in the name of the King, published an ordinance “ ordering incumbents of parish churches to set apart a considerable portion of their incomes for repairs, for maintaining exhibitioners at the Universities, and for the poor.”

If the Charter of Englishmen (to be governed by fixed and known laws) *be* “ a reality,” and these legal elements *be not* a romance, consolatory must it be to the oppressed suitor, to the needy scholar, and to the remembered poor, that, in contemplation of law, there can be no departure from these primitive intentions—*quod fieri debet, factum est.*

After tasting of these springs—after this insight into ancient law and early appropriation of ecclesiastical property to homogeneous uses, can we doubt of “ the dangerous and ill success which,” according to Lord Coke, “ have ever had the breach of the maxims and ancient rules of the common law ;” even if we have not personally felt the force of his pregnant illustration of this affecting truth :—“ When the Statutes which required the parties in all actions to appear and enter their pleadings in proper person had given way to appearance by *attorney*, it is not credible how with attornies, and their

---

\* Lord Coke on the Stat. Westmr. 1st. *Et que nul Coroner riens demand, &c*  
April.—VOL. XLVI. NO. CLXXXIV.



multiplication, suits in law (for the most part unnecessary and for trifling causes) increased and multiplied." \*

Conceive another maxim of our ancient criminal law, (like the rest of our common law, unalterable except by statute, but only prevailing down to the reign of Edward IV., and not provided for by any enactment then,) that *voluntas reputabitur pro facto*, "the design shall be taken for the deed." Thus, "Shard agreed with Gascoign, Judges, in 13 Henry IV., that if a man comes to rob me, and I am stronger than him and overcome him, yet is he guilty of felony." But this immutable doctrine soon after, in nautical phrase, *chopped right round*; and 9 Edward IV., Jenny (Mrs. Justice) says, "If one lie in wait in the road with his sword drawn to set upon a person, and demands his money, and a hue and cry is levied and the man is taken, it is not felony." "The law," says the legal historian, "settled down from that time upon the latter opinion, and men were no longer punished for crimes which they had meditated, but had not actually committed. But the Legislature had no more to do with so fundamental a change in the very principles of the municipal law, than the Grand Lama or Timour the Tartar."

In the cases before mentioned, the party was punished for his own crimes designed or accomplished. But if he broke prison (and being in the stocks or under lawful arrest was considered a *prison* for this purpose), not only was he punished *capitally*, however small the offence for which he was committed, and though he was innocent; but by the atrocious severity of the ancient law, he was liable to suffer the judgment which the crime of such others as had effected their escape by his means might have incurred.

When the *cholera* broke out in several of the criminal prisons of the country three years ago, considerable difficulties occurred. The prisoners implored to be removed from those gaols;—the sick to cholera hospitals. The sheriffs said, "We are deeply answerable for the close custody of the prisoners in the common gaol of the county, and if the Government chooses to remove them, we must be indemnified."

"Removed they must be," said the legal adviser upon that occasion; "but, by the wigs of the Judges, we must be careful in this matter; for, as I remember, by the old law, those who let offenders out of prison were punishable in their places, as adopting their crimes."

"Queer law that!" said the good-humoured, and now much-lamented under-secretary present; a case in point to prove it. "*Temp. Edward IV.* by the grace of Earl Warwick, King of England, you will find an outlaw for felony indicted upon the stat. Edward II. for breaking prison, knowing certain traitors to be there confined, and letting them go at large; and he was adjudged guilty of *treason* and accordingly *drawn and hanged*!"

Yet has this Statute *de frangentibus prisonam* for the most part received a remarkably reasonable, sound, and liberal construction. Although it says generally, that a person who breaks prison shall be guilty of felony, yet it has been held that if a prison be on fire, and a prisoner break it in order to save his life, he shall be excused. "He is not to be *hanged*," observes the commentator quaintly, "because he will not stay to be *burnt*." †

If some of these doctrines appear new and surprising, let it be remembered that we are yet only in the vestibule of the Temple of Legal Romance. What if it be demonstrable that the jurisdiction or procedure, or both of all our superior courts of judicature in England is founded on usurpation and sustained by fiction? The History of Fiction indeed, it will be seen at a glance, is necessarily included in, and forms an integral part of, the present inquiry, and must occupy a prominent part in future Numbers, should our present lucubrations be favourably received, and not regarded as too alarm-

---

\* 2 Inst. 260. † Dwarris on Statutes, chap. 12. "Of the construction of Statutes."



ingly profound. A case so unlike the reality, that we are not without confident hopes that these our jurisprudential recreations will be found replete with curiosity, interest, and amusement, not deteriorated by their occasionally conveying useful information. Accordingly, our next division will present a cursory, and almost a popular view of some Curiosities of Law.

## II. THE ROMANCE OF LAW.

“ *Leges posteriores priores contrarias abrogant.*”—Law Maxim.

Every one knows that it is only a few years ago that the trial by battle was abolished in this country; that a life-guardsmen's glove having been thrown into the middle of the Court of King's Bench by the counsel in the appeal brought by William Ashford for the murder of Mary Ashford, this extraordinary scene was expected to have been presently followed by a solemn delivery of batons by the four Judges, and the administration of the oaths against amulets and sorcery by the senior puisne Judge. Then should the four Judges of the Court of King's Bench have remained seated in the open air in Tothill Fields, from sunrise till the stars should appear in the evening, to witness the combat with staves of an ell long between William Ashford and Abraham Thornton; unless before that period the utterance of the horrible word “Craven” should have occasioned the champion to forfeit his *liberam legem* and become infamous.

But it is not equally known how many other absurd laws and usages the ignorance or the apathy of our legislators have suffered to remain unrepealed. The abolition of the trial by *ordeal* was never formally effected by statute. This preposterous method of proceeding continued till the interference of the clergy and the solemn judgments of councils at length prevailed against it. In the fifth year of the reign of King John there is extant a very particular account of a criminal calendar for Lichfield and Lincoln, wherein ten or twelve criminals being badly thought of (*malè crediti*) by the jury, are ordered to purge themselves either by fire or water. One of the prisoners was hanged, because he would not submit to this kind of purgation; another, being a woman and sick, was permitted to defer the purgation by water.

In the following reign (3 Henry III.) directions were given to the justices itinerant of the northern circuit “not to try persons charged with robbery or murder, or other such crimes, by fire and water; but for the present, till further provision could be made, to keep them in prison under safe custody.” What further provision *was* made, as thereby promised, nowhere appears in legal history; so that the trial by ordeal may perhaps, in strictness, remain the law at this day, precisely as it was established by the Statutes of Clarendon, afterwards republished with additions at Northampton.\* Accordingly prisoners are still asked, “Whether they prefer being tried by God, that is the judgments of God, (*to wit*, hot iron, or cold or boiling water,) or by their country (*i. e.* a jury)?”

Who is not aware that the petty local jurisdictions, the barbarous franchises of *Sok and Sak*, *Tol and Team*, *Inffangthef* and *Uifangthef* (to hear and determine cases of theft within courts baron belonging to manors), with their attendant forfeitures, constituted a serious grievance during the predominance of the feudal system? These oppressions continued to exist in spite of Magna Charta, which took away pleas of the Crown from sheriffs, bailiffs, and others; “With a view,” says Lord Coke, “to their being tried before Judges of learning and experience in the laws of the realm, for *ignorantia judicis est sæpenumero calamitas innocentis*,” and if these mis-

\* For “Acts of Parliament cannot be repealed by Non User.” Dwarrior on Statutes, 672; and chap. 14, “Alterations in the laws, whether effected by the Legislature.”



chievous powers of inferior courts are now antiquated and gone, they were only lost by desuetude "*from inconvenience*," as Lord Coke expresses it. "Though clearly within the mischief intended to be suppressed by the statute," says the latest commentator, "yet not being within its provisions, the objectionable practice of trying larcenies in inferior local jurisdictions still continued, and the deficiency was not supplied, as in later times, by the case being called *within the equity of the statute*."

Slavery, or the *status* of villeinage in England and the *tenure* of villeinage, by which half the lands in England were at one time held, were got rid of without being abolished by any statute; and their decline was so insensible, that historians and legal antiquaries with the utmost diligence, can very faintly trace the declension of villeinage to that period, when it suited the mutual convenience of the lord and vassal to drop the servile tenure. One of the remarkable stages in the progress of improvement is distinguished in the fifteenth year of the reign of King Richard II. The Barons petitioned the King that no villein should be allowed to send his son to school; the King gave the proper and dignified answer, *Le roy s'avisera*.

Recently, in the case of West India Emancipation, slaves are converted by Act of Parliament (which can do no wrong, "but may do," as Lord Holt said, "things that look pretty odd") into apprentices; what *craft* they are intended to learn during their term, that they have not practised all their lives, is not apparent. It cannot be the cultivation and manufacture of sugar and rum, which is to be taught to a negro of sixty! Happily, however, whatever the substitute, the name of slavery is abrogated; and it is not the attentive observer of human nature, who has seen men governed more frequently by names than realities, by forms than essences, who will seriously ask, "What's in a *name*?" Of the supposed efficacy, by-the-bye, of changing an obnoxious name, a statutory example can be produced. A statute of Edward III. provided, that the heinous name of purveyors should be changed, and these odious interlopers should "thenceforth be named buyers only." A contemporary writes of this enactment, "*Horribile eorum nomen permutatur in nomen d'Acheteurs*."

The old form of the oath administered in courts of judicature was, "So help me God *and the saints*;" in the House of Lords in 1553 the conclusion was, "So help me God and *all saints*." Barrington supposes the oath was altered soon after the Reformation; adding, "I should think no court hath power by the common law to vary the established form of an oath, and that it was worthy of, and required, the intervention of the Legislature." If the occasion required legislative interference, it certainly did not obtain it. The form of the oath was changed without parliamentary authority; probably by some puritan cryer.

Certain cases there are, in which no change either of doctrine or custom has taken place, and the law of our ancestors has been transmitted to us unimpaired: we then find its directions delivered in terms of the most engaging simplicity. The writ *de ventre inspiciendo* is an immemorial writ, demandable of right. This writ is still in force, and it has very recently been made a grave question and learnedly discussed, whether the Chancellor could justifiably excuse the writ being executed in all its particulars? The writ requires of the sheriffs that, "*Assumptis discretis et legalibus militibus et discretis et legalibus mulieribus de comitatu tuo, accedas ad ipsam et ipsam a prædictis mulieribus, coram præfatis militibus, videri facias et diligenter tractari per ubera et per ventrem in omnibus modis*." When such *nice* and abstruse points are made, "*mirum est*," it is sometimes said, "*in iis definiendis, quam sudant doctores!*"



### III. HISTORY OF FICTION.

"*In fictione juris semper subsistit æquitas.*"—Law Maxim.

*Motto itself.*

*A Rose of  
Romance; sed  
id est q. e. d.*

As a model and exemplar of grandeur of fiction—of mighty great invention—of forty-lawyer creative power,—this maxim, prefixed as a motto to our present division, is entitled to a proud pre-eminence. Yet to insist on its precedence at this time would wear the appearance of a begging of the whole question; the *reductio ad absurdum* of the absolute verity of our selected law axiom being always a result to be demonstrated.

*Norman law.*—To begin, then, with matter of substance, with solid proof, *real* property,—the great sublime of legal fictions in this country must be taken to be the fiction of tenure. "In consequence," says Blackstone, "of the voluntary adoption of the feudal polity in England about the 19th William I., it became a fundamental maxim and necessary principle (though, in reality, a mere fiction) of our English tenures, that the King is the universal lord and original proprietor of all the lands in his kingdom. Our ancestors, who had barely consented to this *fiction* of tenure from the Crown, as the basis of a military discipline, with reason looked upon the deductions of the Norman lawyers as grievous impositions and arbitrary conclusions from principles that, as to them, had no foundation in truth."

Let us next trace the juridical exercise of the inventive faculty in due order and succession, in the two branches of our municipal jurisprudence—the Common and Statute Law.

*Common Law.*—The common law, though in great measure founded upon the superstitions and errors of an age of extreme ignorance, (as was admitted by Mr. Justice Foster in speaking of deodands,) is declared by Lord Coke and other writers to be the "perfection of reason," and to have been so in all their times; while it is, at the same time, expressed to be immutable, except by statute. Yet we afterwards find Sir Matthew Hale, and other legal historians, informing us that the law, thus perfect and unchangeable, greatly improved in certain kings' reigns, owing to the greater learning, judgment, and experience of the judges. The amelioration is real, though the improvements do not uniformly keep pace with the progress of society and the advanced intelligence of mankind.

The rule of inheritance which, till lately, prevented a father from succeeding to the estate of his son dying without issue, (though the uncle might succeed to his nephew, and the father could then inherit the property as heir of the uncle,) was not to be satisfactorily accounted for by the reason which regulated the descent of land according to the law of gravitation, (*hæreditas*, like an apple, *nunquam ascendit*;) but, such as it was, most colourably depended on a purchasing ancestor who was merely *ideal*, and never existed but in *fiction of law*. So the other exploded rule of succession (but just got rid of in our law), excluding the half-blood from the inheritance of property and giving the estate to a distant relation, or to the lord, in preference to a half-brother, depended upon a mere *supposition and fiction in law*, as to the degree of probability of the latter being descended from an indefinite ancestor.

Of strained presumptions of the common law, which are *ejusdem generis*, with its fictions, one paramount in absurdity was the doctrine, that a husband could not be supposed not to keep company with his wife, if he were *within the four seas*!

*Statute Law.*—Statutes or Acts of Parliament were originally founded on the petitions of the Commons, answered by the king, with the advice of his Council. At the end of a Parliament, the petitions and answers were drawn up in the form of statutes by the judges, and entered on the Statute-Roll. This course of proceeding presented to the judges (not as yet independent of the Crown) a tempting opportunity of *falsifying* the record they were



solemnly intrusted to frame, of which it is lamentable to say they frequently availed themselves. Indeed, so great advantage was taken of this opening, that in 8 Hen. IV. it was found necessary to enact that certain of the Commons should be present at the engrossing of the rolls. A MS. of Mr. Madox,\* in the British Museum, speaks of the Commons as having been in former times "abused by bills delivered in their names which they assented not to, defrauded of those good laws which were granted, and laws put upon them whereunto they assented not."

Among striking instances of the falsification of the intentions of the legislature, it has been noticed† that the two first intolerant Acts in our Statute-Book (an ordinance against the Lollards, 5 Richard II., and the statute against heresy, 2 Henry IV.) are both *forgeries*, not assented to by the Commons, but introduced among the statutes of the year without their concurrence, and repudiated by them.

A splendid instance of fiction devised to prevent the Pope from any longer nominating the bishops in England is to be found in 25 Edward III., statute 3. It supposes that free election in the chapters had been originally granted by the king's progenitors, upon condition that they should have first asked leave of the king to choose, and after the election, also requested his assent; which conditions having been neglected, it is declared to be reasonable that the thing should return to its first nature. In making this *free election* of the king's nominee, it was formerly said,‡ whatever the case may be now, "the chapters still continue to invoke the Holy Ghost to assist them in their choice." But the whole of the pretended anterior usage of the *congé d'élire* is unsupported by authority. There is not to be found in all Rymer an instance of the Kings of England interfering upon these occasions.

Then, think of the doctrine of the *relation* of statutes. It was formerly the rule of law, that, when an Act of Parliament was not directed to commence from any particular time, it took effect from the first day of the session in which the Act was passed, which might be weeks, if not months, before the Act received the royal sanction, or even before the bill was brought into Parliament. And this rule was rigidly adhered to, though the consequence of it was sometimes to render an act murder, which would not have been so without this relation to the first day of the session.

Where an Act for laying a duty on the exportation of rice *thereafter to be exported* received the royal assent on the 29th of June, and on the 10th of June the defendants *had* exported rice, the duty was held to be payable. In consequence of the manifest hardship and injustice of this case, the legislature interposed and declared that the time an Act receives the royal assent shall be the date of its commencement, where no other time is provided; with the view that a statute might not any longer, by fiction and relation, have any effect before it became the known law.

There is, nevertheless, considerable hardship in the law as it now stands; for a statute is to operate from the very day it passes, if the law itself does not appoint a time. A prisoner was indicted for maliciously shooting: the offence was shortly after the Act applying to *that* offence passed, and before notice of it could have reached the place where the offence was committed. The judges thought the prisoner could not have been tried if that statute had not passed; and as he could not know of that Act, although strictly it did not excuse him, they thought it right that he should have a pardon. To prevent this inconvenience, a statute should always be made to take effect after a definite and extended period.

It will remain in future Numbers to trace the progress of fiction in its connexion with our judicature and the jurisdiction of our courts, in the invention of new remedies, in the doctrines and decisions of judges, and

\* Cited 1 Dwarrris, p. 30.

† Hallam. Reeves.

‡ Barrington.



finally, in procedure and practice; disclosing what writs have been paid for and not issued, what acts, services, entries, transcripts, are once, twice, and even sometimes *thrice*, charged, and never performed or made.

#### IV. CURIOSITIES OF LAW.

*"Nulli vendemus, nulli negabimus justitiam vel rectum."*—Magna Charta.

Our readers will remember our exposure, in a former division of this series, of a frequent fault of early legislation in the confounding the thought with the act, and punishing as perpetrated crimes unconsummated intentions. This doctrine was in a short time discovered by our ancestors themselves to be philosophically unsound and ethically unjust, and was justly exploded so soon as legislators and jurisconsults sought out the principles of jurisprudence, to lay the foundation of law as a science. But though exceedingly erroneous, there was nothing in this doctrine impure and corrupt; it was free from the sordid taint pervading a lamentable quantity of our ancient lawgiving. Long after fines had ceased to be paid and recorded for "expedition of justice," for "delay of justice," for "the King's favour," or for "remitting his indignation," not to speak of "*ducentas gallinas eo quod uxor Hugonis possit jacere unâ nocte cum domino suo, Hugo de Neville*," shocking modes of torture continued to be resorted to for the purpose of compelling a prisoner to answer, who stood mute, actuated by a natural desire to preserve for his unoffending children the patrimony which the law unmercifully gives to the King. The only persuasion used to subdue such culprit's obstinacy was the *peine forte et dure*; where the prisoner was laid on his back in a low, dark chamber, naked, on the bare floor, in which state he was to have no sustenance, save by alternate days, three morsels of the worst bread and three draughts of standing water nearest to the prison-door. In later times was added, as a species of mercy, as great a weight of iron to be laid on his breast as he could bear and *more*. Was not this punishment atrocious, and its aggravation most horrible? "No," says Sir W. Blackstone, "it was purposely ordained to be exquisitely severe, in order that by such very means it might rarely be put in execution." Is this *romancing*?

In the reign of Edward II., prisoners peremptorily challenging above thirty-five jurors, and refusing to retract their challenge, were treated as standing mute, and subjected to the *peine forte et dure*. It was not till the third year of Henry VII. that an alteration took place in this respect. It was then agreed by the Judges of both Benches, (without a thought of consulting the legislature on so trivial a question,) that a man who challenged thirty-six jurors should be hanged, and not put to the penance. And it was resolved that this should be observed as the practice on their circuits, notwithstanding the contrary usage in former reigns. And though afterwards, in course of time, as even lawyers' minds softened, a humane opinion grew up, (and was countenanced by Lords Coke and Hale,) that such challenge should only be disregarded and overruled, the law was not so ascertained and settled by any statute till Sir Robert Peel's Criminal Consolidation Act provided that every peremptory challenge beyond the number allowed by law, in case of treason, felony or piracy, shall be entirely void, and the trial of such persons shall proceed as if no such challenge had been made.

The distinction between murder and manslaughter was first made by the courts and not by the legislature, as shall be shown hereafter; as was the treason of killing a *master* extended by construction to a *mistress*, and the heir of *him* slain held to apply to the heir of a woman murdered. So Mary, more bland at that time than bloody, rejected the sophistical distinction that it was our *kings* whose power was limited, which did not extend to *queens*!

The wager of law, a picturesque incident in civil cases, remained unrepealed after the wager of battle and the *peine forte et dure* were lost to the admirers of ancient usages. By this graphic proceeding, a defendant, in certain forms of action, brought with him into court eleven of his neigh-



bours. The defendant, then standing at the end of the bar, was admonished by the judges of the nature and danger of a false oath. If he still persisted, he was to repeat this or the like oath:—"Hear this, ye justices, I do not owe unto Richard Jones the sum of ten pounds, nor any penny thereof, in manner and form as the said Richard Jones hath declared against me. So help me God!" And thereupon his eleven neighbours or compurgators were to avow upon their oaths that they believed in their conscience that he said the truth; so that himself must be sworn *de fidelitate* and the eleven *de credulitate*.

The wager of law being repugnant to common sense led to evasions to avoid the use of those forms of action to which it was applicable, till its repeal took place about two years ago. It was perhaps the last remnant of the Saxon constitution in the particular, that, by that system, every man's credit in courts of law depended upon the opinion which his neighbours had of his veracity. For what was at first the trial by jury, both in civil and criminal cases, but a trial by witnesses? The jury were sworn to speak the truth, which meant to tell their fellows what they themselves knew. As they came from the neighbourhood, they were supposed to have a personal knowledge of the case and parties. The subscribing witnesses to a deed were a necessary part of the jury which was to try the validity of the instrument, on the same grounds which now make their testimony essential to prove its execution.

A custom still prevails connected with this branch of our inquiry, for which the reason no longer exists, and of which the origin is not commonly known. When a statute of Edward III. provided that no indictor should be put on the deliverance of a prisoner whom he had joined in indicting, the naming an accuser on the jury became a good cause of challenge to a juror. To enable the prisoner to make such challenge, it became usual to put the indictor's name at length on the indictment, and the names of the prosecutor and of his witnesses are still at this day indorsed on the record, in compliance with the custom, without its meaning being known; and the use now made of it is to see that none of the witnesses are kept back at the trial.

But it may be said (and we feel we have to cater for all tastes), a truce for a while with your black-letter learning, and give us some modern antiques! *Voilà, Messieurs!*

Where an insurance at sea was upon cattle and horses, "*free from mortality*," and the animals died in consequence of injuries they received, occasioned by the agitation of the ship in a storm, the court held the underwriters liable, notwithstanding the exception. If the animals had died from sea-sickness, or languishing had lived and lingering died, or had been starved to death during an unusually protracted voyage occasioned by the same gale, one of the judges thought the words introduced into the policy would have protected the underwriters.

The bottling-off and drinking part of a pipe of wine has been recently held to be no *conversion* of the wine; but the drawing out part of a vessel and filling it up with water, was held a *conversion* of all the liquor.

A purchaser may be compelled to complete a contract for the purchase of a house, the house having been already destroyed by fire.

It may be shown orally, by evidence, extrinsic of an agreement, that in particular places 1000 means 1200. It was so decided where a party had contracted to leave 10,000 rabbits in a warren. *This* sense of an expression is justly called its technical meaning, differing from its ordinary sense in common parlance.



V. CURIOSITIES OF LAW.

“ *Ubi eadem ratio, ibi idem jus.*”—Law Maxim.

*Where same reason, same law. Mais nous verrons.*—By the old law of clergy (benefit of clergy), a woman might suffer death for an offence, whilst her male associate in guilt saved his life by reading the miserable neck verse; that is, provided the bishop's officer answered *legit* (he does read), to the judge's question, *legit ut clericus*, does he read like a clerk?

A statute enacted, that those who were convicted of stealing *horses* should not have the benefit of clergy; this was held by the judges not to extend to him that should steal but *one horse*.

A law deprived of the benefit of clergy persons who should steal sheep or *any other cattle*. The judges could not apply this statute to any other cattle but sheep; so another Act passed, extending the protection to bulls, cows, &c., but not to horses; yet horses *are cattle* within the Black Act, and bulls *are not cattle* within the Act “to prevent the cruel and improper treatment of cattle.”

If the law be that, for a certain offence, a man shall lose his right hand, and the offender hath had his right hand before cut off in the wars, he shall not lose his left hand.

In the last number of “Reports of Cases adjudged in the Courts sitting at Westminster,” just published, repose, side by side, two cases, in the first of which Lord Denman observed, that “it was extraordinary that there should be cases, as cited by counsel, in which it has been held, that the words ‘*null and void*,’ ‘*utterly void*,’ ‘*utterly null and void to all intents and purposes*,’ ‘*clearly void to all intents and purposes whatsoever*,’ do not mean that the act, instrument, or contract shall be void, but only that it is voidable. It was extraordinary,” said the Chief Justice, “that any one should hold that those words should not have their usual meaning.” The other judges concurred: two of them pronounced the principle, upon which the cases cited proceeded, utterly mistaken, and one added that he could not see why gaining parish settlements should not be one of the *purposes* defeated by the Act. In the second case, in the pages next immediately following, an indenture of apprenticeship *not* made conformably to the directions of the Act declaring all indentures otherwise made *void to all intents and purposes*, was held by the same judges, on the authority of the former adjudged cases, and unanimously, to be only voidable; so that a parish settlement *was* gained under it; *ubi eadem ratio ibi idem jus*.

“But,” as was said by Lord Bacon, “the laws of England commend themselves most to those that understand them best.” Some of the decisions referred to will, when properly explained, be found consonant to reason and justice; for instance, where a rector had granted an annuity out of his benefice, which was void by the statute providing *that all charging of benefices shall be utterly void*, he was yet held liable to pay it upon his personal covenant for payment, contained in the same deed; and Lord Ellenborough declared that the decision in this case was founded on admirable good sense and sound law.

*Murder.*—Thus far, in illustration of our motto, that where the reason is the same the law will be the same. Now to recur to another, and confessedly, a favourite topic—the judge-made law. In our last number allusion was made to the singular fact, that the important distinction between murder and manslaughter was established by the judicature, and not by the legislature. The old law made no allowance for the passions of men, and if a man was killed in a quarrel, or on a sudden affray, it was equally felonious as if done by a deliberate act, unless qualified by finding it to be *se defendendo* or *per infortunium*. Soon after the reign of Henry VIII. the judges separated the legal ideas of murder and homicide. That a distinction so important should have had its commencement in *construction* is a



striking fact in legal history; but the distinction itself, though invented by the judges, has been supported and explained upon the best and wisest principles of penal justice.

*Forcible Entry.*—In another class of those cases which are sometimes called “serious,” (as if any criminal prosecutions were ever jocose,) and which have certainly a *grave* tendency, a distinction was early taken, and an actual difference found, which still obtains very much in modern instances. Who that has been in the habit of attending our criminal courts, has failed to be soon satisfied of the sensible difference between *raptus* and *vis*? The distinction is between *raptus* simply, (which might be committed by a *mulier*) and *raptus et vis*.

A particular code of laws (not *poor laws*, but laws directed *against the poor*) has had its provisions little extended by interpretation, because they were seldom executed. These consisted of a series of enactments very deserving of attention, and of which the history is highly interesting and instructive. The first in order of this series is the Statute of Labourers, passed to compel a common labourer to receive for his wages 1*d.* a day; a mower, 5*d.* per acre, or 5*d.* a day. It was also provided that, when in want of employment, they were to go to the nearest town, carrying their scythes or sickles openly in their hands, and there stand to be hired; in which direction may be traced the origin of a custom continuing to the present times. With some regard, however, to justice, this injunction was accompanied with an enactment that provisions should, at the same time, be sold at a reasonable price.

To prevent the poor from becoming vagabonds and idle beggars, rather than submit to work upon reasonable terms, the law enacted that none, under pain of imprisonment, should give to such as could labour, anything in the way of alms or charity, nor in any manner favour them. For the honour of human nature, and in justice to the kindly feelings of Englishmen, it shall be shown that the former provisions were quite nugatory. To the credit of the legal profession, it is laid down unhesitatingly in the “Doctor and Student,” that an Act of Parliament to prohibit the giving of alms is *void*. “Of no validity, and void,” say the text-books, “are such laws as are contrary to the law of God and of Nature.” “*Nec vero*,” says Cicero, in his noble fragment, “*per Senatum aut per populum, solvi hâc lege possumus!*”

These enactments and their consequences,—the re-action afterwards in the Statute of Liveries,—the humane and salutary laws of Richard III., whom even Bacon, the panegyrist of his successor, admits to have been “a good legislator for the ease and solace of the common people,”—contrasted with the harsh laws of the Tudors, which made vagabonds *slaves*, and commanded the *cutting off the gristle of the ear of a valiant beggar*, down to the excellent law of 5 Elizabeth, c. iv., including the enlightened preamble to that admirable piece of calumniated legislation,—all these may be traced with entertainment and advantage at a future period.

Putting in fear does not seem to have been an ingredient in the legal notion of robbery before the reign of Henry VIII.; and many persons were executed for breaking into houses before it was settled that it must be a dwelling-house—*domus mansionalis*. In some instances the *nature of the offence* was changed without Act of Parliament.

It is impossible to quit the subject of the administration of the criminal law, without adverting to the frightful discretion formerly confided to the sheriff; such and so unfettered, that the liberty of persons charged with crimes depended wholly upon him. In all cases except homicide, the sheriff was to judge, from the circumstances of the case, the character of the person and the like, and according as he thought fit was to commit to prison or to admit to bail. This was peculiarly hard from the law noticed in a former division, that breach of prison should, in all cases, be punished capitally.



It is little surprising that, invested with this most extensive and dangerous power, and exempt from control, the sheriff should have been the most frequent and conspicuous delinquent of ancient times; accordingly against him and his proceedings we find numerous laws were directed. One of his customary tricks of office was to mistake the person intended to be proceeded against, and to seize the goods of another. This abuse led to the writ *de idemptitate nominis*, to ascertain whether the person whose goods were seized was the person really meant by the proclamation. It was prayed by the Commons that no man might be outlawed without his surname and the name of his town and county; but it was not till the reign of Henry V. that a statute was passed enacting, that to the name of defendants in legal proceedings, additions should be made of their estate, degree, or mystery, and of the towns, hamlets, or places, and counties of which they were. This seems one probable reason for passing the Statute of Additions. It was also directed against the extraordinary proceeding of charging offences to be committed in places that did not exist, under pretence of some fabricated name to obtain jurisdiction of the crime. Barrington thinks that another reason might be, its having been a common practice during the civil wars of the times to change the surname for the purposes of concealment: thus, the Carringtons took the name of Smith, &c., and an *alias* was rather a good symptom!

While the people were harassed, as has been above shown, in their bodies and goods, an authority of the most vexatious nature was exercised by the High Commission Court over the rights of conscience. An attempt made to compel them to answer the Ordinary on oath, in all matters on what were termed general articles, was unsuccessful. But there were cases in which by law the prelates might examine lay people upon their oaths, as *in causis matrimonialibus*. In these cases what made the oath *ex officio* particularly disliked and most obnoxious to the common people, was the act of Boniface, Bishop of Canterbury, in extending the canon beyond *peccata* to *excessus*; which scrutiny into *excessus in causis matrimonialibus* was utterly against the law and custom of England, and had for its scope and purpose to perplex the subject, and to enrich themselves by punishment pecuniary.

## VI. ROMANCE OF LAW.

“*Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari!*”—Per Barones ap. Stat. Merton, c. 9.

Unanimous in their stern resolve to oppose a barrier to innovation, we can picture to ourselves the animated indignation with which the bearded Barons pronounced these decisive words. To be sure the contest was with priests, and the subject, bastardy. But whatever the dignity of the occasion, or the prowess of the actors, the passage is regarded, and often triumphantly cited, as a powerful and explicit declaration against change—*The Barons versus Change*. Their resolution is solemnly recorded in the eleventh chapter of the Statute of Merton.

In the same statute, in almost the next chapter, is found a detailed statement of legislative measures proposed by the Lords. According to this account, the Barons gravely preferred a moderate request that *Magna Charta might be infringed in almost every possible particular*. Their petition had three branches:—1st. That they might imprison all such persons as they should take in their parks or vivaries; which was in express violation of the golden words of *Magna Charta*, “That none should be taken or imprisoned but by the law of the land.” 2ndly. That they should have *propriam prisonam*, a prison of their own; which no subject can have, for all prisons are the King’s, but a subject may have the custody or keeping of them. 3rdly.



That the offender should not be imprisoned in the common gaol: all which attempts of the Barons *dominus rex contradixit*.

Thus did these *Magnates* themselves endeavour essentially to alter the established law of the land, solemnly and deliberately enacted both in the same and in the preceding reign. Indeed, these same *Seigneurs*, Barons, or Peers (*quocunque nomine*), have pretty uniformly had a will of their own. They have been positive, and sometimes wrong—they have been perverse and unyielding—they have resisted improvements and aimed at the restoration of abuses—they have perpetrated all these, without its being considered necessary (one memorable instance excepted) to cashier them, and reorganize the constitution; and salutary improvements *have been* eventually effected, with or without their concurrence: the latter accomplished with the aid of the Judges, by interpretative legislation. Take the following instances:—

1. They pertinaciously retained their conusance of the offence of theft in inferior local jurisdictions, insisting on their franchises, in defiance of Magna Charta.

2. They aimed, as has been shown, at imprisoning whom they pleased in their own donjons and keeps, getting rid of Magna Charta.

3. They were engaged in constant opposition to the introduction of improvements from the civil and canon laws, and in disputes with the ecclesiastical courts. Little doubt can be entertained who were the aggressors in these disputes. As for removing land-marks, the temporal courts were constantly making encroachments on the acknowledged ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Courage was wanting to declare at once, openly, that *such* jurisdiction extending to the most important concerns of human life was unsatisfactory, and its methods of proceeding inconvenient.

4. Through all the reign of Richard II. they blindly opposed themselves to the advancing intelligence of the country, and the changes manifestly preparing in the state of society, with no other result than the destruction of the King and the elevation of the popular favourite to the Throne. In the 15th Richard II. the Barons petitioned that “no villein might send his son to school.”

5. They resisted all attempts to unfetter estates tail by a repeal of the statute *de donis*. Lord Coke says, “Divers bills were exhibited for this purpose which I have seen, but these measures were all rejected, entails being favourites with the nobility.” The object was only effected at length by what Blackstone calls the “*finesse* of the Judges.”

6. In passing the 5th and 6th of Edward VI., to prevent the sale of offices connected with the administration of justice, the Commons for a considerable time insisted on the omission of that clause in the Act, which allowed the two Chief Justices to sell certain offices, but the struggle was ineffectual.

7. When military tenures were abolished, the great law lord of the day (Lord Keeper North) looked with horror on the innovation, and said he had no doubt it would be a fatal blow—(To what, think you?)—to the liberties of the subject!

8. On passing the law directing all proceedings in courts of justice to be in the English language, the bill was resisted in almost all its stages; confusion, delay, fraud, and injury were predicted for its consequences; and Lord Raymond opposed it with a joke, which drew upon him the indignant rebuke of the great Argyle. It was, indeed, a melancholy day for the profession of the law. The times of classical subtlety were at an end, when *murderavit* was held a fatal variance for *murdravit*, and *feloniter* for *felonice*, and an indictment containing the word “witchcraft” was bad, there being a Latin appropriate term “*incantatio*.” Lamented times! when, according to Professor Amos, Lord Coke might say with justice, that the *placita* or pleadings were so called—*quia omnibus placent*.

Other and familiar instances of measures questioned or rejected by the Lords belong to the province of history. The object, in this recital, has been



to furnish such examples as were remote and not very generally known. It would be invidious to enumerate recent occasions of difference of opinion between the two branches of the Legislature in the independent exercise of their legitimate functions ; but if local courts, to carry home justice to men's own doors, abolition of imprisonment for debt, and full defence of prisoners by counsel, with other supposed improvements, have been prevented or delayed by the caution of sober-minded men doubting whether they can be effected with safety, it has been sufficiently shown that there is nothing very new or extraordinary in the Lords being ultra-deliberative and obstructive ; and that it is not a case to justify the "perilous innovation of a rooting up and planting again."

And, moreover, there *are* reasons why the Lords should proceed deliberately and with caution in the grave task of legislation. Instances are not wanting of a compelled recurrence to the old law, after certain rash and unconsidered changes. The statute passed against usury in the reign of Henry VIII., was repealed in the time of his successor ; but an Act of Elizabeth, reciting that the repeal "had not done the good it was hoped it should, but that the vice of usury, and specially by way of sale of wares and shifts of interest, had more exceedingly abounded," revived the former Act by which the mischief had been well suppressed. The Statute of Fines passed to remedy the endless litigation occasioned by the Statute of Non-claim, and to restore to fines their former force and validity, is another well-known instance of recurrence to the ancient law.

It must also be remembered that—in what is termed, in the style of *Kant* (Germanly speaking)—"the vocation of the age for legislation ;" in Mr. Windham's plain, vernacular and idiomatic language, "*the using Parliament like the parish pump*"—bills the most crude and undigested are every Session introduced and sometimes passed, producing a fertile second crop of bills "to remove doubts,"—bills to "amend and explain,"—bills to "indemnify those who have been misled," &c.

The remedy for this serious evil of redundant and abortive legislation is to be found in a recurrence to the principle of ancient Parliamentary proceedings, with some necessary modifications to adapt them to modern usages. Originally the multifarious petitions for new laws were referred to tryers of petitions, "to try out whether they were reasonable and fit to be propounded." The king's serjeants and king's counsel, in rotation, used to assist the tryers of petitions in trying out what was reasonable, and considering what new enactments were required, and sat in attendance in the Treasury-chambers for that purpose. Acts of Parliament were, accordingly, penned by such only as perfectly knew what the common law was, before Parliament legislated upon the matter ; as also to what extent former statutes had provided remedies for ascertained defects. The result of this *system* was, that laws were skilfully prepared by competent persons ; and though distressing doubts upon the construction of statutes did still frequently arise, there was certainly much less of legislative exposition in ancient times.

But we have not yet done justice to the barons at Merton.—Justice ! a virtue so rare, that Aristotle, in his "*Nichomachean Ethics*" (a work of infinite humour, and full of sprightly and unexpected turns), quaintly remarks, that neither the morning nor evening star is half so wonderful ! Of these barons, who thundered at Merton, *quod nolunt leges Angliæ mutari*, it is fair to observe, that the alterations proposed to them upon that occasion were not such as left the substance of our law entire and untouched, and made only seasonable changes in certain of its provisions, but the question regarded a total change of system, and the substitution of the rule of the ecclesiastical canons for the law and custom of the realm. These were essential, constitutional, or as they are now termed, organic changes, upon which the Lords of Parliament might justifiably, even if not wisely, make a stand.



There cannot be a fitter occasion of doing justice to ourselves than the time when we have been rendering justice to others. Let not the object of these papers, in pointing out certain imperfections in our laws, be misunderstood. While desirous only of promoting beneficial improvements in legislation and jurisprudence, and of earnestly recommending a revision and consolidation of our statute law, we would guard against the danger of being classed with those "who see nothing in the laws of England but absurdity; who aim at nothing less than their entire abrogation, and the substitution of a new code in its stead." With us the design is widely different. "The work which I propound," says Bacon, "tendeth to pruning and grafting the law. To hold our laws in their then, or in their present state, the perfection of wisdom, is the perfection of absurdity. Juridical improvements must keep pace with man's intellectual advancement. Laws must be accommodated, or laws will accommodate themselves, to the growing necessities of mankind, and the varying state and condition of human society. *Comment enchaîner l'action du temps? Comment s'opposer au cours des événements ou à la pente insensible des mœurs? Les hommes ne se reposent jamais; ils agissent toujours; et ce mouvement qui ne s'arrête pas, et dont les effets sont diversement, modifiés par les circonstances, produit, à chaque instant, quelque combinaison nouvelle, quelque nouveau fait, quelque résultat nouveau.*"—*Discours Preliminaire du premier projet de Code Civil*, p. 20.

A question, which is pretty sure to have occurred to the mind of an attentive reader, shall here be answered by anticipation. How is it, it will be said, that you have exhibited the barons as constantly disregarding, impugning, and endeavouring to set aside Magna Charta? Was it not their own good work? Are we not indebted to the exertions of the barons at Runnymede for the great charter of our liberties? for even so have we been taught and believed.

And are you, gentle friends, in the simplicity of your hearts, so credulous as to believe that the Norman barons laboured to restore the Saxon immunities? In another Number it is proposed to show you, that in making this solemn compact, these turbulent barons were chiefly mindful of their own peculiar interests. Magna Charta and the Charta de Foresta will, on the same occasion, be analyzed, and the curious and instructive matter connected with them brought forward, a popular view being at the same time afforded of what actually was the Saxon system, which the common people were desirous of seeing restored.

## VII. CURIOSITIES OF LAW.

*"De minimis non curat lex :  
Lex uno ore omnes alloquitur."*—Law Maxims.

About the 13th year of King Edward III., a great plague having depopulated the country, servants and labourers took occasion to demand extravagant wages, which was the origin of the first Statute of Labourers, made to compel the lower class of people to serve for the former wages, or to stand committed to the next gaol. The fixed rate of wages was (as has been stated in a former section), for a labourer 1*d.* per day, a mower 5*d.* per acre, or 5*d.* a-day.

It was easier to enact than to enforce such laws. The people would not sue for the forfeitures against servants and workmen, when incurred, by the taking more than the appointed wages. Upon which failure of the law it was cunningly ordained that such forfeitures should be assessed by the King's officers (or allowed in their assessment), to go in alleviation of the charges to be levied on the townships.

Still, in the 25th year of the same King's reign, we find it again complained in Parliament that the above ordinance was not observed;



wherefore a statute was made, ordaining further and still more oppressive regulations upon the subject. The justices, for the execution of this Act, were appointed to hold their sessions four times a-year at the least (which was the origin of quarter-sessions); servants were to be sworn twice a-year to the observance of these ordinances under the penalty of the stocks; and officers were not only to be retained, but to be sworn before the justices to execute this statute.

Again, by a law made in the 34th year of the King, it was found further necessary to ordain that labourers and artificers who absented themselves from their services, should be branded with a hot iron on their foreheads with the mark of the letter F, to denote the falsity they had been guilty of in breaking the oath they were compelled to take under the former statute.

It was further enacted in the 36th year of King Edward III., stat. 1, c. 14, that the fines arising from the penalties inflicted under the Statute of Labourers instead of going into the Exchequer, should be distributed among the inhabitants by the collectors.

Such was the machinery employed (penalties, oaths, and bribes included) to carry into effect an obnoxious, unjust, and *impossible* law. The seeds of discontent were sown by this Statute of Labourers. They sprung up abundantly in the next reign. The villeins and terre-tenants began to prefer claims for an exemption from the servitude in which they were held by their tenures. The evidence they tendered of their claims was Domesday Book. They demanded to be restored to the condition of their ancestors, who were landholders in the time of Edward the Confessor. Of course justices of the peace were empowered and directed to suppress the troublesome demands of these claimants, denounced under the punishable designations of outrages and tumults. But there being *some* reasonable lords and *some* moderate suitors, an acknowledgment of tenants holding lands under the manor, duly enrolled and certified by *a copy of the court roll*, began now indistinctly to be heard of. This good most probably resulted from the appointment of commissioners to inquire into the nature and cause of these disturbances; which appointment was made by statute in the beginning of the reign of Richard II. But, unfortunately, a party of the Barons, with the King's uncle, John of Gaunt, at their head, opposed themselves unavailingly to the progress of improvement. A severe statute was passed as to all villeins setting up claims to the lands they held inconsistent with their feudal tenure, which commanded that they should be immediately committed to prison without bail or mainprize, and that the exemplification of Domesday should not be of any advantage to them. This enactment was the immediate occasion of a popular insurrection.

On the other hand, to counteract the revolutionary spirit thus excited in the country, the aristocracy retained a numerous party to support their cause, and the land was filled with societies, leagues and bands of confederates engaged and impatient to maintain and abet their leaders in any violent measure or scheme of ambition. This state of affairs led to the Statutes of Liveries, forbidding yeomen and others of lower degree to use or bear "livery of company." Henry VII. had a great regard for these laws, because the enforcement of them tended both to the emolument of his exchequer, and to the humbling and lessening the influence of the great Lords. It is well known that he made the Earl of Oxford pay a composition of 15,000 marks for receiving and entertaining his most gracious Majesty with considerable pomp and state, all his lordship's numerous servants and retainers wearing liveries and badges. "Very fine and imposing," said Royalty to loyalty, "but you must speak with my Attorney-General!" The criminal code in this King's reign assumed a sanguinary appearance; fines and penalties were multiplied on every side, or corporal pains imposed, which were remitted for pecuniary compensations paid to the King himself.



How different were the laws of his predecessor! The constitutional provision that the benevolencies theretofore imposed should not be drawn into example, but that exactions of that sort should no longer be levied; the humane law for *bailing* accused persons who were arrested and imprisoned for felony, sometimes through malice and sometimes on light suspicions; the properly regulating, and requiring a certain qualification of property in *jurors* who served in the sheriff's town; with his law of fines and proclamations, were all essential and durable improvements in various branches of the law, effected pending the short reign of this able as well as ambitious man.

To return to the rigorous proceedings and severe laws of the Tudors. The 22nd Henry VIII., harsh law as it was, did distinguish between the impotent poor, whom it authorized to beg within stated divisions, having a licence under seal for that purpose, and "*the whole and mighty in body*," who, if caught begging, might be *whipped out of the place at the end of a cart till his body was bloody*, and returned to where he last dwelt.

After the dissolution of the Monasteries, vagrancy and begging became the most pressing of grievances, and the provisions made to remedy it are quite tantamount in barbarity to the most obnoxious of the acts of Colonial Legislatures for keeping in subjection their servile population. The 1st Edward VI. c. 3, ordains, that any person may apprehend those *living idly, wandering and loitering about without employment,—being servants out of place, or the like, and bring them before two justices; who, upon proof by two witnesses or confession of the party, were to adjudge such offender to be a vagabond, and to cause him to be marked with a hot iron, on the breast, with the mark of V, and to adjudge him to be "a slave" to the person who brought and presented him, and to his executors, for two years. This person was to keep him upon bread, water, or small drink, and refuse meat; and to cause him to work by beating, chaining, or otherwise, in any work or labour he pleased, be it ever so vile. If such slave absented himself from his master within the two years, for the space of fourteen days, then he was to be adjudged by two justices to be marked, on the forehead or the ball of the cheek, with a hot iron with the sign of an S, and further adjudged to be a slave to his master for ever! And if he ran away a second time, he was to be deemed a felon!*

Of course, the severity of these laws prevented their being carried into execution.

It has been seen that the Statutes of Labourers had been accumulating from the time of Edward III., but had been in general too oppressive to be executed. The truth of this remark is admitted by the Preamble to Statute 5 Elizabeth, c. 4, "*touching divers orders for artificers, labourers, servants of husbandry, and apprentices;*" which preamble recites, that "*partly for the imperfection and contrariety that is found in sundry of the said laws, and for the variety and number of them, and chiefly for that the wages and allowances limited and rated are too small and not answerable to this time, the said laws cannot conveniently, without the great grief and burthen of the poor labourer and hired man, be put in good and due execution;*" &c. This beneficent law was, therefore, passed with the praiseworthy design to "*banish idleness, advance husbandry, and yield unto the hired person both in the time of scarcity and the time of plenty, a convenient proportion of wages.*" The policy of that part of the Statute which regulated apprenticeships, and enacted that no one should exercise any craft, &c. then used, except he had been brought up therein seven years, came to be much questioned afterwards; but the alterations of times may have rendered much unnecessary and inconvenient since, which was, at the time, founded in reason and necessity.

"The proud man's contumely,—the poor man's wrong," have been painfully illustrated in this recital. But it is a mistake to suppose, as some per-



sons do, that "*the law's delay*," justly enumerated by Shakspeare, as another "among the ills that flesh is heir to," is a modern grievance, attributable to the lawyers of the present or of recent days. In the time of Henry III. when the earliest Statutes extant begin, a *full year and almost one month* were spent in the solemnity of the *process* of attachment (*solemnitas attachiam entorum*). If, as is probable, the sheriff returned upon the last writ that he could not find the defendant, the whole of the process from the return of the summons to the return of the last *distringas*, would consume *two years and more than eight months*: and if excuses (essoigns) were cast and managed with dexterity, the appearance in Court might be still further protracted. Add, besides, the *days of grace* and *days of love* (*dies amoris*, &c.) or postponement by consent, which were countless, and it will be seen that the evil is inveterate, if not past cure.

*Lex uno ore omnes alloquitur*.—There is at least one instance in which the truth of this maxim cannot be gainsayed. Every person who has the misfortune to be indicted—be he high or low, rich or poor, guilty or innocent—so soon as he has pleaded "Not Guilty," is alike accosted by the officer of the court with the courteous appellation of "*Culprit!* how will you be tried?"—really meaning *Cul. Prît. Presto*, I will prove you guilty! To which the prisoner makes a reply, already explained, amounting, in substance and sense, or rather in emptiness and nonsense, to "By fire and water, and by twelve sad men."

---

---

#### ARIOSTO TO HIS MISTRESS.

[Ariosto is supposed to have written his celebrated Poem at the command of some unknown beauty. On his inkstand was a Cupid with the finger on his lips.]

"He who told  
Of fair Olympia, loved and left of old."

I SEND thee, my beloved one,  
Another song of mine;  
Methinks the sweetest I have won  
To offer at thy shrine.

I pray thee borrow tears from sleep  
For young Olympia's woe;  
As angels pause in heaven to weep  
O'er grief they cannot know.

Weep for the fate which is to thee  
But like a troubled dream;  
Thou knowest not how hearts can be  
Wrecked on life's faithless stream.

Ah! some are born to love and pine,  
And some to love and reign;  
Brightest—imperial rule is thine  
Within love's wide domain.

Thou art a queen in thy command,  
Whose sway is smiles and sighs;  
The languid wave of that white hand  
The sceptre's state supplies.

I see thee now in that fair room  
Where thou wilt read this scroll:  
The faint lamp scarcely breaks the gloom  
Which wraps the haunted whole.



A lovely indistinctness flings  
Its charm around the place,  
As if the shadow of love's wings  
Had left their fairy trace.

And ever and anon the wind  
Flings back the fragrant shade,  
That jessamine and myrtle twined  
Have round the casement made.

When light and perfume comrades meet  
Their flitting entrance win,  
Fair—sweet—but still more fair and sweet  
Whene'er they enter in.

For smiling in her silvery noon  
Looks down night's conscious queen—  
But silence—oh, thou trusted moon,  
On all that thou hast seen.

To-night it matters not—to-night  
Thou'lt only see alone,  
A lady in whose eyes the light  
Is lovely as thine own.

Is it not—dearest? thou canst tell  
How very fair thou art :  
That face—ah, thou must know it well,  
Whose mirror is my heart.

What hours—what moonlit hours have pass'd  
Thy fairy feet beside ;  
While the long lash its shadow cast  
O'er eyes it could not hide.

When your cheek's native paleness wore  
The rose's transient hue ;  
And thy red lip—but hush, no more,  
I must not picture you !

Be still our love—a thing unknown,  
It is a flower too rare  
To be in common daylight shown,  
To meet the sun and air.

I keep thee with all holier thought,  
The dreaming and the deep ;  
That not from earth but heaven are brought,  
O'er which we watch and weep.

My hopes, my music and my tears  
Whatever in my line,  
Soothes, softens—elevates, endears,  
Are thine and only thine !

Take then my song, and claim thy part,  
Where thou hast lent thy grace—  
It caught its music from thy heart,  
Its beauty from thy face.

L. E. L.



SOME PARTICULARS RELATIVE TO THE ETTRICK  
SHEPHERD.\*

IN continuation of our former articles relative to the Ettrick Shepherd, we cannot do better than introduce to the notice of our readers the following remarkable letters, giving some interesting facts regarding the Poet's early life; they are from the pen of his eldest brother, Mr. William Hogg, and were written in answer to a letter from, and addressed to a near relative † of the present writer, shortly after the appearance of the "Queen's Wake," who was anxious to obtain some information on certain points regarding the early life and family of his friend, the Ettrick Shepherd. The gentleman to whom we allude, in applying to such a source, merely expected a few plain answers to a few simple questions. We need not tell our readers how much he was gratified, or how much he was surprised, when the following able letters were handed to him in answer to his inquiries:—

DEAR SIR,

*Minzion, 20th November, 1813.*

Our ancestors, in the paternal line, were long retainers to the Scots of Oakwood, and held under them the lands of Fauldshope. Upon the decline of that family, they seem to have been expelled their possession, and I think for a life or two there is nothing extant concerning them.

Our grandfather, William Hogg, is the next of whom any account can be had; and we find him in the neighbourhood of Fauldshope occupied as a common shepherd. He died at a middle age, leaving our grandmother with four sons and one daughter. She being a prudent, respectable woman, got the family foughten ‡ up. Our father was the oldest but one. None of them had any school education, yet our father is a correct and distinct reader of the Bible; and I apprehend that it is from him my brother James derives the seeds of poetry. My reasons for thinking this are the following:—Our father reads much in his Bible, and the passages he generally selects, are the transcendent sublimity of Isaiah, the plaintive strains of Jeremiah, or the magnificent imagery of Ezekiel; these he reads with delight, and I hope with advantage to his spiritual improvement. He reads also, and has sometimes caused me to read "Hervy's Meditations;" and, as this book is written in an elegant flowery style, it affects him much, and he will sometimes exclaim, "Oh! such a man as Hervy has been!" or "Oh! such a writer!" His judgment is sound, and his notions of men and the world tolerably correct, at least of those things of which he has had any experience; but by once engaging in a business, of which he had no previous knowledge, he involved his private affairs in confusion, and that at a time when his family were both small and helpless. He is now, in his eighty-third year, a solitary disconsolate man, deprived, five months ago, of the company and assistance of our mother, a most worthy and respectable woman. His memory retains more faithfully what was communicated to it when about fifteen years of age, than what it received yesterday.

Our mother's father was named Wm. Laidlaw, and resided all his days (which were very many) as a shepherd on the farm of Phaup, the highest

---

\* Continued from page 342.

† The Rev. James Gray.

‡ Foughten; to bring up with difficulty.



and most sequestered parish corner in the parish of Ettrick, and here with him and one of her brothers, our mother spent the first thirty years of her life, previous to her marriage with our father. In such a situation, shut out from all intercourse with the world, it is no wonder that our mother's mind received many of the superstitious notions that then prevailed. For, whenever the human mind is unagitated by society, and left to brood over itself in solitude, rather than want company, it will create visionary beings for itself; there it will arrange and assign to every class its respective attributes and powers, together with its particular time of appearance; and to this superstition the mind is more prone if the scenery around dispose to melancholy ideas. And such a place was this Phaup. Nothing was to be seen but long tracts of heath, and on the tops of the hills frequently sat a dark and thick mist. Nothing was to be heard but the howl of winds and dash of waters, the sound of these only varied by the increase or diminution of their force, which indeed was perpetually changing; but still the sound was doleful and uninterrupted, and engendered gloomy ideas. Add to these the want of a good education, which at such a place, and at such a time, was never thought of. All the learning that was then given or looked for, was what our father could enforce during the long wintry nights. To a people thus shut up from all human society, it is no wonder to find the days of former years remarkable for superstition, and the mind overpowered by imaginary terrors.

Our mother's mind was well fortified by a good system of Christian religion, which our grandfather with much care and diligence had given all his family; yet her mind was stored with tales and songs of spectres, ghosts, fairies, brownies, voices, &c. These had been both seen and heard in her time in the Glen of Phaup; and many a winter night to keep us boys steady, has she told us how the fairie would have tripped with much mirth and speed along the bottom of some lonely dell, how the dead-lights, or some shapeless appearance twisting and throwing itself, announced the death of some near relative; and not unfrequently, the spirit of the gathering storm was heard to shriek through the air. These tales arrested our attention, and filled our minds with the most dreadful apprehensions. It no sooner grew dark, than we durst no longer venture to the door without some one to protect us; and even this had to be one whom we supposed to be more powerful than the spirit whom we thought lingered without the walls of the house, and watched an opportunity to catch us. These songs and tales which were sung and told in a plaintive, melancholy air, had an influence on James's mind altogether unperceived at the time, and perhaps indescribable now. Their agency on the powers of his mind resembled the influence of the solar heat upon the eggs of the ostrich, who is said to deposit them in sand, and leave them to be vivified by the sun's cherishing warmth; they raised into existence the seeds of poetry, which if allowed to have lain dormant till a later period, would probably have never made such vigorous shoots. It had been customary with our mother to repeat to us some of the Psalms of David, partly with a view, no doubt, to keep us quiet, and partly to form our minds to morality and goodness. Several of these James got by heart before he could read a word, and after he went to school he learned many more. The solemn ascriptions of praise that are there given to the Almighty, the beautiful



illustrations of moral goodness with which the sacred writings abound, enriched his mind with the best ideas, and strengthened it for more enlarged excursions.

I am, &c.,

WM. HOGG.

DEAR SIR,

12th December, 1813.

In our excursions for diversion we were often wasting growing corn, or otherwise injuring the implements of husbandry, and for this we were called to strict account. James generally pleaded our cause with great openness and simplicity, stood often beside his accusers, as if unconscious of any crime; but the moment he was seized for punishment he became perfectly frantic, and used every effort to extricate himself from their grasp. Besides his Bible and catechism, the only book he was indulged in the free use of was the "*Gentle Shepherd*;" this he learned from end to end, and would often repeat its names, songs, and scenes, just as they lay in their order. His memory seemed to take a very firm hold of this beautiful eclogue, and I dare say will retain it to this day. The natural pathos so happily expressed in the pastoral, gave an additional energy to his mind, and further disposed it to harmony and poetry. Our parents thinking that reading too much would induce to a neglect of business, dissuaded him powerfully from the perusal of every book that was not some religious tract or other; so that he had neither access to books, nor money to purchase them with; but as our father's circumstances were far from keeping his family independent, James was early sent to service, but at what age I cannot positively ascertain. Being now without his friends' immediate observation, with a few shillings which he got he purchased an old violin; on this he kept scraping away early and late, until his neighbour servants (who were at first wearied with his discordant jars) at last began to discover harmony in his performances, and expressed their approbation by listening and sometimes dancing. This encouraged James further in the learning of this the most pleasant of all the arts; and I think the study and learning of it were no doubt a collateral help to smooth and harmonious expressions;—indeed, we not unfrequently find a poetical and musical genius existing in the same person. Hitherto he had been employed in the most menial services, such as herding cows, and every drudgery which that employment includes; and was considered as rather a soft, actionless boy, but always distinguished by something vivid in his observations, expressed in rather unordinary words, and with an immediate fervour of spirit. His masters loved him, not indeed so much for the extent and abilities of his service, as for the general fidelity of his conduct, and for his candid and sprightly manner of acknowledging his errors when any piece of business had misfortuned with him.

It was at Whitsunday 1789 or 1790 that Mr. Laidlaw hired him to be his shepherd, at Blackhouse. As Mr. Laidlaw himself had a natural desire for acquiring useful knowledge, even separate from that which constituted him master of his profession, he did not discourage James from reading, and this itself was sufficient to give the powers of his mind a new impulse. Besides, the power of the human mind does not appear to be gradually matured; new accessions of knowledge are rather instantaneously injected, no doubt, as emanations from the great fountain of all knowledge. Probably an enlargement of mind, accompa-



nied with fresh accessions of knowledge, at this time, contributed, with the favourable turn in his circumstances, to expand his conceptions to a degree altogether unknown before. And now that his genius was no longer chilled by menial servitude, nor its exertions checked by disregard and neglect, it could no longer be repressed, but breathed forth its effusions dressed indeed in a true rustic habit, but marked with indications of originality and nature.—He at this time published several pieces of poetry in the “*Edinburgh Magazine*,” a publication he constantly read, all the time he resided with Mr. Laidlaw. It was when he was with Mr. Laidlaw he was sent to help home with a stock of sheep to some part of Argyleshire. This induced him to make several subsequent journeys into that noted county. He now visited many of the Western Isles, and all the principal parts of Scotland. Here, in those almost dimensionless regions, nature is seen on a large scale. The extent of its glens and horrid grandeur of its rocks and mountains, expand the imagination, and enlarge its conceptions, most irresistibly lifting the mind of the spectator to the great author of all sublimity. His mind thus enriched with ideas collected from the face of nature, he visited the metropolis, and here his access to new publications, and his converse with the polished world, stripped his ideas and style of that rustic habit, which was their native dress. And I am really astonished at the harmony and delicacy of expression which generally pervade the “*Queen’s Wake*.” His muse may have made a loftier flight, but the tone of her voice was never sweeter than when she poured forth these beautiful lines.

“ The waning moon her lustre threw,  
 Pale round her throne of soften’d blue,  
 Her circuit round the Southland sky,  
 Was languid, low, and quickly bye.  
 Leaning on clouds so faint and fair,  
 And cradled on the golden air,  
 Modest and pale as maiden bride,  
 She sunk upon the trembling tide.”

I have now touched on those incidents in the earlier part of my brother’s life, that appear to have cherished that propensity to poetry which is so natural to his genius, yet his mind amidst all its splendid conceptions, is of an imperfect structure. His imagination is quite an overpoise for his judgment. Sanguine in his hopes, the world hath once and again disappointed him and ruined him, because he formed his opinions of men and the world rather from what they should be, than from what they really are: hence he is disappointed whenever he steps out to transact business with them. The vivacity of his imagination disqualified him also from study and research. Present any intricate question to him for solution, his mind grasps it and pervades it with the rapidity of thought, as it really is; but if it miss solution, he cannot return to it again. The powers of his mind are so disordered by the rapidity of their first application, that they cannot for a long time be again collected to reconsider the subject. His judgment once baffled and overpowered, can hardly be brought again to renew the attack, or if it does, it is with diminished force, and more uncertain action.

I remain, dear Sir, yours, &c. &c.

WM. HOGG.



## A LETTER FROM THE CHIMPANZEE.

*Zoological Gardens, March 20, 1836.*

SIR,—I take up my pen to address you with great pleasure, for many reasons.

First, because I am enabled to announce my recovery from a sharpish attack of illness :

Secondly, because I have a great many things to tell you ;

And, thirdly, because I think you will be surprised at the progress I have made in my education under the system of Mr. Isaac Tomkins, and the care of the other dear old woman who is my nurse, and to whom I owe many obligations.

My history has been written and published, and there has been a ludicrous song made about me and the honourable persons who have visited me ; but although the history is correct, as far as it goes, and the song contains as much fact as fiction, neither the one nor the other convey a just idea of the extent of my genius and the strength of my understanding.

I am sure you will forgive my devoting a few lines of my address to you, to the memory of my poor mother, who lost her life in endeavouring to secure her child's liberty. She was an excellent parent, and if not so well educated as myself, one of the most amiable of Troglodytes—she was mild, gentle, amiable, four feet six inches high, and a pattern for her sex.

Her, Sir, the worthy gentlemen who were anxious to secure me for the advancement of knowledge in natural history, shot. I never shall forget that hour. Devotedly attached to *me*, she endeavoured to carry me as fast as she could to a little place we had about a mile from where we met the men who afterwards became my masters ; and when they fired at her in order to make her stop, she threw me behind her, and faced our enemies, who, finding her too swift of foot for them, fired again, and shot her in the breast. Her piercing cries still ring in my ears. I did not then know what a gun was, nor did *she*, and in hopes to extract the deadly ball which had taken effect, my wretched parent, while clasping me with one hand, aggravated her misery by tearing open the wound with the other. One of the scientific gentlemen, however, was kind enough, with the humanity and consideration that become a Christian and a philosopher, to knock her respected brains out with the butt end of his gun, and seize me by the legs,—I being at that time, as one of your dramatists writes, “ young and sore afraid,”—and thrust me into a sack which an attendant zoologist kindly held ready to secure me.

My father I never knew ; he deserted my mother very soon after I was born. She described him to me as a very fine creature, distantly connected with the Pongo family, but of a roving, restless disposition. I *have* heard—how true it is I cannot say—that he is still alive, and, having gone to North America, is now a member of Congress in the United States ; others tell me that he is a stipendiary magistrate in Jamaica ; while some gentlemen, whom I have seen since I have been here, assure me that he died in England, ambassador from the queen of Portugal to the court of St. James's. Of course I am unable to decide, but this I know, that from all I have heard of his natural talents, and from all I



see of the power of education, as well as the very little intellect required to go a great way, he may, for all I know, have been a lord chancellor or a cabinet minister, although, not having a tail to recommend him, I do not presume to say he ever arrived at such dignities.

Well, Sir, after I had seen the last of my poor mother—I was spared the misery of beholding her death, by the urbane attention of the scientific gentleman who poked me into the bag—I was carried about one hundred and twenty miles to the coast. Perhaps, Sir, you never travelled so far in a sack. It was the longest excursion I had ever made, and although I duly appreciated the tenderness and humanity of my mother's murderers, I can assure you nothing in a hot climate can be more disagreeable. Everything, as the Troggs say, "must have an end;" so had my journey; and I assure you when my masters delivered me over to the care of Captain Wood, I felt more happy than under the circumstances I could have been expected to feel.

Captain Wood gave the enterprising zoologists who had evinced such a laudable zeal for the enlightenment of European naturalists, a silver coin, which I have since ascertained to be worth four shillings and ninepence halfpenny, and two bottles of rum; in consideration of which heavy disbursement I was committed to his care, and I must say I do not think any living Trog, Pongo, or Jocko, could have been better treated than I was while on board his ship.

I passed my time very agreeably during the voyage. The sailors liked me and were fond of me—they are affectionate fellows at heart. I have always found that men, like cocoa-nuts, are not a bit the worse for rough outsides; and, rely upon it, bravery and hardihood are not incompatible with tenderness and kindness. I used to run up and down the rigging, patter up the ratlins like smoke, and slide down the stays like winkin—but *then* I could not communicate my ideas. I had not then experienced the advantages of education. Thanks to your enlightened countrymen, for the spread of intelligence, which has placed some of the most serviceable citizens of the state on the Bench and in the Senate, and has taught your obedient servant to write as he now does, and so far to emulate the bright examples set him, as to feel a strong disposition to offer himself at the next election as representative of Mary-le-bone, in which independent borough he has been now some time a resident.

But to return. Science is everything—from the respectable gentleman who shot my mother down to Dr. Magendie of Paris—nothing is to interfere with the progress of knowledge. Cats are to be skinned alive, and set to run about on a hot day under a red brick wall with a southern aspect, in order to illustrate the proverbial tenacity of feline life. Dogs are to be poisoned and recovered half-a-dozen times in a morning, in order to prove the terrific power of the bane and the surprising influence of the antidote. Frogs' legs are to be torn off, in order that they may dance after they are dead on the point of a needle; and a bird is to be stifled under a bell glass, in order to substantiate the staggering fact that an animal cannot exist without air!

My excellent friend Wood, who was exceedingly fond of me on board, no sooner got to Bristol—(I observe, *par parenthèse*, that the Church Commissioners have burked the Bishop, as a very natural *sequitur* to burning the Episcopal palace)—but he cast about as to how he should further the great end of advancing science, by dis-



posing of the produce of his four shillings and ninepence halfpenny and two bottles of rum, for something more suitable to his idea of my value, and more commensurate with my attractions for British zoologists.

I find the English are notorious for the avidity with which they receive and cherish foreigners—no matter whom or what. An old horse-doctor from India well drest up, in English shawls bought at Waterloo-house, and a turban made either by Madame Maradon, or bought in Cranbourn-alley, will be run after as a wonder; and a broken-down half-pay lieutenant of a marching regiment in Austria, by dint of black moustachios, white teeth, and an inch and a half of the riband belonging to the fourteenth class of an imaginary order stuek to his button-hole, may flirt and philander in all the best salons of the metropolis. Nay, in some instances, I am told that these nine days' wonders end their fortnight by marrying into the best, and sometimes into the very highest, families in the kingdom.

Wood was aware of this; and, although I had no tail—no riband—and very little whiskers—still he knew my real value. The dear English have seldom seen one of my race alive. Tyson, Allamand, Vosmaer, and Edwards, have all described us and our little peculiarities. Tyson's friend was in London—but long and long before the present scientific generation was born or thought of; and *he* whom Buffon has recorded, and who I rather think was distantly connected with my family through my maternal great aunt, died very shortly after his arrival in town from Paris. Vosmaer's *protegé* never *was* in England, and only lived seven months in Holland; he came from Borneo, whither, as I once heard, a branch of our family went and settled. As for Battel's Pongo, I must say, from all I have heard before I came here, and all I have read since, I believe *that* history to be, what in the eloquent language of the day is called,—Humbug; and as for the poor little fellow who was in London four or five years ago, he did not live long enough to be remembered.

Well, Sir, Captain Wood sold me for about forty pounds, and I came up to town inside the Bristol coach, under the care of Fuller, one of my servants, who are called keepers, but who, in fact, have nothing to do but to attend upon me and some other inhabitants of this place; and when I arrived, an elderly woman was presented to me, who was to devote her whole care and solieitude to my comfort and convenience—a dear good-natured old body she is. They sent for Mr. Nugee, an eminent tailor, who has a fine house on the opposite side of the Regent's Park, to measure me for what they call a Guernsey shirt—a remarkably pretty pattern and an uncommon good fit—(You will, I am sure, excuse me for entering into such trifling details,—“Hæ Nugæ!”)—and they gave me a cap very similar in form and materials to one which “boy Jem” used to wear on board Wood's ship while we were at sea.

I felt very comfortable; they allowed me to live in what I at first coming thought a palaeæ, but which turns out to be one of the keeper's kitchens; and my dear old woman took to nursing me regularly, and tickling me, and making me laugh, and I, like a child, used to pull the pins out of her neckerchief, and roll about in her lap, and run after her when she wanted to get away from me; but I am a cut above these things now, and know about as much as the best of them.

It was, I think, on the 14<sup>th</sup> of September that I was first visited by the Vice-President of the Society, of which I am a member. I was told



to behave well, for that besides being a scientific zoologist he was a magistrate. I did not quite understand my servant Hunt when he mentioned that fact; however, it was not necessary to put me on my guard, for when the gentleman came I took a great fancy to him, and after he had looked at my teeth, and I had taken his hand and satisfied myself he did not mean to hurt me, I began to jump about, which feat made him laugh, and which ended in his good-naturedly jumping about too; and, as he says in his sketch of my life which he wrote for our council, "a capital game of play we had."

That was the first day I had ever seen a looking-glass, and I could not for the life of me think what it was. I had seen window-glass—not in my own country, we have not yet got to make it there—and I thought what he held before me was a piece of that sort of glass, and that I saw another Trog through it. I cannot bear to think how foolish I must have appeared; I looked behind the glass—then I put my tongue to it, and even then felt behind it with my hands to see if there was not another Trog at the back of it. What a fool the Vice-President must have thought me!

But I did another thing almost as silly as that. He gave me a sugared almond to eat; what do you think I did? I had no idea that the white stuff outside was good to eat—I took *that* for the shell—so what did I do but break it off, and eat the nut which was inside. I saw the Vice-President smile; by Jove, Sir, the next he gave me I tasted the outside covering, and found it remarkably nice—so *that* time I ate the sugar and left the almond. I was quite right then.

He gave me some sherry in a wine-glass, mixed with sugar, but I was not used to sherry, and I do not think it was good of its sort; however, I let him see that I could drink something, for I had a good swig at some warm milk and water. By the way, adding water to London milk seems what the enlightened Trogs would call a work of supererogation.

The Vice-President handed me a cocoa-nut—I had him there—I know what cocoa-nuts are as well as he; so as I always was particularly fond of the milk I made a dash at the nut to break it—they seemed afraid I should hurt myself, so Hunt bored a hole in the nut, and "in course," as the book says, I clapped it to my mouth and sucked it dry—this they mentioned as a proof of my instinct—why did not they call it experience? for although I shall only be two years old on the 7th of next month, I have got, as you may have seen, an old head upon young shoulders, and have had the satisfaction of sucking cocoa-nuts long before I came to this country.

Pencil-cases, too, are not new to me. Captain Wood had one on board the ship, and as I once pulled out the pencil, it was natural enough for me to peep into the Vice-President's case to see if I could find another; but I must confess, gentleman as he is, he played me a shabby trick that day. While my back was turned, he sent Hunt, or some other servant of mine, to fetch what he calls a python in a basket, to try my nerves; this python being, to my eye, neither more nor less than a great infernal boa-constrictor, of which my poor mother used to warn me, and at which she was once so much frightened while she was in the family way, that it was universally supposed I should be marked with a serpent when I was born.

Will you believe it, Sir,—this excellent and exemplary gentleman



had one of these nasty brutes put upon a chair, and when I screamed out at it, although it seemed to be labouring under a fit of the gout, and was well wrapped up in flannel, he endeavoured to "tice" me, as Fuller calls it, and go near it, by putting a nice cherry-cheeked apple on the top of the basket. What a trial in my paradise—apple, serpent, and all!—but it would not do. I was a little wiser than Adam, though he was the first of men. I declined the fruit till the serpent was gone; but of this I am quite sure, that my dear Old Eve of a nurse, if she had been left to herself, and the advancement of Science had not been the object, would never have tempted me to my own undoing.

Now I admit I hated Tortoises—but I hated *them*, because I did not exactly know what they were. In America they make them into soup as you 'serve Turtle, and perhaps they may be very nice, as the case is or is not; but I cannot endure an animal whose head and tail are so very much alike, that you do not know whether it is crawling towards you from affection, or backing away from somebody else from dislike.

The greatest indignity, however, which I have yet experienced, was from a stupid fellow who came into my apartment, whilst I was amusing myself cooling my hands by placing them against the side of the room; the ill-mannered wretch took me for a man plastering the wall. To be taken for a man at all, was extremely disagreeable; but to be mistaken for a plasterer was enough to rouse every drop of Trog blood in my veins.

I hate dogs—and whenever I catch a puppy—I mean a quadruped—I wreak my little spite upon him, however good-natured I am generally; and as for the Marmosets, who are kept like birds in a cage in our kitchen, I do admit it is glorious fun to have a jump on the top of their wiry house, and give them a fright now and then.

However, before my late illness I became so general an object of attraction, that I had plenty of visitors of the best sort, especially on Sundays, when the worthy Lords and Commons, who are trying with all their might to prevent the poor hard-working people from taking any pleasure on the only day in the week when they are able to enjoy themselves, come in shoals to look at me and the Elephant—to see me swing with my head downwards, and to see him bathe with his tail upwards. We are in fact the Alpha and Omega of the concern—the O'Connell and Johnny Russell of the Zoological Gardens.

What you saw in the song about me is not altogether true; it says that I screamed out, because I took the Speaker in his wig and gown for my late venerated mother; this is all nonsense—and as you value her memory, pray let me here contradict it—there is not the slightest resemblance between them. I screamed at the Speaker because I had never seen anything like it before; and I at first attributed to the sudden shock I then received, the serious illness under which I have been since labouring.

Lord Glenelg came up in his *dormieuse*, and looked at me for two hours and a half without moving, although I endeavoured to make myself particularly engaging: when he went away he asked Hunt something about Canada, but what I never could find out. Lord Melbourne good-naturedly tickled me with his whip, and did say something about envying my want of encumbrance in the way of tail.



I like *him*—he is a very nice man—and so is Lord Palmerston, and so is Lord Teynham.

However, Troggs are no politicians, and I look at your countrymen and women with a philosophical eye. Indeed, I gradually become every day more and more degraded into humanity, and shall have great difficulty, I foresee, next season, in keeping myself out of most of what are called the Scientific Societies;—those coteries of middle-aged fools, who, having lost all attraction in themselves, affect to be mad after something of which they know very little, and about which they care less, in order to congregate a few twaddlers of their own class at *conversazioni*, where grave nonsense and weak tea satisfy the elderly guests, and to which the younger visitants, male and female, sheltering themselves under the agreeable propriety of elegant dulness, make a point of going, in order to find amusement for themselves, not altogether unconnected with the diffusion of knowledge, or the propagation of science.

It is surprising to hear the extraordinary questions which people who come to my “receptions” ask about me. The minutest inquiries are made about my habits and disposition; and this sort of curiosity is carried to such a pitch, that one day, before my illness, my biographer, the Vice-President, assisted by Mr. Miller and my servant Fuller, attempted to measure me. This I thought was going their lengths. I had heard on board Wood’s ship that weighing and measuring were extremely unlucky; so I determined not to permit them to carry their project into effect. However, the Vice-President has always been so kind to me, and I like him so much, that I had not the heart to deny him; and, accordingly, measure me they did, and with ten times as much care and nicety as Nugee did for my shirt, the result of which I send you from the copy they left here; premising, however, that my natural turn for mystification induced me to keep myself in constant motion whenever they attempted to ascertain my height, by drawing up my legs, and putting my *musculus scansionis* into action, in order to puzzle them; and my reason for doing that was this:—I do not think it fair to give my height, as if I were full-grown, while I am only yet cutting my teeth. I have no doubt that in time I shall be as tall as my late father has been represented to me to have been. As, however, my proper dimensions at present have not, I believe, been published, except in what are called the “Transactions of the Society,” I subjoin them for your edification.

	Ft.	In.
Height from my heel to the top of my head . . . . .	2	0
Circumference of the bottom of my breast . . . . .	1	5
———— round the hips . . . . .	1	3 $\frac{1}{4}$
———— of the head round the eyes and ears . . . . .	1	3
Opening of my mouth . . . . .	0	3 $\frac{1}{2}$
Height from the middle of my upper lip to my eyebrows . . . . .	0	3 $\frac{1}{2}$
Length from my eyebrows to the <i>occiput</i> . . . . .	0	7 $\frac{1}{2}$
Diameter of my ear upwards . . . . .	0	2 $\frac{3}{4}$
Transverse diameter of the same . . . . .	0	1 $\frac{3}{4}$
Circumference of the external edge of the same . . . . .	0	6 $\frac{1}{8}$
———— of that part which adheres to the head . . . . .	0	4 $\frac{3}{8}$
Length of my arm from the shoulder to the end of my fingers . . . . .	1	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
Circumference of my arm . . . . .	0	6
———— of the fore-arm four inches above the wrist . . . . .	0	6 $\frac{1}{4}$



	Ft.	In.
Length of my hand from the wrist to the end of the middle finger	0	5 $\frac{1}{4}$
Circumference of my hand . . . . .	0	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
Length of my thumb . . . . .	0	1 $\frac{1}{4}$
———— second finger . . . . .	0	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
———— middle finger . . . . .	0	3 $\frac{1}{4}$
———— fourth finger . . . . .	0	3
———— fifth finger . . . . .	0	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
Circumference of my thumb and little finger . . . . .	0	1 $\frac{1}{4}$
———— other fingers . . . . .	0	1 $\frac{5}{8}$
Length of the palm . . . . .	0	2 $\frac{7}{8}$
Breadth of ditto . . . . .	0	2
Height from my heel to the extremity of the thigh-bone . . . . .	0	11 $\frac{1}{2}$
Length from my heel to the extremity of the middle toe, which } is my longest . . . . .	0	5 $\frac{1}{2}$
Circumference of my thigh . . . . .	0	8 $\frac{3}{4}$
———— leg at its thickest part . . . . .	0	6
———— foot, taken from the origin of the thumb . . . . .	0	5 $\frac{1}{4}$
Length of my thumb, or great toe . . . . .	0	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
———— second toe . . . . .	0	2
———— third toe . . . . .	0	2 $\frac{1}{4}$
———— fourth toe . . . . .	0	2 $\frac{1}{4}$
———— fifth toe . . . . .	0	1 $\frac{3}{4}$
Greatest breadth of my sole at the origin of the thumb, or } great toe . . . . .	0	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
———— near my heel . . . . .	0	1 $\frac{3}{4}$
Circumference of my great toe at the largest point . . . . .	0	1 $\frac{3}{4}$
———— other toes . . . . .	0	1 $\frac{1}{4}$

By this description, you will see that I am a stout little fellow of my class, and if I had not been pulled down by my last attack, I have no doubt I should have filled out considerably more than I have.

The fact is, the English doctors did not understand my complaint; they found me feverish and chilly, hot and uncomfortable, and gave me physic, a thing unheard of except in extreme cases in my own country, and attempted to bleed me: this was I thought but a bungling affair. They cut three holes in my arm with what they call a lancet, but all in vain; they then proceeded to give me mercury, Fuller says, by mistake; but I do not think that likely. However, no matter how I got it, mercury I took; and it played the very deuce with me. You know I cannot speak, and I do not like my Council (who as Zoologists sit most appropriately in *Bruton-street*) to know that I write, for I am told—of course I never am present at their meetings—that they are a fidgetty set, and that if some of them were to find out that I could scribble, others of them might take it in their heads to deprive me of pen, ink and paper, for fear I should tell tales out of school. So, after I had taken this physic, and finding myself worse, I pointed to my gums, through which four great grinders, exactly like my lamented mother's permanent molars, were endeavouring to make their way. At last the Vice-President took the hint, and then I began to wish I had never called his attention to them: no sooner did they understand my meaning than the Doctor left feeling my pulse, and the Vice-President whipped a bit of stick into my mouth; whereupon the Doctor gave a slash at my gums with the same infernal thing he had before jobbed into my arm, and although I am much less feverish, and I have no doubt it will do me good in the end,



my mouth is so sore that it is with great difficulty I can eat an apple, or what I confess I like even better, a nice raw potato well peeled.

My Council have contrived a very nice amusement for me, by making a sort of sham tree in my cage, and when I am well and the weather is mild, I take great delight in swinging on the branches—holding on by my feet with my head downwards; and then Fuller laughs, and so does Hunt, and so do the ladies and gentlemen who come to see me; but my dear old nurse, whenever I do so, cries out, “Oh fie! for shame, Tommy.” Now I don’t at all understand what she means, for it was my mother who taught me to swing, and I am quite sure she never would have permitted me to do anything that was ungenteel or in the slightest degree exceptionable.

I have heard it hinted that people pay for seeing me; I hope this is not true. I should not like the idea of being shown for money. I am sure I see a great many people who come to visit me, much more curious objects to look at than myself; so curious, indeed, that I wonder they are not afraid of being kept here altogether. For my own part, I am happy enough. If I were at liberty to walk about the streets, or drive my cab, or go to the opera, or the theatres, or to assemblies—the English are, as I hear, such ill-bred people that I should be followed and pressed upon, and perhaps squeezed to death through their anxiety to stare at me. Here I admit visitors, because my Council consider it good for the advancement of science; but I am secure from personal inconvenience: and I assure you, when I am alone my solitude is by no means disagreeable.

I sit down before the fire, and amuse myself by watching my servant’s dinner roasting; for, although I never eat much myself, I like to see the process of cooking—it is an art peculiar to what are called human creatures, and upon which, I am told, they pique themselves particularly; indeed, I heard one of my visitors say, the other day, that all the vices and follies which can be crammed into the heart or mind of a man are completely outweighed in society by the taste and ingenuity of his cook. This to me, of course, sounds strange: the only sensual gratification I receive from gastronomy arises from the warmth of the fire which its practice naturally requires, and even that is ticklish work. Battel, in his account of the Pongo family, says that they will come down in the morning to the fires which the travellers have made the night before in the woods, and will sit round them until they go out, but that they have no understanding to lay the wood together. I flatter myself I am a little more enlightened than that; however, thanks to the attention of my people here, I have little need of troubling myself—a more civil or kinder set of servants no *Troglodytes niger* ever had.

All this is in confidence, which I think you will not betray; and therefore I may impart to you my intention of writing my opinions of English society, which I am just as competent to form, shut up here, as many other worthies who mix in it, and who have written elaborated works on it. I live pretty much in my own circle, it is true, but as the season comes on, I am certain of being invited into the best company as a talented stranger. I do not know whether the Jaloffs, the Feloops, the Nalloes, the Balantes, the Papels, and Banyans, will take any very great interest in my work; but if I can secure one or two of the best circulating libraries in Bambouk to push me, I think, from the little I saw of the



Malinkups, they will take off a whole edition—a portrait of myself, habited in a fancy dress, will of course be the frontispiece.

But I must conclude, or I shall tire your patience. Pray do me the kindness to come and see me; you will be disappointed at my inability to speak to you; the development of the organ is, however, going on. I am able at present only to inquire the names and peculiarities of my visitors, and have got a confirmed habit of saying, “Who? Who?” to my servants upon the arrival of every new face. The royal road to writing, which Mr. Isaac Tomkins has opened to me, diminishes my anxiety as to talking, for I can scribble without fatigue, and as well with my feet as my hands (which, *entre nous*, are as much hands as feet, and would, if I understood the game, enable me to play a rubber at whist by myself). Now, if I once began to talk, I should be kept incessantly answering questions from morning till night, which, as I hear them put by the enlightened public to my servants, it would be infinitely beneath the dignity of a *Troglodytes niger* of any character to reply to.

Will you do me the favour to present my best compliments to Mrs. Editor and the young ladies? and believe me,

Yours faithfully,

THOMAS T. N. CHIMPANZEE.

P.S.—I have sat for my picture three or four times, and shall be in the Exhibition. H. B. made what I thought a capital likeness of me, but when it was published it was universally believed to be a certain noble lord, who, for decency’s sake, shall be nameless.

---

### THE VENUS OF CANOVA.

A whisper’d sound is on the breeze,  
 A gentle murmur soft and low;  
 ’Tis not the wind among the trees,  
 ’Tis not the sun-lit fountain’s flow;  
 Their well-known music hath been stirr’d  
 By nature all this summer day,  
 The soul hath felt, the ear hath heard  
 Them singing on their joyous way.  
 ’Tis not the happy ring-dove cooing,  
 A note unchanged in sense and tone;  
 Nor hum of bee, while closely wooing  
 The rose, to make its sweets his own.  
 The pleasant voice of bird and bee  
 Have sweetly mingled all day long,  
 A most familiar melody—  
 In love and labour, cheer’d by song!  
 All day hath nature’s gentle voice  
 Been link’d with song, above, around;  
 Bidding all things with her rejoice,  
 Yet hush’d till now this one dear sound.  
 Now list! the whisper comes more near;  
 And, as she hears her own sweet boy,  
 The goddess-woman starts with fear,  
 If fear can be twin-born with joy!

H.



## LIBERTY AND SLAVERY IN AMERICA.\*

BY A RETURNED EMIGRANT.

Mr. Abdy, who has in his American journal made such strenuous exertions on behalf of the coloured people, advances, and endeavours to support, two opinions concerning them, which I had considered quite exploded; one is, that mankind has been gradually changed into the present physical varieties, by the natural effect of climate; and the other, that there is no mental difference or inferiority between the negroes and the Caucasians. How the human race has become so diversified, is beyond my depth to discover, or purpose to investigate; but it is certain, that if the change has been produced by the agency of climate, it must have happened at a very remote period, and have taken a long time to accomplish; yet no such action has been observed through the whole range of history and tradition, to the present day. The system is also opposed to the received period of the Creation of Man, and of the Deluge; since no apparent alteration having taken place in two or three thousand years, we may naturally inquire how many it would take to turn a lank sandy-haired Scotchman into a woolly-head negro, or a small-eyed Chinese?

The difference of mental powers is not so susceptible of logical proof, but is sufficiently evident to the experienced observer. The negro's aptitude to learn, admitting it to be equal to the white man's, (which I doubt, however,) proves only the power of one faculty of the mind—the memory. His imagination may be nearly equal, and his quickness is very evident, but his judgment and reasoning powers are sadly deficient; in short, his animal propensities exceed ours in strength, about as much as his intellectual gifts are deficient. He possesses an elastic spirit, easily depressed or elevated—exhibits the most bitter moaning and the most uproarious mirth, the grossest depravity and the strongest religious fanaticism; he can be nothing soberly, discreetly, and rationally,—and rarely anything long. These qualities are of course most striking in the ignorant, and are considerably modified by education; but their distinguishing traits generally exist in all.

Furthermore, it is evident that the mulattos excel the negroes, and the quadroons the mulattos, both in person and intellect, and yet are considered less valuable as working slaves; for they inherit with their blood, a portion of a more stubborn and untameable spirit. Let us also cast a glance to St. Domingo, where they are a sovereign people, and we find them the hardest of task-masters to their own slaves; and by all accounts, now they are freed from the restraint and guidance of the whites, they are gradually descending to their native state of barbarism.

Mr. Abdy is strangely sensitive about the opposition to intermarriage between the blacks and whites. Surely we are excusable for yielding to the repugnances of our senses, for believing that black man was made for black woman, and that nature never intended, though she may tolerate, a mixture of the races. However, I would place no legal impediment to such marriages; a depraved taste ought not to be punished as a crime, and would not even be a misfortune, without human enactments; but I would also admit a feeling of charity for those who are endowed with a more natural preference for their own caste and colour, and who are desirous, without inflicting wrong, to keep themselves personally aloof from that which is personally offensive.

Any person who has passed by the African church in New York, or any other African church during divine service, particularly in summer, when the windows and doors are all open—must have enjoyed a treat, if he had



any taste for the ludicrous in religion. I have heard and seen screaming, moaning, laughing, singing, dancing, and clapping hands at the same time. On one occasion the clergyman in the pulpit, a white man, happening to catch my eye during a pause in his exhortations, to let the storm which he had raised blow over, and probably reading astonishment in my countenance—it seemed to me that he winced and looked foolish, as if ashamed of his congregation. Those poor people were probably quite in earnest at the time; but though some of them seemed in the last agonies, it is very likely that the greater number enjoyed equally excruciating fun before they finished the day. A friend of mine had a negro neighbour, who held prayer-meetings at his house on particular evenings, which he was obliged to have stopped as a nuisance, in consequence of the extraordinary mixture of praying, singing, shouting, and fighting, with which he and his family were regaled.

As persons who aim at impartiality—at steering a middle course between extremes, rarely give satisfaction to either, possibly I may be considered as an advocate for slavery. So far from that being the case, I detest it in feeling, in principle, and in practice; and am particularly desirous of keeping myself aloof from those communities who are so unfortunate as to possess, and to depend on the system. Slaves are the worst of servants, and those who are dependant on them must govern them with rigour; and, in the main, I do not consider them as treated with undue severity, though there are, of course, exceptions, and they, like the rest of the world, have to endure the consequences of the vices, caprices, and inhumanity of mankind, their own included. In New Orleans, where they are treated with the greatest severity, the most reckless and ungovernable are congregated; but until that city become thoroughly regenerated, one may look there in vain for moderation, justice, or humanity. Whether the conduct of the negroes would be improved by affording them instruction, or whether it would only render them the more discontented with their lot, are questions which I do not feel competent to decide, and which it would be useless and unprofitable to investigate, till Time, the great reformer, shall whet his scythe, and mow down a few of those moral weeds which shoot up so abundantly in those luxuriant soils which produce the sugar, rice, and cotton.

The Mobile Indians are the most degraded people I have ever seen. They go nearly naked, with the exception of a piece of a blanket thrown over their shoulders; but the females, at least the young girls who enter the city to sell their back-loads of pitch-pine for lighting fires, generally wear a cotton frock, probably a cast-off donation, without any under garment save a covering of dirt about as old as the individual. They seem entirely ignorant of the cleansing properties of water, and are much more partial to whisky as a beverage, on which they get as drunk as it is possible to be, as often as they can procure it. Their houses are made of the bark of the yellow pine, are about four feet high, open on one side, and in form the half of a bee-hive or deep bowl. They are a very different description of people from the negroes, by whom they are despised and ridiculed: they are harmless, chaste, timid, and unobtrusive; and will never sell their birthright—their liberty, for a mess of porridge. Most of the men have a fowling-piece, hunting is their only occupation, and the money received for their furs is usually expended in whisky.

Before I quit this dark subject, I will relate a tragic event which took place in Baldwin County, State of Alabama, for the truth of which I can vouch, as I was in the immediate neighbourhood at the time it occurred, and received the particulars from some of the actors in it. It will serve to prove that untaught man can exceed in brutality every beast that roams the forest.

A girl of twelve years of age, and her brother of nine, the children of a widow, had some distance to go to school through the lonely forest. One day they did not return home as usual, and inquiry and search having been made, no trace of them could be discovered, nor any probable conjecture be



formed as to their fate. They were repeatedly advertised in the name of their disconsolate and heart-broken mother, but their disappearance continued involved in an impenetrable mystery. In about a month afterwards two young ladies were riding on horseback in the same neighbourhood, and passing by a pool where two negroes were bathing, one of them rushed suddenly from a thicket, in a state of nudity, and attempted to seize the bridle of one of the horses. The young ladies fled from the road, but in endeavouring to escape through the wood, one of them fell from her horse. The negro, as if considering her as secure, pursued the other, and as he overtook her, perceiving that the fallen lady had regained her horse, and was likely to effect her escape, he changed the object of his pursuit, till baffled between both, he gave up the chase and disappeared in the woods: however, the fellow was known and arrested, together with his companion, on whom suspicion had likewise fallen, and no time was lost in putting them to various modes of torture, as well to gratify immediate vengeance, as in the hope of clearing up the fate of the children. No human beings can possess less fortitude than the negroes, and they very soon laid open the whole mystery in the clearest manner, for their separate confessions exactly agreed, and the bodies of the children were found as described. The particulars, if I dared to sully this page with them, would excite too painful a horror, or perhaps incredulity.

A court was soon organized in Blakely to try the two fiends, against whom there was no evidence but their own confession extorted by torture, and the discovery of the bodies. This, though in such a case satisfactory to every person, was wholly illegal: I have myself been present at a trial for murder, where the voluntary confession of the prisoner was not allowed to be given in evidence, and the culprit was acquitted, which was in fact the intention. The two negroes being of course found guilty, were condemned to be hung, according to legal forms, on some future day; but the patience of the auditors being exhausted, they simultaneously shouted, "Now, now—hang them at once!" The judge would have had the sentence executed legally, but the people took the affair into their own hands. They immediately dragged the prisoners into the forest, tied each to a tree, and having first feasted their vengeance by tortures and mutilation, they roasted them to death by slow degrees.\*

How often have we all heard the climate of England found fault with—foggy, damp, dismal, and variable; but to attempt to prove its superiority, both as relates to health and comfort, over any part of the United States, seems to be now unnecessary, notwithstanding the splendid weather usual at particular seasons in the latter country. During the months of September and October, in the year 1832, immediately after the cholera in the northern states, the season continued more invariably fine than I have ever experienced in any climate. The rich and diversified colouring of river, forest, and mountain scenery, glowing under a cloudless sky, and fanned by gentle and refreshing breezes—no excess of heat during the day—and the nights agreeably cool and invigorating, seemed sent to console the living for the loss of their friends, and to reconcile them to so lovely a world; but "at length the cruel spoiler came, and withered all its sweetness!"—in the shape of a north-west wind, on meeting which suddenly on turning a corner, if it did not feel like the pricking of five hundred needles, I don't know what it felt like. The thermometer fell about forty degrees, and a severe frost accompanied this dry and searching blast. During December the weather was generally mild, without frost or snow, till the 1st or 2nd of January, when the winter set in for the season, but with moderate severity. Settled winter lasts for little more than two months in New York, as it breaks up about the 10th of March, and continues varying from winter to

---

\* Since the above statement was written, a more detailed account has been published in the Alabama papers, with the signatures of the grand jury of Blakely.



summer, winter predominating at first, and summer gradually gaining ground, till towards the end of May, when the latter retains undisturbed possession of the season. This might seem a description of the English climate if I did not add that these changes generally take place in the course of an hour or two, amount to from thirty-five to forty degrees of Fahrenheit, and are caused by a change of wind. During the changeable seasons, there seems to be no moderate weather; all is violent and sudden reverse.

In the southern states, along the Gulf of Mexico, the climate is subject to similar excessive changes, which continue during the entire winter, as that season can never be considered fixed for any period, but summer-heat continues with little change from the middle of May to about the middle of November; the thermometer standing in the shade during the hottest part of the day at from eighty-eight to ninety-two, except during an occasional day or two of a north wind, when it ranges two or three degrees lower, but is considered by all, and felt by many, to be more unhealthy, probably owing to its dryness, and its checking perspiration. The east wind is violent, of short continuation, and accompanied generally with a thunder-storm—always with heavy rain, which is sometimes blown almost horizontally to the earth. A change of wind is, as usual in tropical regions, announced first by a calm, and then by a darkness arising in the point from which the change is to come. A sea breeze from the south prevails along the coast during the summer from ten o'clock in the morning till sunset, which is very refreshing and salubrious, but which is gradually lost as it goes inland, and hardly reaches forty miles.

Exercise in a carriage open at all points, but with a tester roof, may be enjoyed at any hour of the hottest day; but early in the morning, or for a couple of hours before night, all sorts of vehicles and saddle horses are in operation. Should you meet any person moving at a moderate pace, you may conclude him to be some sober old fellow, going to, or returning from his place of business; or some doctor whose horse is over-worked;—but as to the rest of the community, their object seems to be at all times to cut through the air as fast as possible. The horses are excellent, many of the clerks and shopmen keep one as well as a negro; and on week days and business times, the horse draws a dray attended by the slave, and brings in a handsome income to the owner; on Sundays and summer times he draws a gig or cart.

There are few days during the summer in which thunder is not heard at one or more points of the compass; it is much louder, the lightning more vivid, and the rain stronger than in England, but habit reconciles the most timid female to it. Sleeping in a small wooden house, the thunder sounding in a rapid succession of broadsides immediately over it, illuminated by flashes of light which nothing but the sun could match, a rain battering the shingles over head sufficient to turn the streets into rivers in a few minutes, and the forest moaning and cracking under the blast, is a humiliating situation for man, if he cannot enjoy the sublime conflict of the elements. I had to go home one night along a lonely road during the beginning of a storm, before the rain had begun to fall, when the flashes of lightning alternating with the most complete darkness, seemed to divide the solitude equally between them. At one moment the distant glades of the forest visible as at noon-day, the next I could not see any object whatever, and could only keep my road by taking a fresh departure with every flash. On the days succeeding these storms I have occasionally seen a lofty pine about 100 feet in height, which having been struck by the electric fluid, had lost a spiral strip of bark from the top to the earth, of course destroying the vitality of the tree. Lives are sometimes lost, but more rarely than might be supposed by those not taking into account the extreme thinness of the population.

Winter, always a healthy season in the north, in the south consists, for a large portion, of a very unhealthy sort of weather, which is, during the prevalence of the south wind, warm, damp, and relaxing. To open windows for



the purpose of airing rooms is only to admit a damp air, if not too stagnant to move, and fuel is too expensive, and the atmosphere too warm, for fires. Keys and penknives rust in the pocket, and boots become soon covered with mould: this is a good season for doctors. But a north wind comes, people are muffled to the eyes, the wharfs are soon cleared of fire-wood—a very expensive firing even in the midst of the forest—and the negroes look miserably blue. Last winter was the severest ever remembered throughout the United States. At Mobile the thermometer stood at  $5^{\circ}$  or  $6^{\circ}$  above zero; and at Charleston and Natchez, at  $6^{\circ}$  under. The orange trees were every where destroyed, and I observed a fine crop of peas in blossom, which in one night were completely withered.

With respect to the insalubrity of New Orleans and the vicinity of the lower Mississippi, it is too well, and too fatally known, to require much notice here. I should not think that the climate is outdone in malignity by any other on the face of the globe from July to November, though 1834 was somehow exempt from the ravages of the yellow fever. Havanna is unhealthy in a less degree, but for a longer period; however, there, it is pretty well accounted for by the negligence of the government, and the indolence of the people. Carrion is never removed from the spot where it falls, and even human bodies are left to pollute the air, the earth and the sea, without inquiry respecting the cause of their death, or care for the public safety. The captain of an American ship told me that when last in Havanna, lying at anchor in the harbour, the remains of a man and woman, tied together, floated past his ship with every ebb and flow of the tide, emitting a dreadful effluvia, and exciting a deep disgust in himself and crew, but a matter of indifference to the natives. It was supposed that it had been a wife and her paramour sacrificed to vengeance. Such dangerous and offensive objects are removed and buried in New Orleans, though occasionally there has not been a possibility of procuring hands to bury those who had died in their beds, and corpses have remained for days in the burying-grounds exposed to a burning sun till men could be found willing to risk their lives for exorbitant wages.

As if the yellow fever was not a sufficiently deadly scourge, it received the powerful aid of the cholera during the sickly seasons of 1832 and 1833, and jointly they threatened extermination to the city; for the cholera made no distinction in favour of the acclimated; but such is the thirst of gain and love for enterprise which distinguish the Americans, that they resolved to fill up the breaches in crowds more than sufficient for the purpose. In new settlements struggling against disease, battling with nature, and armed against each other, a recklessness of life prevails to a degree unknown in ancient and well ordered societies; to which motives, banishment from home and friends, and deprivation of habitual comforts and pleasures, must, in Europeans at least, lend their powerful aid. I have often heard young men who were not quite so prosperous as they had reckoned on, when threatened by the most fatal disease, coolly and dispassionately express the utmost indifference as to what the result might be, and I should judge that they were not actuated by a contempt for this life, or the hopes of a better, but by weariness of a life of labour and privation, without any interest but the varying excitements and depressions caused by drams and tobacco. Those who are making money, being possessed of a never wearying stimulant, and a vista of future enjoyment, may be entirely acquitted of the above weakness.

Mobile was formerly, equally with New Orleans, an annual victim to the yellow fever, but the scourge has not returned during the last seven years, and is now pretty confidently considered to have paid his last visit as an epidemic. This is ascribed to two causes; one, having made the roadway through the streets with shells, and the other, filling up marshes, letting off stagnant water, and generally removing and destroying nuisances. The last reason is quite sufficient to account for the improvement, through doubtlessly aided by the first. Mobile stands on a level plain, elevated at the most



eighteen or twenty feet above the surface of the river, its highest ridge approaching to within about 200 yards of the channel of the river, and rather descending as it recedes from it. A marsh lay along between this ridge and the running water, which was partly covered by trees and shrubs, with bull-rushes and other aquatic plants, inhabited by millions of frogs, and producing myriads of insects. This marsh has been entirely filled in by sand carted from the neighbouring ridge, which has also given the town a gradual descent to the river sufficient to prevent the settlement of water, and so removed the chief cause of malaria. During the reign of the yellow fever, several houses, both of wood and brick, extended into the marsh; and as neither Mobile nor Rome was built in a day, water was suffered to remain stagnant under the floors, and whenever necessity did not compel them to make a road. This, in such a warm climate, must have proved a hot-bed of disease, and the reputation which the place then acquired is not yet entirely removed in the northern states. I asked a gentleman in New York, who possessed property in Mobile, if he considered the climate of that city as bad as that of New Orleans, and he replied, that it was pretty much the same. At this time there had been no yellow fever in Mobile for four years, and no contagious cholera; and both diseases had just been raging with an exterminating fury in New Orleans. Whether it be owing to the clean, firm sand on which Mobile stands, to the resin of the pine forests, to the lime of the shells, or from what other cause soever, that city has stood exempt from cholera, while regions apparently far more favoured by genial air and climate, have been everywhere subject to its exterminating visits.

Still in candour it must be admitted that it is far from being a desirable climate, and its faults shall be stated as well as I have been able to ascertain them. Great and sudden changes are common to it, with perhaps the whole of North America; but its damp and stagnant atmosphere during one portion of the year, only relieved by excessive cold, and the long continuance of heat, aided, as in most parts of the Union, by improper food and excess of improper drink, sufficiently account for the number of deaths, the drooping constitutions, and the multitude of medical men. I counted about twelve or thirteen doctors, besides prescribing druggists, most of whom had as much as they could do in a population of seven or eight thousand, including blacks; and I am confident that at some periods there are few families, including their slaves, who have not one of them in attendance. Pulmonary complaints are rare, but bilious attacks are frequent, and under a variety of forms. Not being a medical man, I have no pretence to a correct enumeration or classification, but it seemed to me that cholera morbus and bilious cholic were the most suddenly fatal; but bilious fevers, dyspepsia, and a general wearing out of the system by repeated summers, acting with a power increased in proportion to its effects—are evils which the most cautious and temperate cannot always escape, and for which the surest remedy is change of climate. The fever and ague seem to be almost entirely banished to situations near the river and bay.

A great deal of bilious sickness prevails among the negroes, from which one might suppose that they had been originally adapted to a colder climate, if their removal from Guiana had been of as ancient a date as that of the Milesians to Ireland; but that transportation having taken place after miracles had ceased, and while misgovernment was in its zenith, their illness remains to be accounted for on other grounds than heat. The cause, I believe, arises from gluttony, and a childish inattention to approaching indisposition. They are supplied with an abundance of food, more in quantity than they can always consume, composed of fragments and sauces, which in this plentiful country rarely make a second appearance at a dinner table, and which suffice to support a multitude of vagrant hogs and dogs, after the blacks have done, with food which in many parts of Europe would be contended for by a more vagrant population. The negro is no anchorite in his habits, but for quantity and greediness of his food at least he may stand



comparison with any civic corporator. He has no idea of practising self-denial, or of taking exercise for his health's sake; and the labour of adults being often uncertain or moderate, and that of children next to nothing, it falls to the doctor periodically to set matters to rights.

The very great and disproportionate quantity of sickness amongst all children in the United States can be accounted for on similar grounds. If beef-steaks, fish, ham, and a variety of hot cakes at breakfast and tea, produce, as I am convinced they do, more illness among grown-up people in America than in England, how much more injurious must the same food prove to childhood. Parents in England, however they may indulge in unwholesome luxuries themselves, are firm and clear-sighted enough to restrain the fancies of their children; and if they neglected to do so, their physician would explain the necessity for it, and their relatives would probably ridicule their weakness; but in America, as far as I have had an opportunity of observing, children are allowed to partake of everything they wish for at table, without any danger of their parents incurring either doctorial censure or friendly ridicule; the consequences are, that a large proportion of those who have escaped the dangers of infancy never reach to maturity. The Americans have as warm parental affections as other people, but they certainly know less how to exercise a salutary restraint over their offspring, physically and morally, than any other people within the range of my experience.

Happy it is for many in the Old World that their confined circumstances limit their indulgence; and happy also are their children in profiting by the same necessity, when parents are too weak and fond to exercise voluntary constraint. I have known the only child of wealthy and doting parents, who, while recovering from a bilious fever, had frequent relapses, arising solely from improper food, which I do not believe was ever commented on by his physician. On one part of the week he would be in bed, taking medicine, and on another at table, stuffing himself with fish, flesh, and pastry, fruit and iced cream; and this continued for several weeks, till nature proved his physician, *malgré lui*.

I formed an acquaintance with a gentleman in New Orleans, who had come from England with a view of settling there, but who had left his family in New York, not choosing to expose them to the same perilous risk of climate which he was willing to brave himself for their sake. He was rather advanced in life, had evidently seen better days, and received a gentlemanly education, none of which circumstances were in his favour there; but he appeared well qualified for business, and anxious to be employed, and was furnished with a number of letters to the principal mercantile houses, speaking in the highest terms of his character and qualifications. The following statement will show what kind of a reception he met with in the land of liberty, where a king is looked upon as a monster. It was written by himself, with an intention of publishing it in the New Orleans Bulletin, or some other liberal paper; but, on reflection, he did not think it would be quite fair, or perhaps politic, to drag the names of his friends before the public, so he submitted in silence to his wrongs. Before we parted, I prevailed on him, with considerable difficulty, to give me the manuscript, which, if it can make no impression on the spawn of *sans-culotte* tyrants, may perchance serve as a beacon to avoid them. Its truth cannot be questioned; the respectable names it contains are quite sufficient to ratify it. Without further preface I give it in his own words:—

“I arrived in New Orleans in the first week in May, 1832, by the steamer Marietta, from Mobile, which city I passed through on my way from New York, and stopped for the first night at Bishop's hotel. Wishing, however, to be more quiet and retired, I determined, on the following morning, after having delivered my introductory letters, to look out for a private lodging, which I was informed might be found somewhere between Royal-street and the country. Having looked through most of those streets, and made



inquiries, without succeeding to my liking, I removed on the same day to a private boarding-house in Chartres-street. I had purposed visiting, in the evening, the French theatre ; but not liking the bill, and having no acquaintance that I could venture to intrude on, I wandered about in the cool of the evening from street to street, and happened to pass through some which I had visited in the morning—a fact no way strange, as they were the first streets I turned into from my lodging. A little before eight o'clock, while walking about to kill time, in an absent, loitering sort of way, a man and a lad overtook and passed me. The man having stopped and stared at me, I observed, that he would probably recognize me when he saw me again ; to which he replied, that he had had his eye on me for some time, as he guessed I was a suspicious character, and he would continue to watch my proceedings. The only consequences to such an adventure in London or Dublin would be, that the fellow would have got kicked or laughed at ; but I, being aware of what a lawless and violent city I had got into, merely treated the matter with contempt, and was moving homewards, when I found myself accompanied by the two intruders ; for I had hurt the pride of a meddling, ignorant, and irritable Irishman, who informed me that the city was *invested* by me, and the likes of me, and that I must go with him before the mayor. This I considered a most agreeable invitation, having nothing else to do, and thinking that it must end in the discomfiture of the Hibernian, who informed me, as we went along, that he was a citizen of the United States, and a native of Ireland, and that he was not ashamed of his country, but did not state whether his country was equally gracious to him.

“ Arrived at the guardhouse, and the mayor not being there, we appeared before Captain Penn, the chief of the police, who recognized the Irishman, and investigated the charge against me with what I thought a ridiculous gravity. Neither Captain Penn nor any of the police, as far as I am aware, being acquainted with the English language, I explained the business in French ; till Penn, finding his Irish friend began to cut but a poor plight with his charge of ‘investing’ the city, suddenly said, ‘*Arretez un moment,*’ and then brought forth from another room a large printed handbill, containing a description of some person with whom he compared me. However, unfortunately for the parties, there was not a shadow of resemblance ; and as I treated the whole affair with scorn and indignation, the Irishman at length gave up the case. Captain Penn said it appeared to be a mistake, and told me I might depart, on leaving my name, and any reference I thought proper. I accordingly did so, naming Mr. Beverley Chew, President of the Canal Bank, to whose attentions I had been recommended by his own nearest relatives.

“ Having entered the Exchange Coffee-house on my way home, I there met with a Mr. Dixon, an eminent merchant, to whom having related my adventure, he immediately looked about the room for the mayor, that he might introduce me, and so place me under his protection ; but the mayor had unluckily taken his departure. However, I felt no uneasiness, relying on the recommendations which I had brought to New Orleans, and on the improbability of any person having a motive to annoy so unpretending an individual : but my reasoning was founded on British principles, not on those of Algiers or New Orleans ; for the second act of the drama was yet to come, and was destined not to be so merely farcical.

“ On the following day, being confined by an attack of illness, said to be usual to strangers, from drinking the Mississippi water, I did not fall under the observation of this most watchful and least efficient of all polices ; but on Sunday evening I accompanied a friend to the Exchange Coffee-house. Having separated from him at half-past eight o'clock, on my turning out, in order to go home to my gruel and bed, I was familiarly addressed by Captain Penn, who appeared to have been lying in wait for me at the coffee-house, but whom I did not immediately recognize. He said there were some rumours which had followed me from Mobile, and which it would be well to silence at once. This seemed strange enough ; for I never suspected the



truth, that it was a fabricated excuse for arresting me, which he did by taking my arm, and requesting me to walk with him to the guardhouse, to meet the mayor. I asked him if I was to consider myself a prisoner; and he replied, '*point de tout.*' However, I felt that I was, and of course went with him. On our arrival at the calabouse, or guardhouse, he left me, as I supposed, to go to the mayor; and I remained for half an hour, during the nine o'clock muster, insolently stared at and scrutinized by the police. I had become very impatient, when an American gentleman entered, whom I afterwards found was the mayor's clerk. I remonstrated with him; and he told me that the Captain was gone to call on Mr. Dicks, having been informed by me of Mr. Dicks's intention of introducing me to the mayor. 'Dixon, not Dicks,' I replied; 'but, however, either will do.' The Captain just then returned, and gave the astounding information that he had called on Mr. Dicks, and also on Mr. Barrett, whose name I had mentioned, and that both these gentlemen denied all knowledge of me. I said there must certainly have been some mistake; that those gentlemen could not have understood him; but that other friends of mine—Mr. Grant, Mr. Dixon, and Messrs. Bowen—were all within a circuit of three minutes' walk. The clerk appeared to second me; but Captain Penn assumed a determined air, and said, as well as I could understand, as he spoke in an under tone, and in French, that I was some dangerous person, and that, *sacré bleu!* he would arrest me, and take the responsibility. So, his order being given, I was seized by the breast on each side, my remonstrances and non-resistance to the contrary notwithstanding, and locked up alone in a dungeon. In about half an hour afterwards my prison-gate was opened, and two men came to show me out; on which I exclaimed, 'Ay, I thought they would come to their senses.' But I was mistaken; for they were only going to remove me to the common dungeon. One of the fellows told me, in French, that he himself had gone to Mr. Grant and Mr. Dixon, both of whom had rejected my claims to their acquaintance. This I very justly disbelieved; but feeling how unavailing would be any further parley, I was quietly locked up with five or six men, who were stretched on planks, which they entirely occupied. So I laid myself down on the cold and damp flags, thought of the cholera, which was then raging in the place, and of my family, for whose sake I had come to brave the climate of New Orleans, without having calculated on the scourge of a bad government. After some time, one of my fellow-prisoners, who stumbled against me, offered to make room for me on the bench, which I gladly accepted. I could not sleep, but lay writhing for twelve hours, under an accumulation of physical as well as mental agonies. Two of the prisoners were ill of what I shall call 'the premonitories;' but though assailed by disgust and bodily pains, injustice was my most grievous burden. Still I was not without my consolation: fear I had none, except for the cholera; but I expected a triumph, apologies from Mr. Prieur, the mayor, and considerable damages from the captain.

"On the following morning, at ten o'clock, we were conducted into the mayor's court; and while the investigation proceeded with the other prisoners, I succeeded in persuading a friend to one of them to step and inform Mr. Grant, at Messrs. Thompson and Grant's, of my situation, who did not lose a moment in answering the summons. But, before his arrival, I observed that my case was under discussion. Captain Penn was drawing a picture of the character he supposed me to be, in the French language. He described something respecting my masquerading about the streets in various dresses, which was perfectly incomprehensible to me; but at length he mentioned the imposition I had practised in claiming acquaintance with Mr. Dicks and Mr. Dixon. At this I cried out, 'Mr. Dicks and Mr. Dixon are both my friends, and I repeat it.' I was commanded to be silent; and Mr. Grant entered the room. He showed the mayor a letter strongly commendatory of me, from as respectable a house as any in New York. My papers, which had been taken from me, with the other contents of my pockets, were then examined, and a letter found from an eminent merchant



in Mobile to a leading man in New Orleans, on account of whose illness the delivery had been delayed, and of which letter I had in vain intreated the perusal on the night before. My mysterious and malignant accuser, Penn, informed Mr. Grant of the charges against me, which, as applied to one, not four days in New Orleans, must have appeared a mass of absurdities and impossibilities.

"I was called forward, and informed very coolly by Dennis Prieur, the mayor, that I was at liberty, and might go. I, nearly exhausted in body, but overflowing with indignation, asked if that was the only satisfaction I was to have for a brutal and unjust imprisonment? He replied, that was all from him, and I left the office scowling defiance. On my way home I met Mr. Barrett and Mr. Byrne, the former of whom told me, that one of the police had applied to him the night before, on behalf of some person whose name agreed with mine in the initial letter only, and that they were then on their road to the mayor's court to see if there was any person there with whom they were acquainted. They went on for the purpose of adding their testimonies in my favour; and afterwards informed me, that the mayor had expressed regret at the treatment which I had received; but that the state of society in New Orleans required such doings, and that by a similar course a criminal had lately been discovered. He mentioned also Penn's excuses for having arrested me, which of course appeared to my friends as arrant nonsense; such, for instance, as my appearing in various disguises in the course of each day. Penn also said, that he had his information from an officer in the custom-house—he was an imaginary officer—and that one of the police had seen me before in New Orleans.

"I lost no time in asking the advice of my friends, as to the best mode of obtaining legal redress of Penn; but they laughed at me, and assured me that the dagger or the pistol were the only modes of redress at New Orleans:—that a very popular man might, through the terrors of Lynch law, obtain justice through even the laws of the land,—but what chance could a stranger have against men, who having been elected by the people, must be the spoiled children of popularity!

"One of my friends told me, by way of extenuation of the conduct of the police, that he himself had seen me loitering about a *carrefour*, looking up one street, and down another, just like a person who had nothing to do, and to whom all roads are alike. Hear this, ye Bath and Cheltenham loungers, and ye wanderers through realms where liberty never pretended to raise her head; and beware how you visit the *soi-disant* land of liberty, where the appearance of leisure is so little understood as to be taken for the studies of burglars."

Now here is an instance of oppression by a knot of irresponsible French Creoles, for the Americans have nothing to do with these matters, except in suffering authority to remain in such hands. The French and Spanish settlers and their descendants being too indolent and grovelling to embark in commercial pursuits, divide among themselves all city offices which are not worth the acceptance of the respectable Americans, and which their absence during summer must unqualify them for. These men, the spawn of the gaming tables, and perhaps of foreign outcasts; habituated to torturing blacks—to unpunished crimes, and unpitied oppression—to daily and nightly depravity of morals—to frequent *assassinations*, and they irresponsible save to the mayor—(who is their ally, coadjutor, and fellow-countryman, and chiefly indebted to them for his power, by their influence among their race) and to the citizens who elect them, who while their own rights are respected, allow themselves no time to inquire about the rights or wrongs of others. In this modern Carthage—this medley of nations and colours, and emporium of crimes—in this race-ground for fortune or death—where every evil passion spurs on, and no time remains for reflection or remorse—here is man left to his own government; and a worse, I believe, never existed on the face of the globe, unless that its equal may now be found amongst the newly liberated Spanish American States, where the governors are extortioners and robbers.



This gentleman further told me, that one of his friends, a respectable and well-known man, had declared to the mayor, that if Captain Penn had used him so, 'by the living ——, he would have shot him like a dog the next day.' This he probably would have done, and with impunity too; but had an unfriended stranger done it, he would have been strung up without much ceremony.

Travelling by a steam-boat shortly after, the above-mentioned outrage was mentioned, when it was generally agreed that many of the assassinations of New Orleans were owing to the impossibility of obtaining justice, and the corruption and irresponsibility of the police—they are as much accountable by law as at New York, but not at all so in fact. A young gentleman who was going to see his friends in North Alabama told us, that on the preceding night, a friend and fellow-lodger of his having been taken ill, he went out at about midnight to procure a doctor. As he went along with all the haste he could, he was stopped by a patrol, who having questioned him as to his business at that late hour, he stated that he was going for a doctor for a young man supposed to be attacked by the cholera, which was then raging. The patrol told him that he must accompany him to the guard-house, in a manner that allowed of no debate; so he affected to go cheerfully and willingly. He had had the precaution to take with him a short weapon loaded at the end, concealed in the sleeve of his coat; and when he observed his companion off his guard, he suddenly struck him with it on the back of the head, which causing the fellow to drop mute and senseless, he left him to his fate, and proceeded to fetch the doctor. He had not heard any thing more of the affair, and of course made no inquiry. My observation on the subject was, that could we conceive it possible for such an outrage to have taken place in London as that perpetrated by Penn in New Orleans; or could we still further imagine no atonement to have been offered, no apology, no regrets; or finally, could we conceive the improbability of a jury being procured who would refuse to grant the smallest damages—the British people would take it up—parliament would hear of it—the king would hear of it. But a sense of insecurity renders men prudent, and habit makes them callous; and there are more lawless deeds unredressed in the republican city of New Orleans than in the kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland.

Though my friend brooded over his injuries in silence, not so his arrogant oppressors. In about a week after the affair occurred, a laboured article appeared in that paper, which is the organ of the corporation, probably intended to pave the way for a defence of the police, should they be attacked; and in the mean time to compliment them, and the mayor Dennis Prieur, then their candidate for the governorship of the state. They alluded to a store that had been robbed, and mentioned that the police, in their praiseworthy anxiety to discover the thieves, had taken up several persons, but that as soon as they ascertained their innocence, they let them go, (after a night or two's imprisonment in a noisome and filthy dungeon)—that one robber was actually discovered by the process—(bravo! in every hundred men taken from the mass, what per-centage of thieves?)—that the city guard had a very troublesome and disagreeable occupation, and deserved praise and gratitude, and reward, for their watchful care and assiduity. I have not the paper containing this precious document, but the above is the purport of it. The police of London are constantly meeting in all public places with persons whom they well know to be thieves and pickpockets, yet, without evidence or information, they dare not meddle with them, even though the most daring burglary had just then been committed. But at New Orleans, by their own scribe's showing, they may take up a score or two of strangers, and drag them to a dungeon, till they ascertain whether there be ever a thief among them, and then let go the rest.

A few months afterwards, I again met my friend, and he informed me, that within one month of his imprisonment he had been avenged—the cholera had carried off Captain Penn.



## EXPERIENCE.

My very heart is filled with tears ! I seem  
As I were struggling under some dark dream,  
Which roughly bore me down life's troubled stream.

The past weighs heavily upon my soul,  
A tyrant mastering me with stern control ;  
The present has no rest—the future has no goal

For what can be again but what has been ?  
Soon the young leaf forgets its early green,  
And shadows with our sunshine intervene.

Quenched is the spirit's morning wing of fire ;  
We calculate where once we could aspire,  
And the high hope sets in some low desire.

Experience has rude lessons, and we grow  
Like what we have been taught too late to know,  
And yet we hate ourselves for being so.

Our early friends, where are they ?—rather, where  
The fond belief that actual friends there were,—  
Not cold and false as all must find they are ?

We love—may have been loved—but ah ! how faint  
The love that withers of its earthly taint,  
To what our first sweet visions used to paint !

How have we been deceived, forgotten, flung  
Back on our trusting selves—the heart's core wrung  
By some fond faith to which we weakly clung.

Alas ! our kindest feelings are the root  
Of all experience's most bitter fruit ;  
They waste the life whose charm they constitute.

At length they harden, and we feel no more  
All that was felt so bitterly before,  
But with the softness is the sweetness o'er.

Of things we once enjoyed how few remain !  
Youth's flowers are flung behind us, and in vain  
We would stoop down to gather them again.

Why do we think of this ?—bind the red wreath—  
Float down time's waters to the viol's breath,  
Wot not what those cold billows hide beneath.

We cannot do this :—from the sparkling brink  
Drops the glad rose, and the bright waters shrink :  
While in the midst of mirth we pause to think ;—

And if we think—we sadden :—thought and grief  
Are vowed companions ; while we turn the leaf,  
It darkens—for the brilliant is the brief.

Ah ! then, farewell ye lovely things that brought  
Your own Elysium hither !—overwrought  
The spirit wearies with the weight of thought.

Our better nature pineth—let it be !  
Thou human soul—earth is no home for thee ;  
Thy starry rest is in eternity !

L. E. L.



## LARKS IN VACATION.

ON the edge of a June evening, in the summer vacation of 1827, I was set down by the coach at the gate of my friend Horace Van Pelt's paternal mansion—a large old-fashioned comfortable Dutch house, clinging to the side of one of the most romantic dells on the North River. In the absence of his whole family on the summer excursion to the Falls and Lakes (taken by almost every “well-to-do” citizen of the United States,) Horace was emperor of the long-descended and as progressively enriched domain of one of the earliest Dutch settlers—a brief authority, which he exercised, more particularly, over an extensive stud and bins, Nos. 1 and 2.

The West was piled with gold castles breaking up the horizon with their burnished pinnacles and turrets; the fragrant dampness of the thunder-shower that had followed the heat of noon was in the air; and in a low room, whose floor opened out so exactly upon the shaven sward that a blind man would not have known when he passed from the heavily piled carpet to the grass, I found Horace, sitting over his olives and claret, having waited dinner for me till five (long beyond the latest American hour,) and in despair of my arrival, having dined without me. The old black cook was too happy to vary her vacation, by getting a second dinner; and when I had appeased my appetite, and overtaken my friend in his claret, we sat with the moonlight breaking across a vine at our feet, and coffee worthy of a filigree cup in the Besestein, and debated, amid a true *embarras des richesses*, our plans for the next week's amusement.

The seven days wore on merrily at first, but each succeeding one growing less merry than the last. By the fifth eve of my sojourn, we had exhausted variety. All sorts of headaches and megrims in the morning—all sorts of birds, beasts and fishes for dinner—all sorts of accidents in all sorts of vehicles—left us on the seventh day out of sorts altogether. We were two discontented Rasselases in the Happy Valley. Rejoicing as we were in vacation, it would have been a relief to have had a recitation to read up, or a prayer-bell to mark the time. Two idle Sophomores in a rambling lonely old mansion were, we discovered, a very insufficient *dramatis personæ* for the scene.

It was Saturday night. A violent clap of thunder had interrupted some daring theory of Van Pelt's on the rising of Champagne bubbles; and there we sat, mum and melancholy, two sated Sybarites, silent an hour by the clock. The mahogany was bare between us. Any number of glasses and bottles stood in their lees about the table; the thrice-fished juice of an olive-dish and a solitary cigar in a silver case had been thrust aside in a warm argument, and, in his father's sacred gout-chair, buried to the eyes in his loosened cravat, one leg on the table and one somewhere in the neighbourhood of my own, sat Van Pelt, the *Eidolon* of exhausted amusement.

“Phil!” said he, starting suddenly to an erect position, “a thought strikes me!”

I dropped the claret-cork from which I was at the moment trying to efface the “Margoux” brand, and sat in silent expectation. I had thought his brains evaporated as well as the last bottle of Champagne.

He rested his elbows on the table and set his chin between his two palms.



"I'll resign the keys of this mournful old den to the butler, and we'll go to Saratoga for a week. What say?"

"It would be a reprieve from death by inanition," I answered; "but, as the Rhetorical Professor would phrase it, 'amplify your meaning,' young gentleman."

"Thus —To-morrow is Sunday. We will sleep till Monday morning, to purge our brains of these cloudy vapours and restore the freshness of our complexions. If a fair day, you shall start alone in the stanhope, and on Monday night sleep in classic quarters, at Titus's in Troy."

"And you!" I interrupted, rather astonished at his arrangement for me.

Horace laid his hand on his pocket with a look of embarrassed care.

"I will overtake you with the bay colts in the drosky—but I must first go to Albany. The circulating medium—"

"I understand."

## II.

We met on Monday morning in the breakfast room in mutual good spirits. The sun was two hours high; the birds in the trees were wild with the beauty and elasticity of the day; the dew glistened on every bough; and the whole scene, over river and hill, was a heaven of natural delight. As we finished our breakfast, the light spattering of a horse's feet up the avenue and the airy whirl of quick-following wheels announced the stanhope. It was in beautiful order, and what would have been termed on any *pavé* in the world, a tasteful turn-out. Light cream-coloured body, black wheels and shafts, drab livery edged with green, dead-black harness, light as that on the panthers of Bacchus—it was the last style of thing you would have looked for at the "stoup" of a Dutch homestead. And Tempest!—I think I see him now: his small inquisitive ears, arched neck, eager eye and fine thin nostril; his dainty feet flung out with the grace of a flaunted riband, his true and majestic action, and his spirited champ of the bit, nibbling at the tight rein with the exciting pull of a hooked trout;—how evenly he drew! how insensibly the compact stanhope, just touching his iron-grey tail, bowled along on the road after him!

Horace was behind with the drosky and black boy; and with a parting nod at the gate, I turned northward, and Tempest took the road in beautiful style. I do not remember to have been ever so elated. I was always of the Cyrenaic Philosophy that "happiness is motion," and the bland vitality of the air had refined my senses. The delightful *feel* of the reins thrilled me to the shoulder. Driving is like any other appetite, dependent for the delicacy of its enjoyment on the state of the system; and a day's temperate abstinence, long sleep, and the glorious perfection of the morning, had put my nerves "in condition." I felt the air as I rushed through. The power of the horse was added to my consciousness of enjoyment, and if you can imagine a Centaur with a harness and stanhope added to his living body, I felt the triple enjoyment of animal exercise which would then be his.

It is delightful driving on the Hudson. The road is very fair beneath your wheels, the river courses away under the bold shore with the majesty inseparable from its mighty flood, and the constant change of outline



on its banks gives you, as you proceed, a constant variety of pictures, from the loveliest to the most sublime. The eagle's nest above you at one moment, a sunny and fertile farm below you at the next—rocks, trees and waterfalls wedded and clustered as, it seems to me, they are no where else done so picturesquely—it is a noble river, the Hudson! And every few minutes, while you gaze down upon the broad waters spreading from hill to hill like a round lake, a gaily-painted steamer, with her fringed and white awnings and streaming flag, shoots out as if from a sudden cleft in the rock, and draws across it her track of foam.

Well, I bowled along. Ten o'clock brought me to a snug Dutch tavern, where I sponged Tempest's mouth and nostrils, lunched and was stared at by the natives; and continuing my journey, at one I loosed rein and dashed into the pretty village of ———, Tempest in a foam, and himself and his extempore master creating a great sensation in a crowd of people who stood in the shade of the verandah of the hotel, as if that asylum for the weary traveller had been a shop for the sale of gentlemen in shirt sleeves.

Tempest was taken round to the "barn," and I ordered rather an elaborate dinner, designing still to go on some ten miles in the cool of the evening, and having, of course, some mortal hours upon my hands. The cook had probably never heard of more than three dishes in her life, but those three were garnished with all manner of herbs, and sent up in the best china as a warranty for an unusual bill; and what with coffee, a small glass of new rum as an apology for a *chasse-café*, and a nap in a straight-backed chair, I killed the enemy to my satisfaction till the shadows of the poplars lengthened across the barn-yard.

I was awake by Tempest prancing round to the door in undiminished spirits, and as I had begun the day *en grand seigneur*, I did not object to the bill, which considerably exceeded the outside of my calculation, but, giving the landlord a twenty-dollar note, received the change unquestioned, doubled the usual fee to the ostler, and let Tempest off with a bend forward which served at the same time for a gracious bow to the spectators. So remarkable a coxcomb had probably not been seen in the village since the passing of Cornwallis's army.

The day was still hot, and as I got into the open country I drew rein, and paced quietly up hill and down, picking the road delicately, and, in a humour of thoughtful contentment, trying my skill in keeping the edges of the green sod as it leaned in and out from the walls and ditches. With the long whip I now-and-then touched the wing of a sulphur butterfly hovering over a pool, and now-and-then I stopped and gathered a violet from the unsunned edge of the wood.

I had proceeded three or four miles in this way, when I was overtaken by three stout fellows galloping at speed, who rode past and faced round with a peremptory order to me to stop. A formidable pitchfork in the hand of each horseman left me no alternative. I made up my mind immediately to be robbed quietly of my own personals, but to show fight, if necessary, for Tempest and the stanhope.

"Well, gentlemen," said I, coaxing my impatient horse, who had been rather excited by the clatter of hoofs beside him, "what is the meaning of this?"

Before I could get an answer, one of the fellows had dismounted and given his bridle to another, and coming round to the left side, he sprang



suddenly into the stanhope. I received him as he rose with a well-placed thrust of my heel, which sent him back into the road, and with a chirrup to Tempest, I dashed through the phalanx and took the road at a top speed. The short lash once waved round the small ears before me, there was no stopping in a hurry, and away sped the gallant grey, and fast behind followed my friends in their shirt sleeves, all in a lathering gallop. A couple of miles was the work of no time, Tempest laying his legs to it as if the stanhope had been a cobweb at his heels; but at the end of that distance there came a sharp descent to a mill-stream, and I just remember an unavoidable mile-stone and a jerk over a wall, and the next minute, it seemed to me, I was in the room where I had dined, with my hands tied and a hundred people about me. My cool white waistcoat was matted with mud, and my left temple was, by the glass opposite me, both bloody and begrimed.

The opening of my eyes was a signal for a closer gathering around me, and between exhaustion and the close air I was half suffocated. I was soon made to understand that I was a prisoner, and that the three white frocked highwaymen, as I took them to be, were among the spectators. On a polite application to the landlord, who, I found out, was a justice of the peace as well, I was informed that he had made out my mittimus as a counterfeiter, and that the *spurious note* I had passed upon him for my dinner was safe in his possession! He pointed, at the same time, to a placard newly stuck against the wall, offering a reward for the apprehension of a notorious practiser of my supposed craft, to the description of whose person I answered, to the satisfaction of all present.

Quite too indignant to remonstrate, I seated myself in the chair considerably offered me by the waiter, and listening to the whispers of the persons who were still suffered to throng the room, I discovered, what might have struck me before, that the initials on the pannel of the stanhope and the handle of the whip had been compared with the card pasted in the bottom of my hat, and the want of correspondence was taken as decided corroboration. It was remarked also by a by-stander, that I was quite too much of a dash for an honest man, and that he had suspected me from first seeing me drive into the village! I was sufficiently humbled by this time to make an inward vow never again to take airs upon myself if I escaped the county gaol.

The justice, meanwhile, had made out my orders, and a horse and cart had been provided and brought to the door to take me to the next town. I endeavoured to get speech of his worship as I was marched out of the inn-parlour, but the crowd pressed close upon my heels, and the dignitary landlord seemed anxious to rid his house of me. I had no papers, and no proofs of my character, and assertion went for nothing. Besides I was muddy, and my hat was broken in on one side—proofs of villany which appeal to the commonest understanding.

I begged for a little straw in the bottom of the cart, and had made myself as comfortable as my two rustic constables thought fitting for a culprit, when the vehicle was quickly ordered from the door to make way for a carriage coming at a dashing pace up the road. It was Van Pelt in his drosky.

Horace was well known on the road, and the stanhope had already been recognized as his. By this time it was deep in the twilight, and



though he was instantly known by the landlord, he was some minutes in identifying the person of his friend in the damaged gentleman in the straw.

“Ay! ay! I see you don’t know him,” said the landlord, while Van Pelt surveyed me rather coldly: “on with him, constables! He would have us believe you knew him, Sir! Walk in, Mr. Van Pelt. Ostler, look to Mr. Van Pelt’s horses. Walk in, Sir.”

“Stop!” I cried out in a voice of thunder, imagining that Horace really had not recognized me; “Van Pelt! Stop, I say! Horace!”

The driver of the cart seemed more impressed by the energy of my cries than my friends the constables, and pulled up his horse. Some one in the crowd cried out that I should have a hearing or he would “wallup the comitatus;” and the justice, called back by this expression of an opinion from the sovereign people, requested his new guest to look at the prisoner for an instant.

“Do you know the culprit?” he asked in a solemn voice, after obtaining a momentary silence among the crowd.

Van Pelt had, by this time, become possessed of the principal circumstances of the case, and his first glance showed me that he recognized me. To my utter astonishment, however, the smile that had involuntarily started to his lips changed to a feigned look of surprise; and after gazing at me for a minute, while the crowd watched his face for the effect of his examination, he turned to the justice, and declared he had never seen me before in his life!

“Drive on, constable,” said the justice; and, with a shout from the people, the horse started into a smart trot, and, preceded by a hundred boys, we went jolting over the stones of the village street, on our way to the county gaol.

Van Pelt overtook me at the end of the first mile; but I was long in forgiving him.

---

## CHAPTER II.

### SARATOGA SPRINGS.

It was about seven o’clock of a hot evening when Van Pelt’s exhausted horses toiled out from the pine forest, and stood, fetlock deep in sand, on the brow of the small hill overlooking the mushroom village of Saratoga. One or two straggling horsemen were returning late from their afternoon ride, and looked at us, as they passed on their fresher hacks, with the curiosity which attaches to new comers in a watering-place: here and there a genuine invalid, who had come to the waters for life, not for pleasure, took advantage of the coolness of the hour, and crept down the foot-path to the spring; and as Horace encouraged his flagging cattle into a trot, to bring up gallantly at the door of “Congress Hall,” the great bell of that vast caravansary resounded through the dusty air; and, by the shuffling of a thousand feet, audible as we approached, we knew that the fashionable world of Saratoga were rushing down, *en masse*, “to tea.”

Having driven through a sand-cloud for the preceding three hours, and—to say nothing of myself—Van Pelt being a man who, in his character as the most considerable beau of the University, calculated on his first impression, it was not thought advisable to encounter, uncleansed,



the tide of fashion at that moment streaming through the hall. We drove round to the side door, and gained our pigeon-hole quarters under cover of the back staircase.

The bachelors' wing of Congress Hall is a long, unsightly wooden barrack, divided into chambers, six feet by four, and of an airiness of partition which enables the occupant to converse with his neighbour three rooms off, with the ease of clerks calling out entries to the ledger across the desks of a counting-house. The clatter of knives and plates came up to our ears in a confused murmur; and Van Pelt having refused to dine at the only inn upon the route, for some reason best known to himself, I commenced the process of a long toilet with an appetite not rendered patient by the sounds of cheer below.

I had washed the dust out of my eyes and mouth, and, overcome with heat and hunger, I knotted a cool cravat loosely round my neck, and sat down in the *one* chair.

"Van Pelt!" I shouted.

"Well, Phil."

"Are you dressed?"

"Dressed! I am as pinguid as a *pâté foie gras*—greased to the eyelids in cold-cream."

I took up the sixpenny glass, and looked at my own newly-washed physiognomy. From the temples to the chin it was one unmitigated red—burned to a blister with the sun! I had been obliged to deluge my head like a mop, to get out the dust; and not naturally remarkable for my good looks, I could, much worse than Van Pelt, afford these startling additions to my disadvantages. Hunger is a subtle excuse-finder, however; and remembering that there were five hundred people in this formidable crowd, and all busy with satisfying their appetites, I trusted to escape observation, and determined to "go down to tea." With the just-named number of guests, it will easily be understood why it is impossible to obtain a meal at Congress Hall out of the stated time and place.

In a white roundabout, a checked cravat, my hair plastered over my eyes *à la Mawworm*, and a face like the sign of the "Rising Sun," I stopped at Van Pelt's door.

"The most hideous figure my eyes ever looked upon!" was his first consolatory observation.

"Handsome or hideous," I answered, "I'll not starve! So here goes for some bread-and-butter." And, leaving him to his "appliances," I descended to the immense hall which serves the comers to Saratoga for dining, dancing, and breakfasting, and in wet weather, between meals, for shuttlecock and promenading.

Two interminable tables extended down the hall, filled by all the beauty and fashion of the United States. Luckily, I thought, for me, there are distinctions in this republic of dissipation, and the upper end is reserved for those who have servants to turn down the chairs, and stand over them: the end of the table nearest the door, consequently, is occupied by those whose opinion of my appearance is not without appeal, if they trouble their heads about it at all; and I may glide in, in my white roundabout, (permitted in this sultry weather,) and retrieve exhausted nature in obscurity.

An empty chair stood between an old gentleman and a very plain



young lady, and seeing no remembered faces opposite, I glided to the place, and was soon lost to apprehension in the abysm of a cold pie. The table was covered with meats, berries, bottles of chalybeate water, tea-appurtenances, jams, jellies, and radishes; and but for the absence of the roast, you might have doubted whether the meal was breakfast or dinner, lunch or supper. Happy country! in which any one of the four meals may serve a hungry man for all.

The pigeon-pie stood, at last, well quarried before me, the *débris* of the excavation heaped upon my plate; and, appetite appeased, and made bold by my half-hour's obscurity, I leaned forward, and perused, with curious attention, the long line of faces on the opposite side of the table, to some of whom, doubtless, I was to be indebted for the pleasures of the coming fortnight.

My eyes were fixed on the features of a talkative woman just above, and I had quite forgotten the fact of my dishabille of complexion and dress, when two persons entered, who made considerable stir among the servants, and eventually were seated directly opposite me.

"We loitered too long at Barhydt's," said one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen, as she pulled her chair nearer to the table, and looked around her with a glance of disapproval.

In following her eyes, to see who was so happy as to sympathize with such a divine creature, even in the loss of a place at table, I met the fixed and astonished gaze of my most intimate friend at the University.

"Ellerton!"

"Slingsby!"

Overjoyed at meeting him, I stretched both hands across the narrow table, and had shaken his nearly off his shoulders, and asked him a dozen questions, before I became conscious that a pair of large, wondering eyes were coldly taking an inventory of my person and features. Van Pelt's unflattering exclamation, upon my appearance at his door, flashed across my mind like a thunder-stroke; and, colouring through my burned skin to the temples, I bowed, and stammered I know not what, as Ellerton introduced me to his sister!

To enter fully into my distress, you should be apprised that a correspondence, arising from my long and constant intimacy with Tom Ellerton, had been carried on for a year between me and his sister; and that, being constantly in the habit of yielding to me in matters of taste, he had, I well knew, so exaggerated to her my personal qualities, dress, and manners, that she could not, in any case, fail to be disappointed in seeing me. Believing her to be at that moment two thousand miles off, in Alabama, and never having hoped for the pleasure of seeing her at all, I had foolishly suffered this good-natured exaggeration to go on, pleased with seeing the reflex of his praises in her letters, and, Heaven knows! little anticipating the disastrous interview upon which my accursed star would precipitate me. As I went over, mentally, the particulars of my unbecomingness, and saw Miss Ellerton's eyes resting inquisitively and furtively on the mountain of pigeon-bones lifting their well-picked pyramid to my chin, I wished myself an ink-fish at the bottom of the sea.

Three minutes after, I burst into Van Pelt's room, tearing my hair and abusing Tom Ellerton's good nature, and my friend's headless drosky, in alternate breaths. Without disturbing the subsiding blood in



his own face by entering into my violence, Horace coolly asked me what the devil was the matter. I told him.

“Lie down here,” said Van Pelt, who was a small Napoleon in such trying extremities—“lie down on the bed, and anoint your phiz with this unguent. I see good luck for you in this accident, and you have only to follow my instructions. Phil Slingsby sunburnt, in a white roundabout, and Phil Slingsby pale and well dressed, are as different as this potted cream and a dancing cow. You shall see what a little drama I’ll work out for you!”

I lay down on my back, and Horace kindly anointed me from the trachea to the forelock, and from ear to ear.

“Egad,” said he, warming with his study of his proposed plot, as he slid his fore-finger over the bridge of my nose, “every circumstance tells for us. Tall man as you are, you are as short-bodied as a monkey, (no offence, Phil!) and when you sit at table, you are rather an undersized gentleman. I have been astonished every day these three years at seeing you rise after dinner in Commons’ Hall. A thousand to one Fanny Ellerton thinks you a stumpy man.

“And then, Phil,” he continued, with a patronizing tone, “you have studied minute philosophy to little purpose if you do not know that the first step in winning a woman to whom you have been overpraised, is to disenchant her at all hazards, on your first interview. You will never rise above the ideal she has formed, and to sink below it gradually, or to remain stationary, is not to thrive in your wooing.”

Leaving me this precocious wisdom to digest, Horace descended to the foot of the garden to take a warm bath; and overcome with fatigue and the recumbent posture, I soon fell asleep, and dreamed of the great blue eyes of Fanny Ellerton.

## II.

The soaring of the octave flute in “Hail, Columbia!” with which the band was patriotically opening the ball, woke me from the midst of a long apologetic letter to my friend’s sister; and I found Van Pelt’s black boy, Juba, waiting patiently at the bed-side, with curling tongs and Cologne water, ordered to superintend my toilet by his master, who had gone early to the drawing-room to pay his respects to Miss Ellerton. With the cold cream disappeared entirely from my face the uncomfortable redness to which I had been a martyr; and, thanks to my ebony *coiffeur*, my straight and plastered locks soon grew as different to their “umquhile guise” as Hyperion’s to a Satyr’s. Having appeared to the eyes of the lady, in whose favour I hoped to prosper, in red and white (red phiz and white jacket), I trusted that in white and black (black suit and pale visnomy) I should look quite another person. Juba was pleased to show his ivory in a complimentary smile at my transformation, and I descended to the drawing-room on the best terms with the coxcomb in my bosom.

Horace met me at the door.

“*Proteus redivivus!*” was his exclamation. “Your new name is Wrongham. You are a gentleman Senior, instead of a bedevilled Sophomore, and your cue is to be poetical. She will never think again of the monster in the white jacket, and I have prepared her for the acquaintance of a new friend whom I have just described to you.”



I took his arm, and with the courage of a man in a mask, went through another presentation to Miss Ellerton. Her brother had been let into the secret by Van Pelt, and received me with great ceremony as his college superior; and, as there was no other person at the Springs who knew Mr. Slingsby, Mr. Wrongham was likely to have an undisturbed reign of it. Miss Ellerton looked hard at me for a moment, but the gravity with which I was presented and received, dissipated a doubt if one had arisen in her mind, and she took my arm to go to the ball-room with an undisturbed belief in my assumed name and character.

I commenced the acquaintance of the fair Alabamian with great advantages. Received as a perfect stranger, I possessed, from long correspondence with her, the most minute knowledge of the springs of her character, and of her favourite reading and pursuits; and, with the little knowledge of the world which she had gained on a plantation, she was not likely to penetrate my game from my playing it too freely. Her confidence was immediately won by the readiness with which I entered into her enthusiasm and anticipated her thoughts; and before the first quadrille was well over, she had evidently made up her mind that she had never in her life met one who so well “understood her.” Oh, how much women include in that apparently indefinite expression, “*He understands me!*”

The colonnade of Congress Hall is a long promenade laced in with vines and columns, on the same level with the vast ball-room and drawing-room; and (the light of heaven not being taxed at Saratoga) opening at every three steps by a long window into the carpeted floors. When the rooms within are lit on a summer's night, that cool and airy colonnade is thronged by truants from the dance, and collectively by all who have anything to express that is meant for one ear only. The mineral waters of Saratoga are no less celebrated as a soporific for chaperons, than as a tonic for the dyspeptic; and while the female Argus doses in the drawing-room, the fair Iö and her Jupiter (represented in this case, we will say, by Miss Ellerton and myself) range at liberty the fertile fields of flirtation.

I had easily put Miss Ellerton in surprised good humour with herself and me during the first quadrille; and, with a freedom based partly upon my certainty of pleasing her, partly on the peculiar manners of the place, I coolly requested that she would continue to dance with me for the rest of the evening.

“One unhappy quadrille excepted,” she replied, with a look meant to be mournful.

“May I ask with whom?”

“Oh, he has not asked me yet, but my brother has bound me over to be civil to him—a spectre, Mr. Wrongham, a positive spectre!”

“How denominated?” I inquired, with a forced indifference, for I had a presentiment I should hear my own name.

“Slingsby—Mr. Philip Slingsby—Tom's *fidus Achates*, and proposed lover of my own. But you don't seem surprised!”

“Surprised! Ehem! I know the gentleman!”

“Then did you ever see such a monster! Tom told me he was another Hyperion. He half admitted it himself, indeed—for, to tell you a secret, I have corresponded with him a year!”

“Giddy Miss Fanny Ellerton!—and never saw him!”



“Never till to-night! He sat at supper in a white jacket and red face, with a pile of bones upon his plate like an Indian tumulus.”

“And your brother introduced you?”

“Fanny!” said her brother, coming up at the moment, “Slingsby presents his apologies to you for not joining your *cordon* to-night—but he’s gone to bed with a headache.”

“Indigestion, I dare say,” said the young lady. “Never mind, Tom, I’ll break my heart when I’ve leisure. And now, Mr. Wrongham, since the spectre walks not forth to-night, I am yours for a cool hour on the colonnade.”

Vegetation is rapid in Alabama, and love is a weed that thrives in the soil of the tropics. We discoursed of the lost Pleiad and the Berlin bracelets, of the five hundred people about us, and the feasibility of boiling a pot on five hundred a-year—the unmatrimonial sum-total of my paternal allowance. She had as many negroes as I had dollars I well knew, but it was my cue to seem disinterested.

“And where do you mean to live, when you marry, Mr. Wrongham?” asked Miss Ellerton, at the two-hundredth turn on the colonnade.

“Would you like to live in Italy?” I asked again, as if I had not heard her.

“Do you mean that as a *sequitur* to my question, Mr. Wrongham?” said she, half stopping in her walk, and, though the sentence was commenced playfully, dropping her voice at the last word with an emotion I could not mistake.

I drew her off the colonnade to the small garden between the house and the spring, and in a giddy dream of fear and surprise at my own rashness and success, I made, and won from her, an avowal of preference—of love.

Matches have been made more suddenly.

### III.

Miss Ellerton sat in the music-room the next morning after breakfast preventing pauses in a rather interesting conversation, by a running accompaniment upon the guitar. A single gold thread formed a fillet about her temples, and from beneath it, in clouds of silken ringlets, floated the softest raven hair that ever grew enamoured of an ivory shoulder. Hers was a skin that seemed woven of the lily-white but opaque fibre of the magnolia, yet of that side of its cup turned toward the fading sunset. There is no term in painting, because there is no track of pencil or colour, that could express the vanishing and impalpable breath that assured the healthiness of so pale a cheek. She was slight, as all southern women are in America, and of a flexile and luxurious gracefulness, equalled by nothing but the movings of a smoke curl. Without the elastic nerve, remarkable in the motions of Taglioni, she appeared, like her, to be born with a lighter specific gravity than her fellow-creatures. If she had floated away upon some chance breeze you would only have been surprised upon reflection.

“I am afraid you are too fond of society,” said Miss Ellerton, as Juba came in hesitatingly, and delivered her a note in the hand-writing of an old correspondent. She turned pale on seeing the superscription, and crushed the note up in her hand, unread. I was not sorry to defer the *denouement* of my little drama, and taking up her remark, which she seemed disposed to forget, I referred her to a Scrap-book of Van



Pelt's which she had brought down with her, containing some verses of my own, copied (by good luck) in that sentimental Sophomore's own hand.

"Are these yours, really and truly?" she asked, looking pryingly into my face, and showing me my own verses, against which she had already run a pencil line of approbation.

"*Peccavi!*" I answered. "But will you make me in love with my own offspring by reading them in your own voice?"

They were some lines written in a balcony, at daybreak, while a ball was still going on within, and contained an allusion (which I had quite overlooked) to some one of my ever changing admirations.

"And who was this 'sweet lover,' Mr. Wrongham? I should know, I think, before I go further with so expeditious a gentleman."

"As Shelley says of his Ideal Mistress,—

'I loved—oh no! I mean not one of ye,  
Or any earthly one—though ye are fair!'

It was but an apostrophe to the presentiment of that which I have found, dear Miss Ellerton! But will you read that ill-treated billet-doux, and remember that Juba stands with the patience of an ebon statute waiting for an answer?"

I knew the contents of the letter, and I watched the expression of her face as she read it with no little interest. Her temples flushed, and her delicate lips gradually curled into an expression of anger and scorn, and having finished the perusal of it, she put it into my hand, and asked me if so impertinent a production deserved an answer.

I began to fear that the *éclaircissement* would not leave me on the sunny-side of the lady's favour, and felt the need of the moment's reflection given me while running my eye over the letter.

"Mr. Slingsby," said I, with the deliberation of an attorney, "has been some time in correspondence with you?"

"Yes."

"And from his letters, and your brother's commendations, you had formed a high opinion of his character, and had expressed as much in your letters?"

"Yes—perhaps I did."

"And from this paper intimacy he conceives himself sufficiently acquainted with you to request leave to pay his addresses?"

A dignified bow put a stop to my catechism.

"Dear Miss Ellerton," I said, "this is scarcely a question upon which I ought to speak, but by putting this letter into my hand you seemed to ask my opinion?"

"I did—I do," said the lovely girl, taking my hand, and looking appealingly into my face; "answer it for me! I have done wrong in encouraging that foolish correspondence, and I owe this forward man, perhaps, a kinder reply than my first feelings would have dictated. Decide for me—write for me—relieve me from the first burden that has lain on my heart since I—."

She burst into tears, and my dread of an explanation increased.

"Will you follow my advice implicitly?" I asked.

"Yes—oh yes!"

"You promise?"

"Indeed, indeed!"

"Well, then, listen to me! However painful the task, I must tell



you that the encouragement you have given Mr. Slingsby, the admiration you have expressed in your letters of his talents and acquirements, and the confidences you have reposed in him respecting yourself, warrant him in claiming as a right a fair trial of his attractions. You have known and approved Mr. Slingsby's mind for years—you know *me* but for a few hours. You saw him under the most unfavourable auspices (for I know him intimately), and I feel bound in justice to assure you, that you will like him much better upon acquaintance."

Miss Ellerton had gradually drawn herself up during this splendid speech, and sat at last erect, and as cold as Agrippina upon her marble chair.

"Will you allow me to send Mr. Slingsby to you," I continued, rising, "and suffer him to plead his own cause?"

"If you will call my brother, Mr. Wrongham, I shall feel obliged to you," said Miss Ellerton.

I left the room, and, hurrying to my chamber, dipped my head into a basin of water, and plastered my long locks over my eyes, slipped on a white roundabout, and tied around my neck the identical checked cravat in which I had made so unfavourable an impression the first day of my arrival. Tom Ellerton was soon found, and easily agreed to go before and announce me by my proper name to his sister, and treading closely on his heels, I followed to the door of the music-room.

"Ah, Ellen!" said he, without giving her time for a scene, "I was looking for you. Slingsby is better, and will pay his respects to you presently. And I say—you will treat him well, Ellen, and—and—don't flirt with Wrongham the way you did last night! Slingsby's a devilish sight better fellow. Oh, here he is!"

As I stepped over the threshold, Miss Ellerton gave me just enough of a look to assure herself that it was the identical monster she had seen at the tea-table; and not deigning me another glance, immediately commenced talking violently to her brother on the state of the weather. Tom bore it for a moment or two with remarkable gravity, but at my first attempt to join in the conversation, my voice was lost in an explosion of laughter which would have been the death of a gentleman with a full habit. Indignant and astonished, Miss Ellerton rose to her full height, and slowly turned to me.

"*Peccavi!*" said I, crossing my hands on my bosom, and looking up penitently to her face.

She ran to me, and seized my hand, but recovered herself instantly, and the next moment was gone from the room.

Whether from wounded pride from having been the subject of a mystification, or whether from that female caprice by which most men suffer at one period or other of their bachelor lives, I know not—but I never could bring Miss Ellerton again to the same interesting crisis with which she ended her intimacy with Mr. Wrongham. She professed to forgive me, and talked laughingly enough of our old acquaintance; but whenever I grew tender she referred me to the "Sweet Lover" mentioned in my verses in the balcony, and looked around for Van Pelt. That accomplished beau, on observing my discomfiture, began to find out Miss Ellerton's graces without the aid of his quizzing-glass, and I soon found it necessary to yield the *pas* altogether. She has since become Mrs. Van Pelt; and when I last heard from her, was "as well as could be expected."

---



## ILLUSTRATIONS OF IRISH PRIDE.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

## PART II.—HARRY O'REARDON.

“ God bless you and watch over you, my heart’s treasure—may the light of heaven rest on you—may the glory of the Lord be about you—may the saints protect you—may He who died for us remember you—may your sins never be heavy on you—may the blessing of the desolate widow (and that’s myself) never leave you night or day—sleeping or waking—and may the holy Virgin make up to you what your lone mother has not to give—and that’s everything; for the walls are bare, and the cow’s gone dry, and the horse sold, and the bit of land took from us, and soon the mother will have no son to look to for comfort! Oh! Harry, Harry! what will become of me intirely, when I miss your voice, and the sound of your whistle coming over the ‘bohreen’ before you! and your laugh, my own ehild! to say nothing of your kiss, that was as blessed to me as holy water!” And in an agony of grief Mrs. O’Reardon covered her face with her hands, and sobbed so that if a heart could break with sobbing, hers would indeed have broken.—Do you laugh at the strange words in which Mrs. O’Reardon expressed her farewell to her only child? Alas! if you do not feel the deep pathos of the widow’s adieu, I must despair of making you understand anything I may write illustrative of Irish character.

I have met but with few “real Irish” who did not, when under the influence of excitement,—and that is very frequently the case,—use metaphoric language, which, if expressed in good English, would be called poetry; but which, wrapt up as it is in brogue and blunder, seldom excites anything except laughter. Indeed, a conversation with an Irish peasant always leaves me something to think over. There is an originality, a vigour, and, under their compliments and civility, not unfrequently a lurking sarcasm, illumined by much wit, sparkling like diamonds amongst their rags—that furnishes to those more prone to listen than to converse, material for much earnest and deep reflection. Let us analyze one or two of Mrs. O’Reardon’s sentences.

She said to her son, “May your sins never be heavy on you,” adding the prayer that “the blessing of the desolate widow (*and that’s myself*) may never leave you night or day, sleeping or waking!” How perfect a picture does this present of a mother’s anxiety that her child should be sinless!—and that her blessing might hover as with angel-wings over her beloved by day and night!—“May the Virgin make up to you what your lone mother has not to give (*and that’s everything*).” Here is contrast! her blessing is full to overflowing, but she is a widow—and “lone”—and those who know the state of Irish destitution which the background of the picture exhibits, will understand how natural her prayer is, that the Virgin may make up to poor Harry O’Reardon what his mother has not to give, “*and that’s every thing!*”—“The walls are bare, the cow’s gone dry, the horse sold, the bit of land”—returned; and the last of the widow’s comforts is about to depart with the child, whom she had hoped would lay her grey head in the grave. How per-



fectly beautiful is the idea of the sound of the young man's whistle "coming before him!" and yet Margaret O'Reardon would have been puzzled if asked to explain what the word "poetry" signified, though her life had been little more than a dirge!

Harry was a singularly fine-looking man, in a district where beauty was not remarkable, because it was abundant: his was not the vulgar, broad, flat, turned-up sort of countenance, which the English (who, heaven bless them, know as little about Ireland as they do about Hannover) call "Irish:" his was the Spanish face, the heritage of the Milesian race; but though the expression of the deep-black eye, and firm-set lip, indicated pride, there was something about the lower portion of the face—the angle of the mouth, perhaps—which betokened, also, much shrewdness and humour. This expression (I am obliged to repeat the word) was not the general one; Harry usually looked like "a rock of sense;" and, poor fellow, he had all his senses perfect, except "common sense." He was industrious, good-tempered, observant, honest, sufficiently attached to his religion to have died for it, if necessary, and though meriting the distinction of a saint, was yet so frequently a slave to his passions, as to be very often a sinner!

I hope I am not about to say—what as a Protestant I ought not to say—but I cannot help admiring the devotion, so earnest and sincere, of the Roman Catholics to their religion. I am not thinking of the Catholics of France, but of the Catholics of Ireland—of the poor Catholics! How warm is their zeal—how perfect their belief—how truly do they confide in their pastors—how ready at all times to lay down their life for what *they consider* truth! Alas! that it is not truth!

I do not strive to convert them to or from any particular creed, but I would gradually inform their minds, and then leave them to choose their own. People can hardly be expected to "gulp down" what they are told is truth, when the new truth (as they consider it) flies in the face of the old truth, in the belief of which they were educated. They are so very far behind England in civilization—the march of intellect has been so completely *bogged* in its attempts to penetrate into the interior, while impulse, as usual, has flown as high and as wildly as ever—that in no one respect can any comparison be drawn between the two countries. I would fain hope that now, possessing all they have fancied they require, they may be led to feel their *real* wants; though, while I hope the best for those I really love, I bethink me of the red Indians, who, being clothed and educated in the white settlements, still desire the green savannahs of their youth, and return in their *nakedness* to the wild forest-homes of their affections, and to the idolatry of their fathers! Well, if the Indians and the Irish will not be happy in our way, my woman's heart whispers, let them be happy in their own. I remember when I was a child, having a young pigeon and a kitten to rear at the same time, and I would force meat and milk down the pigeon's throat because it must live like the cat. I had not thought over St. Paul's beautiful expressions relative to the "diversities of gifts," which teach us not to think of our own possessions more highly than we ought to think. Nor did I remember that there is one flesh of birds and another of beasts; but I killed the pretty pigeon. Ever since then, *I leave food of many kinds to my favourites*, but suffer them to take what they like best.



I must however return to Harry O'Reardon. My stories are, I imagine, more attractive than my reasonings.

Harry, as I have intimated, was about to quit his home—perhaps his country—but certainly his home. His father had been a very extensive farmer—almost a gentleman—indeed too much of a gentleman to be a farmer; he was of an old family, and was as proud of his descent as if he had been chieftain of many town-lands. And—the old story over again—he got into debt, and at last into gaol—and he died there; and all the “country” (people) cried shame upon those who put him there, because—at least I never heard them give any reason for their outcry—but I suppose it was because of his being one of the last of a race of *squireens*—a genus that has become extinct since the Union—and consequently entitled to prey upon everybody, though nobody must prey upon them. I must do Harry the justice to say, that the only quality he inherited from his father was pride! He had achieved a character for truth, uprightness, and punctuality in discharging his engagements, that rendered him respected, and in any other country would have made him prosperous. Not that truth, uprightness, and punctuality are not prized in Ireland, but Harry O'Reardon, as I have said, was of an old family, and old families have their retainers, and so Harry was as firmly kept down as if a millstone had been tied about his neck. His father, besides what he rented, possessed more than a hundred acres of his own: those Harry boldly sold, and distributed the money amongst his creditors; then, by degrees, the large farms were given up—nor did he endeavour to intimidate those who took the land, which his own necessities would not permit him to keep; he was too proud for that. “No,” he declared boldly “that an O'Reardon had never asked for help, nor never would;” and his neighbours declared, that “Masther Harry was mighty high entirely in himself, or he'd be thankful for a faction—not all as one as he was, stiff and stately to himself, and too grand to be comrade with any one barring his ould mother.”

Harry's mind was too highly cast for his society; he afforded shelter, and shared the “bit and the sup” as long as the bit and the sup lasted; he could not endure that his poverty should be known, and yet he could not struggle against it. He thought his former landlord should have understood his character, and offered him a farm at a reduced rent in consideration of his good conduct; but his landlord seldom visited the country, and when he did he had no time, and perhaps no talent for studying human nature. The tenant who paid 3*l.* 10*s.* an acre was, in his agent's estimation, better by 10*s.* than a tenant who paid 3*l.*; and so Harry O'Reardon was, after years of severe struggling with poverty—the bitter heritage of his forefather's carelessness and extravagance—left with poverty and his aged parent as his sole companions, having nothing but the produce of four acres of bad land to subsist upon. The Irish peasant, to his honour be it spoken, does not desert his neighbour in his affliction; but Harry repulsed the attentions which would have been gladly paid.

When he had nothing to give, he would receive no visiter, and it was a melancholy picture of gloomy pride to see that high-minded—but mistaken—man cultivating his land *alone*, while the door of his dwelling was closely shut, lest his mother should be discovered in the performance of that necessary work which she had not the means of pro-



curing even "a slip of a girl" to perform for her. Nothing of late went well with Harry O'Reardon; his potatoes failed—the cow went dry—his pigs died—and he was at last compelled to sell his horse. If these misfortunes happened to an English yeoman, bitterly though he might feel them, still he would not do as Harry did. He would not dream of leaving his country; he would look out other land, or a situation as bailiff to a gentleman's property; or the gentry, knowing his value, would keep him amongst them—but Harry remembered his lineage, and would till no land but his own, *where he was known*.

"I've been thinking, mother," he said, rubbing the left sleeve of his coat against the right, "I've been thinking, that while I have a good coat to my back, I may as well go seek my fortune in some other country; the world is wide—and the luck's gone from us. And if I go now I shall go without shame; and this house and the four acres, which, according to all justice, is yours, mother, you can let to Grimogue of the Forge; and live in Tullagh on what it brings until, may be, if the Lord looks down on us—I shall send for you, where the trees will be larger and the grass greener than it is with us."

The poor mother was paralyzed, yet she had lived for some time in anticipation of the blow. She knew that matters were growing worse and worse; and though her heart felt as if encircled by the walls where she had entered in the triumph and beauty of a bride, yet she did not like those same walls to witness her degradation. Her pride was as great as her son's, but its objects were inferior to his. She did not like to walk to mass, because she had been accustomed to go there on a car; and she had sundry secret misgivings that Harry might have acted more wisely if he had not sold his land:—"For sure the debts might have gone on as they always did before, and he not lose the credit of the land being his own."

"Let me alone till to-morrow," she said, in reply to her son's observation; "let me alone till to-morrow, and then I'll have strength to talk to you."

The morrow came, and Harry was agreeably disappointed by finding that his mother did not oppose his intention; she only stipulated that he was first of all to "try his luck" in Dublin. Dublin was a fine place. She had been there when a girl, and she knew that, though the respect paid to old families was not what it was in her time, still they could not but have some consideration for an O'Reardon. What did he mean to be?—a counsellor, or a doctor, or what? He had had Latin for three quarters—and five quarters of all sorts of figures. What would he turn to?

Harry smiled at his mother's simplicity, but eased her heart by assuring her that he would starve sooner than disgrace his family. This promise he made in perfect sincerity. His after-career proved his mother need not have feared that his pride would fail. I have recorded her touching farewell; but before Harry left the neighbourhood he had another adieu to make. The fair-haired girl at the end of the bohreen, from whence his whistle came so sweetly on his mother's ear, had long possessed an interest in his heart; and with the characteristic imprudence of his country he would have married her, though he had nothing to support her with. But, ridiculous as it may seem, he objected to her family!—her father was a tailor; her uncles were



tinkers ; and, worse than all, she was a Protestant. Moyna Roden deserved to be beloved—and was beloved ; though Mrs. O'Reardon looked down upon her, and never would allow that Harry condescended to care for “ a bit of a tailor's daughter.” And had it not been for an irresistible impulse which drew Harry towards Moyna, he would have joined in the declaration. The fact was, he had honestly told Moyna that he would be her *friend* as long as she lived. And Moyna's woman-generosity outstripped his ; for she assured him, she would not only be *his* friend, but his *wife's* friend, whenever he got one. And then Harry assured her, he never meant to marry ; and then Moyna assured him, that she had resolved on dying an old maid. And so these *two friends* went on in the high road to love—fancying nobody perceived the drift of their friendship. But when Harry had really determined on leaving his home, then it was that he felt convinced Moyna Roden was dearer to him than any friend. She was half seated on the wheel of a car, that had been turned on end in a gap formed in the side of a deep ditch to answer the purpose of gate and turnstile, and prevent pigs and cattle trespassing on one of the most luxuriant fields of brown clover that ever clothed an Irish meadow, in perfume and in beauty—there she awaited Harry Reardon's farewell, looking like a figure cut out of one Christall's pictures—save that the painter can give but one expression—and Mary's features and complexion were alive with emotion. Once or twice she caught herself listening for his whistle ; and then thought to herself, “ No ! he is going away and his heart will be too full ; if he tried to whistle now, it would choke him ; ” and then she heard his footstep, and her little dog, a shaggy underbred cur, ran as usual to meet his acquaintance.

Harry walked with a firm and determined step along the bohreen—looking neither to the right nor left. Although the day was warm, he wore a blue great coat—the tails of which were gathered behind, and thrown over his left arm, from whence they descended in heavy drapery ; in his right he carried a stout blackthorn stick, with which at any other time he would have beat the bushes in tune to his whistle, but now, it almost hung from his hand ; and though, when he approached his *friend* he summoned a smile to his sad features, it was a smile which was answered by Moyna's tears. I had almost forgotten that behind our traveller, and at a respectful distance, trotted a half idiot-boy of the neighbourhood carrying an old valise of large dimensions, that was braced to his shoulders by a rope of many knots. It was true that a handkerchief could have contained Harry's wardrobe, but his mother had insisted, that in case he met any of the neighbours, it would look “ more respectable ” to have a “ gorsoon behind him with a thrunk.” “ When you've gone so far as to be clean out of your own place,” she continued, “ you can *roul* it up and carry it on the end of the stick, and but little trouble will it be to you—for, my grief—there's not much in it—only Harry, sit down as if to rest by the road side, and send Jemmy home—so that he may'nt *see* you on the way—like a pedlar, with your pack—that no one belonging to you was ever forced to carry yet—nor never may be, I pray God ! ”

Harry obeyed his mother's injunctions—for they tallied with his own inclinations ; but when he came to where Moyna lingered, he desired Jemmy to “ follow the road—and he would soon be after him ; ”—and



consequently Jemmy went on. Nobody who knew anything of the matter, ever represented love as always "eloquent." There are times when man's passion will burst forth in words—woman's seldom does; and when men are continually talking of their love, I think it is rather to be mistrusted. Real, veritable love, is too deep for language, and Moyna felt it so; for when Harry had stood by her side for full ten minutes, she had not spoken—not uttered a sentence—not even a sound.

"You had almost as much instruction in writing as myself, Moyna," said Harry, at last; "and though many thought you had too much of it for a girl, I shall not think so, if you write to *me* sometimes."

"I will, Master Harry—in—all friendliness," she said at last. "We have been all the same as brother and sister—though you were far above me in birth, and all that—you have been like a born-brother to me; and though the neighbours thought you proud, I always denied it—and always will—at least you were never proud to me!"

Proud to Moyna Roden!—one might as well have been proud to the pet lamb of the fold!

"We have been *more* than brother and sister to each other," replied the young man, earnestly, and with much emotion; "far more—and if you do not feel it already, I tell you now, Moyna—you are a thousand—thousand times dearer to me than ever sister was to brother. I am going away now—and—my heart would have burst if I had not told you so—I love you so well—that though it is my duty—I cannot pray that you may be happy with another."

"You need not," she replied in a faint, low voice, "you need not; for—for—"

"For what, Moyna?"

"For a reason I have," she replied timidly.

"And what is that, Moyna?"

"Because I could not—that's all;" and then she burst into tears, and covered her blushing cheeks with her hands.

Many adieus did they give and take; yet neither said much—their hearts were too full for words; but the parting must come at last—and then Moyna put into his hand a small parcel, containing a white waistcoat, and six collars—and that everlasting gift from an Irish girl to her *friend*—a black silk handkerchief.

"Father says, I make waistcoats better than himself," said Moyna; "and it was as a remembrance, and not because I thought you wanted it, that I made it for you, Master Harry!"

It will be at once evident that Moyna's gift of a waistcoat showed she wanted tact; it put Harry in mind of her father's trade—the collars were in better taste.

"I carded the flax—and spun it—and bleached the linen myself," said the kind girl. "Five dozen to the pound it was; and the minister's wife judged me the prize on its account," she added, with a little pride as to her handywork.

"And you made them too?" said Harry, looking them over; for all men appear to be natural judges of shirt-collars.

"Yes," she replied; "Who else would make them?"

"And indeed that's true," he sighed; but before he could commend the stitching, Jemmy appeared on his return with the valise.



“ Did I not tell you to follow the road, and that I’d soon be after you ?” said “ Master Harry,” in an angry voice.

“ You did,” answered the urchin ; “ and so I did follow it, until I saw the Dublin coach, that your mother said you would go by, *pass*—guard and all ; and as the coach was passed, I thought you would not come afther me, and then I cum back to ax ye, if I was to wait to carry the thrunk to-morrow ; its a beautiful thrunk entirely, *and no great weight !*”

Harry assured Jemmy there was another coach to pass ; and Jemmy replied there were a great many—but not that day ! And Harry persisted that another would pass in about two hours, by another road ; and this incident, perplexing though it was, lightened the agony of the parting, and Harry proceeded on his journey.

Having carried my friend so far on his journey through life, I must here for the present leave him, to detail his further progress on some future occasion.

## THE POET AND HIS PATRON.

BY MRS. ABDY.

THY Patron—’tis well, thou hast tamely resigned  
 Thy proud independence, thy free-born estate,  
 And thy grasp of the boundless dominion of mind,  
 To cringe at the board of the titled and great.  
 The glad, joyous accents of Liberty’s child !  
 Must a compliment whisper, or sue for a boon ;  
 And the bard of the mountain, the heath, and the wild,  
 Must string tuneful rhymes for the splendid saloon.  
 How noble the triumph, to hear thy bold lays  
 In boudoirs sighed forth to the tinkling guitar ;  
 And to bow to each critical lordling, whose praise  
 Is misplaced as his censure, and bitterer far !  
 Let not battles and factions thy numbers engage,  
 To ditties more soft bend thy soul-stirring powers,  
 Fit to shine in the album’s smooth rose-colour’d page,  
 Encircled by butterfls, tinsel, and flowers.  
 Blest lot !—but I pause, though sarcastic disdain  
 Might beseem the weak vassal of power and of pelf ;  
 I entreat, I adjure thee to burst from thy chain,  
 Be true to thy talents, thy friends, and thyself !  
 Canst thou only the goods of high fortune command  
 At the Peer’s gorgeous mansion and revelling board ?  
 Dost thou fear at the world’s vast tribunal to stand,  
 And claim the high honours its voice can afford ?  
 And even if then, unbefriended, unknown,  
 This feeling thy proud consolation may be,—  
 That thy thoughts and thy actions have still been thy own,  
 Thy steps uncontroll’d, and thy principles free !  
 There are gold-mines in far distant countries, where none  
 Will dare the base toil, save the criminal race,  
 Who are forcibly dragg’d from the light of the sun,  
 To dig the pale ore in contempt and disgrace.  
 I have wept o’er *their* bondage, revolting and hard—  
 Oh ! little I recked that I e’er should be told  
 Of a subject of Britain, a man, and a bard,  
 Who willingly barter’d his freedom for gold !



## TAXES ON NECESSARIES *v.* TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE.

IN our number for August, 1835, we printed an article under this title, and now that the matter is drawing to a head, practically speaking, we shall once more endeavour to set its merits in a clearer light than they appear generally to stand. The press, with a reserve that does more credit to its delicacy than to its courage or its sense of public right, has been remarkably backward to advocate interests which would of course be imputed to their defenders as personal. It is indeed impracticable to separate the private from the general claims in this instance; but the general ought not to have been postponed under the apprehension of such an imputation, for we hope we have already shown in the article to which we refer, and still further to demonstrate in the present, that not alone will the revenue suffer, but the subject also—not only will a sum easily raised, and absolutely unfelt by the tax-payer, be surrendered, but provided remission is feasible, that remission ought to be granted upon a variety of necessities in preference to the luxury of newspapers; and last, and most momentous, that the moral feeling is likely to be injured, if the peace of the country be not disturbed, by this fiscal relief.

Burke, in his eloquent book on the French Revolution, thus describes the agitation of that time:—"Because half-a-dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chink, whilst thousands of great cattle, reposed beneath the shadow of the British oak, chew the cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field, or that of course they are many in number." Now, although one or two of the half-dozen who have combined to make this kingdom resound with their "importunate" commands for the repeal of the "taxes on knowledge" are beings of vastly greater dimensions and power, as well as capacity for clamour, than Burke's "little, shrivelled, meagre, hopping, though loud and troublesome insects of an hour," in their aggregate they still are "half-a-dozen," and scarcely more. The petitions from the provinces all emanate, nay, were all dictated, by not half of the same half-dozen; and if the names of the speakers, whether in Parliament or at public meetings, whether at mechanics' institutions or at Guildhall, be examined, it will be found that they are still the identical half-dozen and scarcely more. But how, it will be said, does this affect the reason of the case? Not at all perhaps, any further than to show that the representations made by these persons and their faction, arise from no national conviction of the truth of the premises, but simply from the power they have attained of multiplying themselves, and, as it were, their opinions. This view of the matter is important. Whatever of authority may be drawn from the petitions of numbers is very much abated when those numbers are found to be merely echoes of a few, and a very few real voices. If Mr. Hume, Mr. Grote, Mr. Wakley, Mr. Buckingham, Mr. Roebuck, Dr. Bowring, and last, not least, Mr. O'Connell himself, are the advocates of the repeal in the House of Commons, and we find the same speakers the counsel at Guildhall and elsewhere; if we find also Dr. Birkbeck and Dr. Bowring here, and Dr. Bowring and Dr. Birkbeck there,



it becomes rather a proof of the want of public and general conviction than otherwise. The men may be good men in themselves, but they do not in this instance represent any large division of the people of England. It is merely their power of ubiquity that gives the semblance of public sentiment.

A ministry, which deserves the name of a government, ought to weigh all the consequences of a measure—not only its positive, but its comparative good and evil; the present administration, we trust, will not listen to any proposal, however specious, however it may flatter the prejudices of any class at the expense of the whole, or at the sacrifice of interests of a deeper import to the community at large. Now it should seem that the taxes on knowledge afford a test of this all-embracing firmness on the part of the present administration. It will be soon known how they come out of the trial.

Let us duly consider the advertisements and newspaper stamps. We strongly suspect that the two shillings on each advertisement has occasioned no considerable addition to the numbers. The duty was certainly too high before; for advertisements proceed either from adventure in trade, or from causes of necessity, sales, want of situations, &c. &c.; few arise from any voluntary cause, so to speak—they are matters of exigency, not choice. Upon short advertisements the impost is an object; upon those which are long, it becomes of far less moment, for the charge is according to the space which they occupy. As it acts upon books, we have shown the statements published to be great exaggerations of the evil; nor do we believe it amounts upon the whole to above one-tenth of the entire revenue derived from this source. To what we before said (August, 1835) we may add, the expense of advertising is far greater upon a first than upon any subsequent edition; a second carries its own repute. The book has already got into many hands, and is recommended orally far more than by printed announcements. It has usually been reviewed, which speaks more strongly than any other mode of publicity; this consideration greatly reduces the charge placed to the account of advertising.

It has been argued, that because not one work in four pays its expenses, no tax ought to be imposed upon so losing a speculation. We confess we do not see the justice of this postulate. Books are like other commodities, matters for the exercise of a previous judgment, and there appears no reason why blockheads should be enabled or encouraged by its abolition, to attempts which, after all, are but slightly affected by taxation. If it could be proved that the impost has any agency in preventing the diffusion of a good book, it would be a valid plea; but when was such ever known to be the case? Take, for instance, the immense circulation of the new edition of Sir Walter Scott's novels. Can it be pretended with any show of reason, that had the advertisement-tax on either of these works been abated, a single copy more would have been sold? It cannot. If three-fourths of the books printed do not pay the cost, it merely proves that three-fourths of the books printed are not worth printing, and could not be brought into circulation by any modification of the impost. The arguments that not one pamphlet in fifty pays its expenses, is only a dozen times stronger against this species of writing than against larger volumes.

When it is authoritatively pronounced that the advertisement duty



“has utterly destroyed pamphlets, so far at least as they were a source of profit,” we disbelieve the fact, and we think it is easily disproved. If pamphlets in the gross *ever were* profitable, the duty on advertisements being now less by four-sevenths than heretofore, the advantages ought to be so much the greater. The truth is, so many are published, it is become impossible to do more than select those which are *very* popular, and *very* excellent; and these of course bear a very small proportion to the whole: the same cause it is that renders the publication of books so profitless; the supply infinitely exceeds the possibilities of demand. If a man were to devote his whole time, without food or sleep, he could not get through the *titles*—the bare titles, of all the things that daily and hourly issue from the press of England. This multitude, if it do not create a positive dread or indifference to what the mind so instantly apprehends it cannot grapple with, at least produces far greater care and delicacy in selection, wherever any is exercised; but in the large proportion of persons it leads to an indiscriminate perusal of whatever promises amusement and time permits.

A single analogy will corroborate this train of reasoning beyond the power of refutation. Suppose a paper-maker were from error in judgment, or want of skill, to manufacture a parcel of goods that either were not in demand, or too bad to find a purchaser, could it be pretended that such a blunderer had any claim to a drawback of the duty? the whole trading world would laugh such a proposition to scorn; yet the cases are precisely alike. When a book fails, the bookseller mistakes the commodity required, or the author makes a bad article.

It is not to be denied that the tax on newspapers, amounting to four-sevenths of the whole cost, is heavy, very heavy; the question is, however, still one of comparison. But passing by this branch of it for the present, if we weigh the arguments advanced against it, they do not appear to be of the importance which the advocates for the repeal assume. To speak plainly, they seem to us of little or no validity. They are,

1st. That it precludes the people, *i. e.* the middle and working classes, from a due degree of political information.

2nd. That it encourages a monopoly.

3rd. That the people will have this knowledge, and therefore it directly promotes smuggling, and thus generates a contempt for the laws.

The first objection, we think, we have sufficiently answered in our former essay. We have demonstrated that the effects of this universal diffusion of such political reading are at least very doubtful, even upon Lord Brougham’s own showing. But a writer who very strongly advocates a partial repeal, is even more vehement against a total repeal of the stamp duties.

Mr. Montgomery Martin has a long section on this subject in his “*Taxation of the British Empire*,” and thus he writes:—“Those who may desire to destroy or impair what is called the influence of journalism, would nearly succeed in their object by the abolition of a stamp tax, and the imposition of a postage rate; but those who wish to see the press exist as the safety valve of the state, or the fly-wheel of the political machine, would prefer any plan which promised to keep up and elevate the character and talents of the diurnal or hebdomadal press. As long as that press exists under a rational freedom, and *conducted by men of property and talent*, so long will the nation be freed from any danger of that which is now so much dreaded—a second edition of the *French*



*Revolution.* When the press of Britain loses its character, and becomes the party-organ of local interests, its influence for good has passed away, while its incalculable power for evil remains in all its magnitude." After expressing his opinion that a reduction of half the duty, namely, twopence, would be beneficial to the subject, and be made up to the revenue by the doubling of the present circulation of newspapers—he thus concludes:—"It would be madness in a government to take off the whole tax on newspapers in Great Britain at once; under the existing ignorance of the people—a bloody rebellion would be the inevitable result; and in mercy to those who would be the greatest sufferers, such a step is strenuously to be deprecated; but a reduction of the duty would facilitate the diffusion of sound principles, combined with the requisites for forming calm judgments on important questions. The middle course is generally the wisest, and in this instance it is also the most politic; while a regard to the interests of individuals who have embarked their property, time, and talents in the newspaper press now existing, would not only be preserved, but those very interests would be promoted in unison with the public weal."

Mr. Martin has here hit the right nail on the head; he has placed two most momentous considerations in juxtaposition, namely, the respectability of the persons employed upon the journals, and the nature of the political information circulated; the one indeed is wholly dependent upon the other. It is absurd to imagine that persons of property, character, education, and ability, will devote their time, talents, and capital to any concern which will not reward them well, that is to say, lucratively, particularly when the occupation is coupled with responsibility of such a kind. For not only is the journalist amenable to the law for any deviation, but he is liable to answer in person for any offence taken by individuals, whilst he is called upon to exercise a jurisdiction which entails upon him the dread, infinitely more than the respect, of society at large, and a constant course of contention demanding nerves of iron, no less than unflinching integrity of purpose, and an almost unassailable power of intellect. Even with these attributes his life is one of perpetual storm and inquietude, from the misrepresentations to which he is exposed. His duties to society, and his feelings towards individuals are constantly at variance, and the last must give way to the first; thus he is regarded with suspicion and distrust; nor are these repellent sentiments much abated by a high elevation of character. The use, and still more, the abuse of the anonymous, gives but too much cause for the cautions which society considers itself justified in taking against him.

Under such disqualifications, so far from lowering the tone of this species of writing, by delivering it into the power of those to whom a comparatively trifling income would be a sufficient temptation to lend themselves to any purpose which the panders to a popular prejudice, or a popular passion, might occasionally deem profitable, so far from reducing the rewards of fortitude, ability, integrity, and public principle to the lowest ebb by the severest competition, it appears far more statesman-like,—far more beneficial to society and to public morals,—to endeavour to exalt the profession by every means that can ensure its adoption by men of honour, character, ability, and property. Now we aver, without fear of contradiction, that this cannot be ensured under the contingents which the advocates of a penny or twopenny press make the object



and end of their proposal. No imaginable circulation can pay such men for their labour and time and capital; the end, therefore, would be, supposing these advocates for cheap knowledge to be completely successful, to degrade that press which they assert to be essential to save the people from the destruction of ignorance, to throw the political instruction of the people into the vilest hands, and to drive every man of responsibility out of its support. The world has a pregnant instance before it in the slang sporting prints, and our belief that they have done more to deprave the morals and manners of the people than anything else, will be borne out by the experience of every honest and observing man throughout the empire: these papers have made their way, *in spite of the tax*, into the resorts of the humbler classes to an extent that has been most fatal: what will be their circulation when we connect with their cheapness,—the panacea so strongly insisted upon,—the facilities for their introduction which the beer-houses and gin-palaces afford?

We come next to another objection—the determination of the country (for it is represented to be nothing less) to have newspapers at the cheapest possible rate.

If the effect of the agitation of a few in the higher orders has been so disturbing, the results of a couple of papers (the “Poor Man’s Guardian” and “Police Gazette”), put forth in defiance of the law and the government, are still more striking. For this is not an offence which, like smuggling, is difficult to bring home. No man can discover whether a glass of brandy, or a pound of tobacco, has or has not paid the duty, by its taste, smell, or colour; but the unstamped paper declares instantly and openly its own violation of the law. Ministers by neglecting that sound maxim, in all struggles with rebellious principle, “*principiis obsta*,” have allowed the pigmy to become a giant, both in growth and strength. The numbers of wretched creatures (for they are the very outcasts of society) who have been imprisoned since the Government, instead of amercing the principals, commenced the prosecution of that class of offenders who vend the article, appears formidable indeed on paper. But what is the real fact? Two determined men, enthusiasts, probably, by nature in any cause they might have undertaken, have with peculiar hardihood, and without any regard to means, allured the famished creatures, always to be picked up in the streets of London, to become the agents of their illegal traffic. These men derive encouragement (whether private as well as public is known only to the parties themselves) from the individuals who have laboured so assiduously in the same cause. Their supporters have, in their turn, represented these efforts to be the inevitable, invincible results of the public will and resolution to have cheap newspapers; when, in truth, like every other smuggled and cheap commodity, those who buy these inferior goods are persons who regard nothing but the mere price. But why Ministers should have so long endured the growth of this insolence against the laws; why they should not be able to put down, at once, the transgressors—and (if they yield) why they should yield to such puny antagonists, whom the law has placed in their grasp 40,800 times every week—for that is the number said to be sold of these unstamped papers in town and country—every one of which might be the subject of information and penalty, if need were,—why all this has been endured, and is to form any part of the justification for the repeal of an



unfelt tax, must remain matter of perfect astonishment! They have, it is true, obtained a verdict for 600*l.* against the publisher of the "Police Gazette," and he is in prison for a subsequent sale of his paper. But what then? the paper still goes on—nay, it was not at all interrupted by the seizure made of the machinery. Surely there could have been no difficulty in discovering the new place of its publication? Why not then have vigorously followed up the blow? If it was right to strike at all, it was right to strike with the necessary force. To fall short of the purpose was either to manifest the inefficiency of those whose duty it is to enforce the law, or to confess that the law ought not to be enforced.

While we have thus combated the popular plausibilities of the agitators for the repeal of the taxes on knowledge with fresh reasons, we have urged nothing in addition to our former argument, concerning a not less important consideration—the pressure of these taxes, compared against the pressure of the taxes on necessaries. We before adduced the window tax (indeed, the assessed taxes generally, with their wide corrupting and yet unshunned consequences of vexation, loss of time, expense, and perjury), the malt duty, and the tax on soap. But there is scarcely a single commodity in the whole list of taxation which does not put in a better claim to repeal than these "taxes on knowledge." Let us go through them. First, the tax on *Corn*. This keeps up the price of the great articles of the subsistence of the labouring classes (the *people* observe), not less, probably, than thirty per cent., besides the stop it puts upon their employment. But this, it will be said, is to protect the agriculturist, not to increase the revenue. No matter, it is the most grievous and oppressive of duties. *Sugar*, an article of necessity, not only bears a duty (on East India production especially) which probably reduces the consumption and the enjoyment one-half, but, from its inequality, the poor man pays 100 per cent. on the coarsest, while the rich man pays but 63 per cent. on the finest. *Coffee* stands under the same denunciations—the rich man pays for the best from 71 to 103 per cent.; the poor man for the worst from 124 to 224 per cent. *Tea* is taxed 96 per cent.

We might continue our list of articles of prime use and necessity through a long catalogue; but the simplest way of arriving at our demonstration seems to be to abstract from the book we have already quoted, Mr. Martin's "*Taxation of the British Empire*," a tabular view which shews the effect at a glance.

	Annual Taxes.	Paid by Rich.	Paid by Middle Class.	Paid by Workin Class.
Malt and Hops .....	£5,000,000	£1,000,000	£2,000,000	£2,000,000
Sugar and Sweets ... ..	5,000,000	1,000,000	3,000,000	1,000,000
Tea .....	3,300,000	500,000	1,800,000	1,000,000
Tobacco .....	3,100,000	100,000	1,000,000	2,000,000
Soap .....	1,100,000	100,000	500,000	500,000
Timber .....	1,300,000	300,000	800,000	200,000
Coffee and Cocoa .....	600,000	100,000	300,000	200,000
Bricks and Auctions...	600,000	100,000	300,000	200,000
Corn and Seeds .....	650,000	50,000	400,000	200,000
Butter, Cheese, & Tallow	300,000	50,000	200,000	50,000
Cotton and Wool .....	700,000	100,000	400,000	200,000
Vinegar & Turpentine	100,000	20,000	60,000	20,000



We are aware of the extreme uncertainty of all such calculations, and, indeed, there is no proposition in political arithmetic so difficult, not to say impossible, as to shew where a tax lights. Even the labourer, who has apparently the least chance of escape, must include his taxation in his wages, or be starved. And, since every trader computes taxation in the cost of his article and charges it on his customer, it appears to be a circle of shiftings of the burden which has no end. All that can truly be ascertained is, the relation of the taxation to the production of the country; and it is in this proportion that every producer yields so much of his income. But, notwithstanding, who is there that considers this catalogue, and would place the unfelt "taxes on knowledge" before these articles in a list of imposts to be repealed? Knowledge, political knowledge, may be and, perhaps, is amongst the first of requisites towards a man's becoming an industrious, a sober, and a peaceable member of society; but certain we are that the very first is to ensure him a competent share of the necessaries and comforts of existence, and to this end nothing conduces more than to free the articles we have named from the almost prohibitory taxation with which they are loaded.

This argument, be it observed, is altogether independent of the urgent suspicions which may be very naturally entertained of the truth of the doctrine—that cheap newspapers are likely to be his best, or even good, instructors. All that has yet been seen of their operation goes directly the contrary way. The doctors in this faculty, or those who would persuade the world that they are such, would have us believe that the antidote is precluded, because able and honest men cannot engage in the competition. But then comes the pinch. Will able and honest men, connected with others having sufficient capital, find an adequate compensation to enter into a competition so severe, against competitors so reckless of purpose and of themselves? Will such gifted men be so eager to enter into a contest, with the passions and predilections of the classes they wish to address already engaged and arrayed against them? The probability is that they will not.

---

#### MARTIAL IN LONDON.

##### *New Law Appointments.*

Here Fate her mystic page unrolls,  
Behold what Policy reveals!  
Langdale's new Baron gets the *Rolls*,  
And *Cottenham's* Lord obtains the Seals.  
Ye Chancery Barristers, beware!  
A lesson learn from men like these;  
To recompense whose toil and care,  
The gain is merely *bread* and *cheese*.

---

##### *Law and Physic.*

I'll tell you, Doctor, in a line,  
The difference 'twixt your trade and mine.  
When adverse counsel find a flaw,  
My Court may mend mistakes in law:  
But who shall mend mistakes in phials?  
Judge Minos never grants new trials!



## 'SQUIRE DRIBBLE.

"REMEMBER six to-day," said Tom Heartall, whom I met coming out of the club as I was entering it.

"It has been booked these ten days," replied I.

"But do be punctual, there's a good fellow," continued Heartall, "for I have invited a stranger to join us."

"I will," said I: "but you press for punctuality as if it were the necessary consequence of your having invited a stranger to dine with you."

"And so it is, in this instance," replied he. "Yesterday I dined at Worthington's, (who, you know, is to be one of my party,) and there I met him. He has some business which will detain him in town for a few days; and, as he has taken up his quarters with Worthington, I was compelled, in decency, to ask him to accompany his host. He seems to me to be a queer fish: and Worthington, who is always anxious to promote every one's comfort, hinted to me, in his kind-hearted way, that punctuality would oblige *him*; for that his friend was as savage as a bear if made to wait for his meals a minute beyond the appointed feeding-time."

"A pleasant acquaintance you have made there. What is his name?"

"Dribble."

"Dribble! Surely I have heard that name before. Is he an Essex man?"

"Why," replied Heartall, "he is not exactly what, when speaking of the native gentry of the county, we should call an Essex man, though, certainly, he has a place in Essex."

"I'll lay my life it is the same: Dribble—'Squire Dribble, of Dribble Hall, near Poppleton-End, on the road to Little-Pedlington?"

"The very same," replied Heartall: "his house is the show-place of the neighbourhood."

"I remember: it was either the landlady at Squashmire-gate, or some one else, who told me that all the world went to see Dribble Hall, which was full of curiosities, but that the 'Squire himself was the greatest curiosity in it. I rejoice at this opportunity of meeting him," continued I, "for I missed one when I chanced to be in his neighbourhood."

This conversation occurred in the early part of the month of July last, shortly after my return from Little-Pedlington.

Ephraim Dribble is the son of Barnaby Dribble, who, in his blessed lifetime, was a small grocer in Crooked-lane, Fish-street-hill. To many persons it may be interesting to know that Crooked-lane was so called, because, till within these four or five years, it was, incontestably, the crookedest lane in all London. But, by the magic of modern improvement, it has been deprived of this its supreme distinction; and all that now remains of Crooked-lane (though it still retains its name) is as straight as an arrow. Ephraim, as a boy at school, was an industrious, plodding boy, with a natural disposition to "turn an honest penny"—his own interpretation of the phrase being somewhat an enlarged one, as it included within its range the getting the best at a bargain with a school-



fellow, by any means short of absolute fraud. The penny *per diem*, which was Ephraim's allowance of pocket-money, he would lay out at his father's shop in figs or raisins, which were sold to him at prime cost. Of these, he used to set aside a small portion for his own eating, (for, from that hour of his life to the present, his love of money has never completely overpowered his love of self-gratification ;) the remainder he would dole out, in farthing's-worths, to his school-mates—reducing the quantity for the money in proportion as their gluttony overcame their prudence, in exactly the same way as traders upon a more extensive scale regulate the price of a commodity according to the quantity in the market and the demand for it. Thus he was usually a gainer of two or three farthings by the day's transactions. In addition to this, which might be considered as little Master Ephraim's regular traffic, he would sometimes, if his customers happened to be short of money, generously sell his farthing's-worth on credit ; or he would even lend a boy a farthing in hard cash, on promise of being paid a halfpenny for it at the week's end ; and this he would do upon no better a security than the deposit of a top, a ball, a book, a penknife, or any other trifle, provided it were of sufficient value to protect him against any possible loss. His mother was wont to say that Ephraim was a " deep one," who knew how many beans made two ; whilst his no less admiring father was satisfied that their boy was a " 'cute one," who would make his way in the world.

At the age of fourteen Ephraim was taken home to serve in his father's shop. Here he had many opportunities of exhibiting his " depth " and exercising his " 'cuteness : " it was astonishing with what dexterity and delight he would shuffle a few lumps of the twelve-penny into a customer's bag of the fourteen-penny sugar ; and marvellous was the accuracy with which he would adjust the scales when weighing out a pound of tea, withdrawing six grains, or two, or one, if it inclined the balance against himself ! At two-and-twenty he had the misfortune to lose both his parents. This calamity was rendered endurable by its leaving him the sole inheritor, not only of all the figs and treacle in the shop, but also of about fourteen hundred pounds in money. Thus enriched, Ephraim Dribble sought, and found, occasions for the indulgence of the natural benevolence of his heart. Was there a brother tradesman driven to the verge of bankruptcy by the want of an hundred pounds or so, Ephraim was forward to assist him with the sum—merely taking in return for it sundry chests of tea, or bags of coffee, at a fourth of the market-price. Thus was the ruin of a worthy man delayed for a few months, whilst the kind-hearted Ephraim exulted in the exercise of that virtue which was *not* its own and sole reward. To a man who, like him, lays himself out for opportunities of performing generous actions, such opportunities are of frequent occurrence ; so that at the end of ten years Dribble found that, by sheer dint of assisting the distressed, his hundreds had distended into thousands. Resolved now to exercise this species of knight-errantry upon a larger scale, he sold the shop in Crooked-lane, opened a counting-house in Fenchurch-street, called himself Dribble and Co., and became a West-India merchant—that is to say, he would buy for ready money, from any house which happened to be in a rickety condition, a whole consignment of sugar, coffee, pepper, or any other colonial produce, at a third or a fourth of its prime cost, and sell it, amongst the smaller traders



below its actual value, yet still at a considerable profit to himself. For several years he continued this successful mode of assisting his fellow-creatures, till about four years ago; when, having realized as much capital as, invested in the funds, would produce him a clear five thousand a-year, he resolved to retire from business and become a gentleman:—the latter portion of the resolution being much the more difficult to accomplish of the two.

Just at this time it happened that Tubbs, the eminent Sugar-broker, failed. Tubbs's curiosity to visit foreign parts being suddenly excited by the event, and an immediate supply of money being requisite in order to enable Tubbs to gratify a curiosity so praiseworthy, he applied to his intimate friend Dribble for assistance. Dribble, whose purse was ever open to the unfortunate, instantly supplied his friend with the large sum of four thousand pounds; and his friend, who could hardly expect that any man would give him four thousand pounds for nothing, made over to him his country residence, Muscovado House, together with the acres thereunto belonging, all which had fairly cost Mr. Tubbs eleven thousand. To this place, which, upon Mr. Dribble's accession to the property, was newly named Dribble Hall, did Mr. Dribble retire; and its fortunate possessor (commonly known as "the 'Squire'") now calls, and seriously considers himself to be, an Essex Gentleman, in spite of the provoking distance at which he is held by the real gentry of the county, whom he cannot induce to recognize him as such. Fifty-two, indeed, is rather late in life for one to begin to think of *doing* the gentleman; and Dribble, although he has had four years' practice, is still (as an actor would express it) by no means perfect in the part.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was on the twentieth of December that I returned to London from a continental tour which had occupied nearly four months. My first visit was to Tom Heartall. After some talk upon various subjects, Tom (with more of diffidence and hesitation than, as I thought, the inquiry warranted) said, "Do you consider yourself as engaged to dine with us on Christmas day?"

"By implication I do," replied I; "for, for the last nine years, we have passed that day together. But for that circumstance I should have remained to enjoy the humours of that convivial season in Paris."

Heartall burst into a hearty laugh: a sure sign that he was aware of some small calamity in store for me.

"Ha! ha! ha! So you have taken all this trouble for the express purpose of dining with us on Christmas day? Ha! ha! ha! My wife is at her mother's, in the New Forest, and will not be in town for a fortnight. Ha! ha! ha! All the children are with her. Ha! ha! ha! You have come to England purposely to keep up the charter—Ha! ha! ha!—and I have accepted an invitation for myself to Dribble Hall: so, so far as *we* are concerned, you are floored, my boy. Ha! ha! ha!—But," continued Heartall (laughing louder and longer than before), "I have worse news than that for you: Dribble has made a point of your spending Christmas at the Hall; I know you don't like him; but I, considering you as my property for that occasion, have disposed of you. In short, I have accepted the invitation on your behalf."

"Then, as you are not my accredited minister *près la cour de Dribble Hall*, (as the diplomatic phrase is,) but have acted wholly on your own



responsibility, I repudiate your adhesion on my behalf, and leave you—(as the diplomatic phrase is *not*, but as it very frequently might emphatically be)—I leave you to get out of the scrape as well as you can. Seriously,” continued I, “I don’t like your ’Squire Dribble. He is a person eminently disagreeable as a society man: I know nothing of his character otherwise, but that is enough.”

“He is not a positive Chesterfield,” said Heartall.

“A person deficient in the observance of the *forms* merely of politeness may be pardoned in consideration of the sterling qualities of his heart; but Dribble is wanting, to an offensive extent, in that *real* politeness which, independent of manner, is the spontaneous offspring of humanity and innate benevolence. He is an uncompromising egotist, in the French sense of the word: he never defers, nor does he even affect the civil semblance of deferring, to the ease, comfort or convenience, the pleasure or the wish of another; his own is always paramount in his consideration.”

“I perceive what you are thinking of,” said Heartall, laughingly: “the wing of the chicken, when you met the ’Squire here, at dinner, last summer.”

“That instance was only one amongst a score, but as good an illustration of his character as a thousand. I remember Mrs. Heartall asked Mrs. ——— what part of the chicken she should send her. Your ’Squire interrupted the lady’s reply by saying, ‘Give *me* the liver-wing, if you please, Ma’am; it is the only part of the bird *I* care for.’ Then, he kept one particular decanter before him, (passing the others round,) because, as he said, that wine was the most to *his* taste of any he had yet drunk; and having selected, for his own eating, the finest fruit from three or four dishes, he amiably asked the lady on his left what *she* would like. In the evening, when several of the party requested your wife to sing ‘*Vivitu*,’ he interrupted her as she began, by saying *he* had rather she would sing something English, as *he* didn’t much fancy Italian music. He prevented three others making a rubber at whist, where he was wanted as a fourth, because *he* just then preferred a round game; and, afterwards, (having lost a few shillings,) he turned sulky because the three others did not then choose to humour him by sitting down to whist.”

“To say the truth,” said Heartall, “I, myself, have no great affection for the fellow; and it is chiefly to please Worthington, who sees everything and every body *couleur de rose*, that I have accepted this invitation. Now, do you also accept it to please me. In his own house, and towards his guests, Dribble *must* behave himself decently.”

“Have you yet paid a visit at the Hall?”

“Not yet,” replied Heartall. “Worthington has brought him to dine with me some half-dozen times since you met here in the summer, and at his departure the ’Squire has always been so civil as to say that if *I* happened to be going *his way* he should be happy to see me; but this is the first special invitation he has honoured me with. He asks *you*, I take it, as a set-off against the dinner you gave him just before you left town; so, as he carries his old business-habits into all his arrangements, you have only never to invite him again, (a negative proceeding very easily taken should he not improve upon farther acquaintance,) and be assured of it you will escape a second invitation from him. By the bye, he has written to you. Here is his letter.”



The 'Squire's letter ran thus :

“ Dribble Hall, near Poppleton-End,  
2d Dec. 1835.

“ Dear Sir,

“ *Per* letters dated 30th ult. and forwarded *per* post, I had the satisfaction of inviting our friends, Messieurs Worthington and Heartall, to pass the Xmas next ensuing at my house, as above. In mine addressed to Mr. H. was conveyed a request that you would accompany them. Both letters duly delivered to them yesterday the 1st inst. as acknowledged by theirs to me dated same day, and duly received, *per* return of post, this morning, date as above. Sorry to find, as *per* advice from Mr. H., that up to the date of his you had not returned to England ; but am glad to be favoured with his undertaking on your behalf that you will accept my invitation to spend the Xmas with us, i. e. *from the 24th to the morning of the 26th inclusive*, in case you should return *on or before the 20th inst.* Should I not be advised of your return *per* arrival of post on the 21st INST. at 10 A. M. (there or thereabouts) must invite somebody else to fill up the vacancy ; as, upon these occasions, 8 is the number I always like to have at my table (neither more nor less), and, at present, standing thus, *viz.*

1. Myself.
2. Mrs. D. who joins in hopes of your return in time to make one.
3. Mr. John Flanks, }
4. Miss Susan Flanks, } brother and sister of above.
5. Mr. Ebenezer Dribble, first cousin to undersigned.
6. Thomas Brisbane Heartall, Esquire. }
7. Francis Worthington, Esquire. } Visitors.
8. Yourself (or as the case may be) }

Total 8.

“ Please observe that unless I am advised of your return *punctually* by the time above specified (*say 21st Inst.*) I shall invite Dr. Cawdle, of Poppleton, *in your room*. Please observe, also, that if you *do* favour me with your Company, I shall expect you to remain *from the 24th* (arriving *at or before 4*, as I dine at that hour *precisely*, liking a long evening in the Country) till the morning of the 26th, having made my arrangements to that effect. Say the 26th, because the London Coach, (15 shillings in and 10 out, coachman and guard optional,) which only runs on *alternate* days, will pass the end of my lane at about 11 in the forenoon of that day, allowing plenty of time for breakfast *before you start* ; otherwise, should you unluckily miss that conveyance, you could not get away from the Hall till the 28th, which would interfere with *other* arrangements of,

Dear Sir,

(for self and Mrs. D.)

Your most obedient Servant,

EPHRAIM DRIBBLE.

“ P. S. Being 3 together, perhaps you may think it more agreeable to come down *per* chaise, in which case please order the people at the last stage to *send* horses to take you away on the 26th inst. (*say at or about 11*), as I have no one I could conveniently send to order horses for you, the distance being 14 miles. E. D.

“ 2nd P.S. I re-open this to say that by 11 I mean 11 A.M. being *most particularly engaged to dine out* on that day. E. D.”



"Business-like habits, indeed!" exclaimed I. "Why, plague on the fellow, he has drawn up a letter of invitation as guardedly and cautiously as if it were a deed of assignment of half his property; and made out a list of his party exactly as he would have done one of his old Crooked-lane bills of parcels. An agreeable person to pass a Christmas with! The mind which could concoct such an epistle as this never was, nor ever can be, actuated by one generous or social impulse. His hospitality (if, indeed, this extraordinary invitation to his house deserve the name) is so regulated as to suit his own pleasure and convenience in every point. The fact is, he is living in a lone house, in a dull district; he wants society to enliven *his own* Christmas; so he writes up to town for it, just as he would for a basket of fish for his Christmas dinner, because he cannot get it in the country, and imagines that he is to be supplied as readily with the one as with the other—and thanked, perhaps, for his custom, into the bargain. It is said that the boy is father to the man. *That* is certainly true in the present instance: for 'Squire Dribble, of Dribble Hall, is unquestionably the son of little Ephraim Dribble, the petty, peddling school-boy who used to traffic in small grocery. I'll none of him."

"My dear fellow," said Heartall, affecting a grave countenance, "I'm truly sorry for you, but it is too late to get out of it."

"Not for me," joyfully exclaimed I. "To-day is the twentieth; I have merely to suppress the fact of my return, delay my reply to this letter, and, according to the strict terms of it, the fortunate Doctor Cawdle will succeed to the chair vacant by the lapse of me, the original nominee."

"Too late, I tell you. Early this morning I heard of your return, and instantly wrote to inform Dribble of it. In fact—ha! ha! ha!—I added that you will have great pleasure in availing yourself of his invitation."

"Why, then, joking apart, I must say that ——"

"Now don't look so grave about the matter," said Heartall, "but bear your share of the misfortune as I bear mine—with patience and resignation. I go to please Worthington, who likes this cub for the same charitable reason, I verily believe, that good-natured Mrs. Toddy likes her ugly, barking, snarling poodle—because nobody else does; so, as I said before, you must go to please me. I will admit that I do not look upon our prospect of a 'merry Christmas' as a very brilliant one; but we shall be three to one, at any rate; and, with the season to aid us, the deuce is in it if we cannot manage to beat sufficient humanity into the 'Squire to make us happy and comfortable for the time."

Well! Few of the minor matters of life are worth a long contest; so, yielding to Heartall's entreaties, I promised to meet him and Worthington, for the start to 'Squire Dribble's, on the morning of the twenty-fourth.

Were these pages intended to meet the public eye through the medium of the 'New Monthly,' I should say

"THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES AT DRIBBLE HALL"  
*in our next.*



## THE PRAYER.

I WOULD not wish for length of years  
 To linger in this vale of tears,  
 'Till last farewells have all been spoken,  
 The chains of kindred all been broken :  
 But I would ask of Heav'n above  
 A life, long only in the love  
 Beaming from many a friendly eye—  
 To live beloved—regretted die.

Let me be old in years well spent,  
 E'en though in youth the thread be rent  
 That binds me now to things of earth ;—  
 My days be long through deeds of worth,  
 Kindness to all my heart holds dear ;  
 In gladdening smiles, in soothing tear ;  
 And that around my humble name  
 'Twine the fair wreath of Virtue's fame !

I do not seek the sweets of wealth—  
 Nor e'en the rarer gifts of health,—  
 To run ambition's eager race,  
 And find, when I had won the chace,  
 That all the joys this world can give  
 Distinct from worldly goods still live.  
 Deep and alone the pleasures lie  
 (Within the mind) that never die !

I only dread to live apart  
 From social ties that warm the heart ;  
 To walk amidst a stranger throng  
 Lonely and sad—and drag along  
 A cheerless life, unsooth'd, unblest'd,  
 By kindly smile to give it zest,  
 And urge me onwards, for its sake  
 Advance in all of worth to make.

I only ask a tranquil life,  
 Untortured by internal strife  
 Of passions cruel, dark, and dire—  
 Of deadly hate, and fiercest ire.  
 I only seek the calm content,  
 The consciousness of time well spent ;  
 To know not mine the Idler's sin,  
 Of talents that have hidden been.

I ask not o'er my lowly grave  
 Dismal and drear, the plume should wave—  
 Mocking with cold, appalling shew  
 The anguish deep of inward woe.  
 I ask but that a mourning tear  
 Should fall in silence on my bier ;  
 I wish but for the heart-felt sigh,—  
 Living in love—beloved to die !

C. P.



## MARIAMNE.

## A FRAGMENT OF A STORY.

---

“ I tell a tale of sadness—and of shame ! ”

---

“ MARIAMNE, it must be to-morrow.”

“ Nay, nay, dearest Edmund, grant me but one other day to look upon the innocent proof of guilt ? ”

“ It cannot be, Marianne ; the blight of mortality will be upon him ere then, and why feed the canker in that dear heart longer on morbid, unavailing sorrow ? To-morrow it must be.”

“ Oh ! Edmund, grant me but a little respite ; I cannot—cannot yet see him go down to the grave. Oh ! to commit his little form to a cold bed of ice and snow, when I had hoped this bosom would have been his resting-place for years ! ”

“ Marianne, these regrets are natural, are honourable, are amiable ; but they have no power over time and corruption. Answer me not again ; to-morrow, half-an-hour before the gates shut, I will be here, with all that may be necessary—farewell, dear Marianne, farewell ! ”

The next day set in with a still intenser cold than before, accompanied with strong gales from the north, that swept over the level plains of frozen waters with inconceivable force and keenness. At the appointed time I left my lodgings, bearing under my cloak a small box of elm and the Book of Common Prayer, and proceeded to Marianne ; on entering her sitting-room, I looked round it for her in vain, and it was not until after some time that I found her in a corner of her inner room bathed in tears, and wrapt in a half stupor of grief. At first she did not perceive me ; but on my laying my hand upon her arm, and calling her by her name, she rose gently, and laying her hands upon my shoulders, wept upon my neck—while I, in utter reverence to the piety of her tears, demurred ere I ventured to kiss the fair cheek that was presented to me in modesty, gratitude, and silence. Thus we stood for some minutes, till Marianne broke the stillness in a low murmuring voice of woe, that made the darkness and the occasion doubly dreary.

“ Oh ! Edmund,” said the poor sorrowing girl, “ oh ! my kind, generous Edmund, how have I tasked you for this night—this bitter, bitter night—bitterer even than that in which I woke to guilt—bitterer even than that which bore his little unscathed soul from the contamination of his wretched mother—nay, bitterer than that in which I shall stand in shame and dishonour before the face of him who led me up the path of life with affectionate and pious counsels. Look ! look, Edmund, on the sweet little innocent’s face—look on it, Edmund, and depict it to me in after-days, when the worm has despoiled my rosebud—Oh ! my God, my God ! Well, I’ll be calm ; but who could think, to look upon that little angel countenance, that it could ever bring sorrow with it ! See, Ephraim, his tiny fingers—once they played upon my bosom, and their little motions soothed it. Oh ! that they should return me no pressure now ! Oh ! that those lips, those eyes should give me no one look or kiss to comfort my broken heart in its desolation ! You never saw him,



Edmund, when he used to look up from my heart to my face, and stay his little meal to smile at me, and coo his little happiness like a dove—and yes, yes! he might have lived to be what his——what others of his sex are, and then could I still have loved him; he might have lived, too, to despise his mother for her frailty—but no, no! that is a bitter thought—I would have nurtured him so kindly, that he dare not have done that!”

“*Mariamne*,” said I, interrupting her, “you are wearing yourself out, and you have yet much to go through—be comforted; those whom the gods love best die young.”

“And therefore,” answered she, “do I live—live on, and cannot die.”

“Speak not thus, *Mariamne*,” I replied; “but be thankful to God for his mercies, and be calm.”

“Yes, yes!” she said, “I am thankful; at least I will try to be so, and I can now be calm.”

“Then leave me, *Mariamne*, but for a few minutes.”

“Leave you—leave you, Edmund! and for what? Would you, too, play me false? I know you would filch this innocent clay from me, but you shall not—he shall not be laid in the earth to-night; he shall receive my tears this one night more; shall he not, dear Edmund? Hear, hear how the wind roars, and the snow comes down in frozen lumps!—you would not, could not give him to the grave on such a night—don’t, Edmund—don’t, dear, dear, kind Edmund!” and she placed her arms round me, and laid her cheek to mine, and there was silence while our tears commingled.

“Be still, *Mariamne*,” I said, as I led her, drooping and silent, into the inner room; “your honour, and peace, and happiness are all I consult, whatever I do—be calm, or at least remain here, and pray that you may be so. No answer, *Mariamne*; my purpose is as unalterable as it is necessary;” and I left her sinking meekly on her knees, to seek the God she had forsaken and offended.

On returning to the other room, I commenced my melancholy preparations. The box I had brought with me was to be the last habitation of the little innocent relick of mortality that lay before me. It was the first time I had looked on death, and calm and beautiful to a troubled mind, from its calmness, as it appeared to me, I yet shuddered to contemplate it: it is a weakness inherent in our system from education, and the world will be better and braver when we are taught in childhood to look with nerve on the most harmless of all objects—inanimate humanity. Tears of sorrow, and tears of pity, trickled down my cheeks; and why did they? what was there here to grieve for, if we could rid our nature of its selfish dross? Some childish smiles—some little infantile prattle—some few playful gambols—some accession to the momentary happiness, that is all that ever has been mine—were here denied me. But what were these, compared with all that was spared to this poor infant—the unrequited affection—the broken friendship—the faithless promises—the heart’s ache, the spirit’s suffering, and the body’s pain—the cold blight that falls from day to day upon the meek, till it cankers the existence, or the sudden foils that fall roughly and bluntly on the resolves of the bold—the pains that flesh and spirit both are heir to—all, all were spared to him; and yet I grieved, and *Mariamne* sorrowed madly. Why is this, metaphysicians, churchmen, or schoolmen? Expound to me the



rationale of the vagaries of the human mind; and I, too, will have faith in you.

Poor Mariamne, meanwhile, was loud in her supplications to Eternity; and in her sobs—little as the world had given her of joy, and much of woe, as had been her undue lot—she could mourn the short existence of her woe-born progeny.

When I had completed all but the last efforts of my task—all but for ever closing the light of the world on the lifeless clay, I sought her, and kissing the heart's-dew from her cheek, raised and conducted her, trembling and faint, to the humble bier I had prepared. Lowly and sorrowfully, and silently, we bent over it, and our tears fell fast and thick upon it—then placing it on the floor we knelt by its side, and as well as I was able I read over the unchristened babe the sublime service which the Church of England would have denied it; that ended, Mariamne kissed the fair corpse with convulsive sorrow, then throwing herself on the sofa, hid her beautiful face and wept, while with infirm hand I ended the act I had commenced.

With heavy but hurried steps, we wound along the ramparts and issued through the East gate—oh, it was a bitter and fearful night!—heaven seemed to denounce us and our task! It was February. The frost had already reigned four months with uninterrupted keenness, and the snow had fallen some feet within the last twenty-four hours, and was still falling thickly and rapidly, while a cold, loud, biting gale blew it in freezing clouds into our faces; it was perfectly dark too, and the ways so choked that it required us often to halt on our painful journey, to enable us to regain the road we had strayed from, and which was now only to be known by the little height the drift left it above the plains that skirted it. It was late before we arrived at the plantation where our task was to conclude. I had on the previous night prepared the grave; but the snow and frost had since then destroyed all traces of my work. Resting the coffin on the ground, therefore, I hastily struck a light, and commenced a search among the trees for some marks I had cut in them to guide me, which having at length found, I left the lanthorn on the spot to direct me on my return, and hastened back to Mariamne. The poor girl was in an almost lifeless torpor from cold, sorrow, and fatigue, but even in it the loved remains were pressed to her aching bosom, and cherished by her arms from the air. I called upon her, but she could make me no answer. I looked in her face; the paleness of death was there, and her eyes were closed—but she breathed.

“My God!” said I, madly, “not all—not all at one fell swoop!” and releasing the box from her embrace, I chaffed her hands and temples with snow till she again showed signs of animation, and at length recovered, when I put round her the cloak which I had hitherto worn to conceal my burden. So soon as she could speak, she implored me to leave her.

“Oh, let me die, dear Edmund!” she exclaimed faintly; “it would have been mercy to have let me glide into eternity with my babe in my arms!—I cannot, indeed, go on!—I cannot witness it!—Receive my blessing with my last breath, and the thanks and deepest gratitude of a broken heart; but oh! let me die here, and now, and be laid with my babe!”

“Nay, nay, dear Mariamne!” I answered; “Rise, rise! take my



arm, and let us move forward. You must live—I hope, long and happily;—but you must live to make peace for your broken and contrite spirit, for the sake of those to whom you are yet most dear. Come—let me assist you—the night wears apace, and the storm is coming stronger. Come, Mariamne, have hope and courage!” and with the coffin slung round me, I supported her almost unmoving frame to the sad spot.

“Sit here, Mariamne, on this tree,” I said, “while I seek to complete what is wanting.”

“No, Edmund!” she answered; “I will kneel and pray for blessings on you, and forgiveness for myself!” And in spite of my entreaties she knelt down, hardly suffering me to place my Fries capote between her and the snow, and prayed, and sobbed out the teemings of a warm, though withering heart.

Long was it ere I could rid the earth of its inclement covering, and prepare the narrow house of death for its young and guiltless tenant; but I accomplished it, and sighing one deep sigh over it, and shedding one cold tear into it, I turned to Mariamne, who gazed through her devotions unseeing upon my work.

“It is done, now!” said I; “It is done!”

“Done!” said she, dreamingly. “Oh God, then, the moment is come! Farewell, my bootless, lifeless care! Farewell, my dearly loved, dearer bought, child of sorrow and guilt!—my hope, my shame, my joy, and my disgrace!—Farewell!—Never again will the sun play upon thy little brow of innocence—thou art Death’s! and the grave and corruption will soon be thine!—but at least the world cannot now point at thee, and taunt thee with thy mother’s frailty!—Thou art saved the pangs of living on the charity of Hatred, and being a mark in the world for the cold and the vain!—Farewell!—Thy spirit is with its kindred angels; and the chill of the world’s neglect, colder far than the cold bed that will enwrap thy little frame, will never fall upon it!—But oh, it is bitter, bitter, to miss thee from this breast that has borne so much for thee!—But it is bursting!—it is bursting!—my poor babe!—and I will rejoin thee, and we will be separated no more! Death cannot pass the grave!—Yes! I will nurture thee again in these arms, and see thy smiles, and love thee—and watch over thee—where the world cannot rail, nor the finger of scorn be pointed!”

“For God’s sake, Mariamne!” I exclaimed, “be calm!” for I feared she was raving. “Morning will soon be here—let us finish!” And she answered me, coldly and wildly—“Be it so!” Then I knelt by her side, and placing the coffin on the brink of the grave, we laid our hands on it; and amid the roaring of the wind—the hissing of the snow as it was blown among the trees, and the groans of the disconsolate mother—I prayed a short prayer in poor Mariamne’s own Frieslandic—“Amen!” I said, and she tried to repeat it, but her voice failed her; and while I lowered the little ark into its cold chamber, and hastily covered it with the frozen mould and snow, Mariamne, the most beautiful of the Friesland relics of the Grecian women, fell senseless on my bosom, and was pressed, unconscious, to a heart bleeding and breaking for her.

---



## CRITICAL NOTICES.

An Epitome of Niebuhr's History of Rome. By Travers Twiss, B.C.L.

THE value and importance of Niebuhr's views of the early History of the Roman Commonwealth are, by this time, too generally known to require any comment. Before his severe touch the poetic fictions with which the metrical annalists invested the infancy of the mistress of nations, and to which the style of Livy has given a beauty and an interest beyond the powers of truth to destroy, at once discover how little title they have to be considered in any other light than as amusing and eloquent tales. But Niebuhr's power did not consist in the detection of fiction alone; his skill in eliciting important events from the most scanty data, by means of sound judgment and reflection, was one of the most remarkable features of his singularly-constituted mind, which seems to have possessed a character almost analogous to the penetration of the famous Cuvier in physical science, who, from the inspection of a single bone, could predict to a certainty the complete organization of the animal to which it had belonged. In the first part of his work Niebuhr appears to be carried by confidence in his own discrimination rather farther than readers of the most implicit confidence will be inclined to follow him; and his attempts to record and distinguish the fluctuating movements of the Tyrrheni, Etrusci, Ænotrii, Æsci, Siculi, and other semi-barbarous tribes, who have left a name and but little else in connexion with the earliest periods of Italian history, are as unsatisfactory as their migrations themselves would be unimportant, even if correctly ascertained. With the history of the civil constitution of Rome, however, the case is widely different: here rational conjecture assumes the aspect of certainty, and the spirit of acute research and sterling sense has effected results which, on the inspection of the narrow foundation on which they had to work, might upon first sight have been boldly pronounced impossible. The many inconsistencies and absurdities which disfigure the received accounts of the formation of the polity of Rome give way to a narrative which must gain credit from its own internal evidence of veracity; and that form of government grows before our eyes into consistency and strength, by which a power, unrivalled in the annals of nations, was enabled for centuries to hold the civilized world in subjection; a monument of jurisprudence raised, which has elicited, more or less, the applause and imitation of almost all people,

"Scilicet et facta est rerum pulcherrima Roma."

We do not regret that an abridgment of this important work, adapted for readers with less time and more limited means at command than the possession or perusal of the original history requires, has not made its appearance earlier; inasmuch as it has now been undertaken by a writer whose sound scholarship and judgment appear to qualify him in every way for the task. In our universities and public schools, as well as by students of history in general, there is no question but this well-written compendium will become universally popular; which, in addition to all the really valuable matter found in Niebuhr's large work, contains also a chronological table of Roman history in connexion with contemporaneous events, from the first Olympiad to 359 B.C.; and an appendix replete with learning, which comprises separate notices on several interesting points connected with the Roman domestic government. These would be sufficient in themselves to establish the reputation of Mr. Twiss as an author of superior critical knowledge and extensive information. On one point alone, and that of very inferior consequence, we must beg leave to enter a protest. We are at a loss to conceive how any writer imbued with classical taste can prefer Anglicised forms of Latin and Greek words to the more ordinary way of writing them. Surely Homerids, Eumolpids, and Eupatrids, are not more harmonious than Homeridæ, Eumolpidæ, and Eupatridæ, and such words



as curies, phratries, demes, meties, &c., by which nothing whatever is gained on the part of the unlearned reader, must jar fearfully upon ears accustomed to the liquid terminations of antiquity. This may perhaps be hypercriticism, but at any rate the circumstance of our pointing out a matter of such little comparative moment will sufficiently show the respect we entertain for the work as a whole, which, without further comment, we leave to the favourable reputation it will no doubt speedily obtain.

Essays on the Principles of Human Action. By William Hazlitt.

On a subject which more than any other department in Mental Science demands from its superior importance the most careful and diligent investigation on the part of the Philosopher, and which, from the cloud of mystery which hangs around it, affords as ample an exercise for acute and subtle disquisition, as the most zealous metaphysician could wish, it is to be expected that new theories should be constantly rising into notice; and that frequent attacks should be made upon those, which, either from the popularity of their authors, or the ingenuity with which they have been maintained, have taken the firmest hold of popular approbation. We are not, therefore, surprised that Mr. Hazlitt should have devoted his extensive and original powers of thought to a question which has attracted the attention of so many men of penetrating intellect before him; and whether he is successful or not in establishing the point at which he aims, the student of the principles and modes of action of the human mind will at least find his hypothesis deserving of attention; while as a chain of abstruse and consecutive reasoning, we do not know a better treatise on which the thoughts of the intelligent reader can be employed. Mr. Hazlitt's great object is to prove that the human mind is naturally disinterested, and that it is only by means of an ideality more or less vivid, that it is either bent on the acquisition of good itself, or moved by compassion for the sufferings of others. In order to make way for this view of the subject, he is obliged to wage war on one side with the doctrine of associations maintained by the Hartleians, and on the other side with the innate selfish principle asserted by the school of Helvetius. Both systems are vigorously, and in some measure successfully attacked; but allowing Mr. Hazlitt's complete victory over each opponent, a difficulty must be found *in limine* with respect to his own term "Natural disinterestedness." Whether owing to the association of previously received sensations, or as we are more inclined to think, from an original principle of human nature, or according to Mr. Hazlitt, a vivid representation of good or evil depicted by the imaginative faculty, the fact is incontrovertible by all the arguments which metaphysicians can produce, that at the first moment man becomes a being, whose motives and actions assume towards each other the relation of cause and effect, from that moment does he also become a being more or less selfish, according to the received acceptation of the word; and to apply the term naturally disinterested to any period previous to this, that is to say, while he is in a condition influenced by no principle whatever, if such a condition exists, is solely to bestow upon a state of moral negation or quiescence a title which it does not deserve. We have not, however, space to enter upon the details of this mysterious subject. In the war of metaphysics, as in contests of a more substantial character, it is much easier to attack than to defend; a position which Mr. Hazlitt has himself exemplified in his reasoning against the schools of association and innate appetency. Throughout his whole disquisition, he exhibits a close, weighty, and argumentative style, never employing the dazzling fence of rhetoric as a substitute for stern logical deduction, and finding his way through the mazes of intricate thought with a facility which shows a mind inured to habits of long and patient reflection. The essay on Abstract Ideas, in which, with some modifications, he upholds the system of Locke against Bishop Berkeley and his followers, will be found worthy of careful perusal, and appears to us the most



valuable part of the volume. Mr. Hazlitt's name is sufficient to procure respect for any work which bears its impress; and to all with whom subtle investigation, and forcible writing present any claim to attention, we have no doubt that this Collection of Essays will be considered as a welcome addition to the stores of a department of science which perhaps more than any other tends to amplify the comprehension, and to invigorate the reflective faculties.

*The Borders of the Tamar and the Tavy.* By Mrs. Bray. 3 vols.

It is somewhat startling to find three thick and closely-printed volumes descriptive of the borders of two rivers of an English county—although those rivers are the Tamar and the Tavy, and that county is the county of Devon. The undertaking is a bold one; and we trust it may succeed. Mrs. Bray has already established a high reputation; her husband is the Vicar of Tavistock; and her residence in the most beautiful and interesting district of England has heretofore led to the production of various works commemorating its history and celebrating its natural loveliness. Here, however, she receives little or no aid from fiction; and if her book becomes popular, she will have achieved a triumph over difficulties of no ordinary character. That such will be the case we can scarcely doubt; inasmuch as her work must be regarded rather as a history of Devon, than as an account of *some* of its peculiar beauties and advantages. It is indeed a “full book” in a double sense. For the historian and the antiquary, she has laboured with no small diligence; to the tourist, she has given a variety of ably drawn and valuable sketches of glorious or cultivated scenery; for those who are fond of biography she has collected a large mass of curious and useful matter; while for those who love poetry and “old romance” she has gathered an abundant supply of strange legends, wild stories, and superstitions. The work, therefore, if it be to a considerable extent solid, is in no slight degree amusing; it may be read either to acquire knowledge or to procure enjoyment. Here and there it is learned and elaborate; but then it passes to lighter themes and more merry topics with so graceful a motion, as to lead to a belief that pleasure has been the chief object of the fair authoress. In a word, it is a book for libraries the most select, and also for those which are known and distinguished as “circulating.”

*Ben Brace, the Last of the Agamemnons.* By Captain Chamier, R.N., 3 vols.

These volumes can hardly be classed among novels; it is rather a life of Lord Nelson than a work of fiction. The biographer, if we are so to call him, is an old shipmate, Ben Brace, who served under the hero from the day he entered the navy until that which gave England a dearly-bought victory at Trafalgar. The form in which the narrative is given enables Captain Chamier to say much, and that much in a style which might appear too glowing and rambling for a grave historian. Ben is permitted to be an enthusiast, as regards his brave master; and he describes the battles and fortunes of the hero with the accuracy and fervour of an eye-witness who triumphed with him. In this respect, the work is an exceedingly interesting one; it is full of vivid pictures of sea-fights, storms, and wrecks—paints the gallant mariners to the life, and enlists our sympathies strongly in their favour. But it has other claims to popularity. The writer has introduced a variety of highly-wrought episodes—pirates, smugglers, and deserters figure in his pages; we have a yard-arm execution, a sailor's wedding, a deed of blood on land and another at sea, and a long yarn about attorneys—shore-sharks. The story of the hero, Ben Brace, is happily told: he ran away from home when a boy, and encountered for above half a century all the various vicissitudes to which a man so circumstanced is exposed. His after visits to his family—the sad destiny of a sister—the terrible fate of her seducer—the heedless



seaman's young life, and marriage in after-years, are all told with power and truth. There is, indeed, little exaggeration throughout the volumes. They will be read with pleasure; and may be safely classed with the many of a similar kind which, of late, have made the brave mariners of our island respected as well as loved.

*Impressions of America, during the years 1833-4-5. By Tyrone Power. 2 vols.*

Mr. Power, as all the world knows, has spent the last three years, pursuing his "occupation," in America; and he has contrived that his absence from England shall contribute to the amusement of the English, almost as much as if he had been all the while delighting us with his personation of characters which, but for him, must bid farewell to the stage. He is an admirable actor; and as a writer, he has succeeded in obtaining no less a portion of popular applause. He has gleaned a large quantity of agreeable, interesting, and useful materials during his professional tour in the United States; his book is full of lively, striking, and characteristic anecdotes; his observations are, for the most part, judicious and kindly; and his views of the new country and its people such as a sensible traveller, a liberal thinker, and a considerate gentleman was likely to form. He has by no means skipped over the errors and absurdities of the Americans; but he has laboured, and we think successfully, to look on them without prejudice. If his journal gives us little that is new, it at all events presents to us that which is old in a novel and more striking—we may add more winning garb—than it has yet appeared before us. We thank Mr. Power for two very agreeable volumes.

#### The Description and Explanation of a Universal Character.

We regret that so much time and patience, to say nothing of expense, as must necessarily have been expended upon a work of so comprehensive a character, should have been exerted on a subject affording so little prospect of success. This is an attempt to reduce language into its first and rudest form, by employing images of things in a great measure instead of conventional characters, and shows some ingenuity and no little perseverance on the part of its inventor. The great obstacle to a universal language, however, is not the want of a general medium for conveying our ideas, but the difficulty of inducing all nations to use it. When this impediment is once removed it will be ample time to consider the best method of general communication; but even had such a state of things arrived, we are at a loss to conceive the superior advantage of a system which it would take a longer time to acquire than to master the most difficult language extant or imagined. To address the mind by representations of objects, instead of the universal way of expressing them, would be a bold stride towards the establishment of barbarism; and for the expression of words which in themselves convey no sensible image whatever—that is to say, of all parts of speech with the exception of nouns—would require as extensive an alphabet as that of the celestial empire. The author of the system before us, although he has done much, seems utterly unacquainted with the enormous work which yet remains to do. Let him apply his system to a chapter of "Butler's Analogy," to any treatise on Political Economy, or to reporting a Lecture on Mechanics or Magnetism, and if it is still found available, we will be among the first to welcome a discovery which, much as it may have occupied men of talent and invention, we must take the liberty of considering as yet to be made.

#### A Collection of English Sonnets.

It is needless to say anything in praise of a kind of composition on which the Muses of Milton and Wordsworth have employed their highest powers,



and which, as the vehicle of a sudden burst of emotion, a single lofty meditation, or an energetic appeal, stands unrivalled by any other metrical arrangement of words. Mr. Housman has shown us in his Preface and Notes, that he is fully competent to appreciate the beauties of the highest order of Poetry; and his selection is distinguished by taste and judgment. His volume contains specimens of English Sonnets, arranged in chronological order from the time of Surrey to our own day, and will be found to show a curious gradation of excellence in its contents. It is like a beautiful collection of cabinet paintings by the first masters, in which compass is no criterion of merit; or to shift the metaphor to another art, like a succession of simple melodies, which gently excite without wearying the attention. To the lover of genuine Poetry, at seasons when he has only time to sip from the Castalian Spring, as well as those attached to the Sonnet, *per se*, &c., this work will be a truly acceptable companion. Nor will the reader's taste be ungratified by the clever Dissertation with which Mr. Housman preludes his selection.

Select Prose Works of Milton; with a Preliminary Discourse and Notes.  
By J. A. St. John.

We earnestly hope that the series, of which this volume is the first, will meet with the most extensive encouragement. Our earlier English prose-writers—those noble models upon which all that is excellent among us has been founded—have been even more neglected than our earlier English poets. Their works are, for the most part, beyond the reach of ordinary readers; many of them have not been reprinted for centuries, and are therefore only to be found in libraries difficult of access. Moreover, the volumes containing them are costly and ponderous, and much of their contents may be safely dispensed with. A judicious selector of the richer and rarer gifts of our great authors of gone-by times has been long wanted: such we consider Mr. St. John. He undertakes his task with an evident consciousness of its importance; and he brings to it a matured taste and a ripened judgment. The glorious works of Milton are better known than those of others. When he issues old Collier, or old Taylor, or any one of those famous fellows of past ages less familiar to the mass, we shall enter at greater length upon the duty of criticism. At present, our object is chiefly to encourage him in a course which promises great things; and to exert our influence in giving to his plan that publicity, without which the undertaking could not succeed.

Divine Establishment. A Sermon preached at Reigate, Surrey.

This is a discourse delivered in a Dissenting meeting-house by a Rev. Mr. Harris, on the ordination of a Rev. Mr. Rees. Now, ordination sermons in the Established Church are exhortations addressed to the new pastor on the important functions of the Christian ministry he has undertaken; and they generally breathe the pure spirit, both “of glory to God, and peace and good will towards men.” But the Rev. Mr. Harris takes a different view of the thing; instead of confining his advice to the person who is supposed to require it, he bestows it on another. He sets up a member of the Established Church, whom he supposes to be one of his congregation, and calls affectionately “my brother;” then taking what he names “the two-edged sword of the Spirit,” he hacks and hews his brother to pieces before the Lord, like another Agag.

If it were necessary to analyse particularly this discourse, which it is not, it were easy to show that the person who delivered it has grossly misrepresented the doctrines, liturgy, and establishment of the Church of England, either through ignorance or design. He sets out with affecting charitably to separate the first from the last; yes, and nevertheless his attack is generally not on the establishment, but the Church. He affirms that it is “unscriptural;” and to prove it he wrests, like most of his sectarians, some particular



passage in scripture from the spirit and design in which it was uttered, to apply it to his own particular purpose. He asserts that it "dispenses with the Bible," because it dispenses with some particular point of discipline; though the whole tenor of its liturgy convicts him of misstatement even on the very point that he has selected. He denounces its assumption for calling itself "the Church of England," and so supposing that every person in the country must necessarily belong to it; though he censures the Apostles at the same time who called a branch of the church "the Church of Ephesus," &c., as if they intended to say that every Jew and Pagan dwelling in the city must necessarily be members of it. He charges it with "compulsion," and collecting its dues by the interference of the civil and military power, though he knows the income of every Dissenting Church, whether arising from lands and tenements, or pews, would be raised, if resisted, in the same manner; and further, that every man in the country is compelled to contribute by taxes to pay the *Regium donum* to sectarian clergymen, a boon that is not granted to any clergyman of the Established Church, though some of them stand so much in need of it. He complains of "persecution," though he and his flock are suffered quietly to enjoy whatever income they legally possess for the support of their church, while they are continually undermining and assailing the legal rights and possessions of their fellow-Christians.

But that which he triumphantly appeals to as the most decided proof of the oppressions of the Church of England, and on which account alone we have noticed this discourse, is Ireland. "Remember," says he, ominously and emphatically, "remember Ireland." Yes, we tell him, that unhappy country will never forget his puritan ancestors. They took not the "Sword of the Spirit," to which they are happily restricted at the present day, but "the Sword of the Flesh," and got possession of the land as of another Canaan by Divine commission; hewed down the Amalekites as the people they were appointed to slay, and hanged up every priest of Baal they found celebrating their idolatrous rites.

Yet it is with these very Amalekites they are leagued at this day against their brethren of the Reformation in Ireland; and though they know their unoffending clergy are persecuted even to the death for asking for their legal rights, and their families reduced to the utmost misery and distress, so far from making a common cause, or even showing any sympathy with the sufferings of their brethren, they avail themselves of it to promote their own mercenary ends, abandon their connexion in the purity of the Reformed Faith, and basely "sell their birth-right for a mess of pottage."

#### The Reliques of Father Prout. 2 vols.

There is such an odd mixture of learning and absurdity in these volumes, that we scarcely know how to deal with them. That the writer is an accomplished scholar there can be no doubt; that he occasionally trifles with his knowledge and degrades his genius is equally certain. Most of the articles have already appeared in a clever contemporary; they are now collected in a very agreeable form, accompanied by several admirable illustrations of the various subjects upon which the writer treats. We take it for granted that Father Prout is as much a living man as the artist with whom he is associated; and we think he will gain nothing by this attempt at self-destruction. We trust, be he priest or be he not, he will long live to enlighten us by his learning, and amuse us by his vagaries. The book is sufficient to make reputations for half a dozen writers. It is full of good sound stuff; and our only regret is that he should have thought it desirable to give to the world the tinsel with the gems. Nine readers out of ten will not comprehend his humour about Blarney, or the fun and songs to which the "immortal stone" have given birth;—and the rogueries of Thomas Moore, although full of point, will be but "*caviare* to the multitude." As we have said, how-



ever, the defects are small in comparison with the merits of the volumes. The weightier matters—essays on the songs of France and Italy—are of rare value; they abound in information conveyed in a mode the most pleasant, blended as it is with wit, shrewdness, and comments upon men and manners.

The illustrations are admirable—they are engraved in a slight and sketchy style, but are full of character. Altogether we have rarely perused or examined a work so agreeable.

Contemplation; or, a Christian's Wanderings.  
Lays of the Heart.  
Mountain Melodies.

Although we are compelled to connect these three volumes in a single notice, we by no means wish it to be inferred that there is an equal degree of merit in each. "Contemplation" is a poem written by no common hand, and under the influence of the best feelings. It is the production of a period of sickness; and in addition to great beauty of thought and skill in versification, reveals a spirit of piety throughout, which shows that the season of affliction has not been unattended, in the instance of the author, with beneficial results. We hope that the literary powers which have been elicited by a season of indisposition will not be suffered to remain idle during a state of convalescence; for the author of "Contemplation" will one day, if we are not mistaken, be capable of still higher efforts, and his talents have received a bias, by following which they may become generally beneficial.

We are not, perhaps, quite so well competent to judge of "Lays of the Heart," inasmuch as we perused them after having read the author's preface, in which a dedication is inserted worthy of the days of Dryden. Flattery, which is generally agreeable enough, overleaps itself, and frustrates its own purpose when it has the folly and presumption to address a human being like a superior Intelligence, and "Idol" is a term which should be seriously used in connexion with nothing mortal.

The "Mountain Melodies" have sufficient merit to please a circle of friends; but we cannot discover in them that superior genius which, in the present day, can alone hope permanently to claim the attention of the public.

The Edinburgh Journal of Natural History, and of the Physical Sciences; with the Animal Kingdom, by Baron Cuvier. Conducted by Captain Thomas Brown, F.L.S., &c. &c.

This is the first quarterly part of a work in small folio, containing coloured prints of beasts, birds, and insects. It promises well. The descriptions are written in a clear and unaffected, yet sufficiently learned style: it may be received by the scientific, and yet instruct and gratify the general reader. A number of illustrative anecdotes follow each chapter. The production is, therefore, rendered highly amusing. We recommend its introduction into schools and families where knowledge is sought, but where enjoyment is also essential.

The Political Economy of Rail-roads.

Every body has heard of the famous engineer of ancient times, who proposed to Alexander the Great to hew Mount Athos into a statue of sufficient size to hold a populous city in one of its hands. Mr. Fairburn's genius seems to be much of the same enterprising character, although his views are directed to objects of somewhat more practical utility. The ability and industry of man, aided by a machinery constantly improving, have in our day produced results which our forefathers would have derided as worthy only the ambition of the Sages of Laputa; and what may be the ultimate effects of the new system of steam conveyance upon the face of society, or how far



future generations may extend a mode of communication as yet only in its infancy, it is impossible to conjecture. A singular development of means and appliances, however, must certainly take place before Mr. Fairburn's plans stand much chance of being realized, and a somewhat larger capital, than even the adventurous spirits of our own time possess either the will or the ability to furnish, brought into action, before such projects as forming a harbour for the town of Dover three miles out at sea, levelling, or, to use Mr. Fairburn's own words, "taking down" the South Downs to fill up the British Channel, or establishing a tunnel or suspension bridge from Dover to Calais, are likely to engage the attention of private or national enterprise. Among the plans, also, from which we do not entertain too sanguine expectations of deriving much advantage during the term of our own natural life, may be reckoned the formation of a rail-road between Calcutta and Canton; or one of rather less ambitious character, from the coast of Scotland across the Irish Sea; undertakings of no small utility, no doubt, but of the practicability of which we must ask Mr. Fairburn's leave still to remain rather sceptical. Thus much for those parts of the work before us which are marked by decided extravagance. It is well for Mr. Fairburn's reputation as a man of sense that the rest of his volume is composed of observations of a very different nature. Whenever he issues from the Utopia of speculation his remarks are really valuable, and show an intimate and extensive acquaintance with his subject. There is no doubt of the possibility of carrying his less-extensive schemes into effect, and as little that most of the beneficial results he anticipates would follow their adoption. On all the questions connected with Political Economy which he has touched, we find a clear and unprejudiced judgment, and a display of original thoughts which must always secure the respect, and often the unqualified assent, of the reader.

Piscatorial Reminiscences and Gleanings. By an Old Angler and Bibliopologist.

This is a collection of scraps and anecdotes relative to angling; they have been gathered by a venerable brother of the craft, and are obviously the result of a long and intimate acquaintance with the theory and practice of the hook and line. It is a pleasant book to read, and a profitable one to study—profitable, at least, to all who look for the gleams of a May sun as presenting sources of enjoyment of which mere worldlings know nothing. The work is "got up" by Mr. Pickering, whose taste and judgment are too well known to need a word of praise.

The Comic Alphabet. Designed, Etched, and Published by George Cruikshank.

So, our neighbour of Fleet-street has been *tilting* at the poor alphabet! Well, it is kind to remind us of our innocent days, when that same alphabet which now grins in our face caused our tears to flow, but *not* in mirthful measure, as it does now. We assure our readers, upon our veracity, that the "Comic Alphabet" will make them quite in love with the *elements* of literature. Why does not the inimitable Cruikshank illustrate a collection of charades? They would be immediately popular. We hope he will take the hint.

---



## MUSICAL NOTICES.

No. 1.—Songs from a Foreign Land. Poetry by T. H. Bayly, Esq.; Music composed, selected, and arranged by Alexander D. Roche.

No. 2.—Six Songs. Poetry by M. Lemon, Esq.; Music by Signor Bellini.

No. 3.—“ Good Morrow, busy Bee ! ” Poetry by Miss Mitford ; Music by Miss Lightfoot.

No. 4.—“ I’ll follow thee.” Poetry by Sforza ; Music by John Barnett.

No. 5.—“ Carpet Quadrilles.” By an Amateur.

No. 6.—“ Nay, deem me not Happy.” Poetry by W. M. Tolkien, Esq. ; Music by T. Baker.

No. 1. *Songs from a Foreign Land*.—This collection consists of ten songs, four of which are Mr. Roche’s own compositions ; the others are only arranged and adapted by him. We know of no one whose musical metre so completely chimes in with Haynes Bayly’s gentle poetry as Mr. Roche ; his melodies, to be in keeping, should be played by the harp and lute, beneath the moonlight of Italian skies. His compositions want vigour—he is all too lazy for exertion ; his melodies flow with so much ease and grace, that they never seem to cost him labour—yet in themselves they are perfect—you could not take from, or add a single note, without detracting from their character.—“ *Oh ! call it not Folly* ” is one of the prettiest in the collection, and is in the composer’s favourite key of three flats ; a delightful one for modulation.—“ *I love to pace the ruined Cell* ” is a favourite Italian air of ours, which harmonizes beautifully with the words ; and the first in the number, words and air by Haynes Bayly, is well suited for chamber singing. We recommend the collection to all lovers of gentle poetry and sweet melody.

No. 2. *Six Songs by Bellini*.—The Signor is an unequal composer ; though he possesses undoubted talent and fine taste, he does not always bring them into action.—“ *Whose Page art thou ?* ” is a pretty romance of chivalry, prettily rendered—but no more.—“ *The Hindoo Girl hath deck’d her shell,* ” is one of the sweetest ballads M. Bellini ever composed. The expression of the sentiment is admirably managed, and the *refrain* increases its effect. As the songs however are published separately, each person can select which pleases him best.

No. 3. *Good Morrow, busy Bee !*—We have heard some songs of Miss Lightfoot’s that have carried us with them completely. She has the happy art of seizing an idea, and communicating it to others. We congratulate her on this pretty ballad most sincerely.

No. 4. *I’ll follow thee*.—A ballad well worth following, and hearing more than once.

No. 5. *Carpet Quadrilles—by an Amateur !* What an unfortunate announcement ! *Amateur* Musicians—Poets—Painters—are always looked upon with suspicion by the *craft* to which they cling. Nevertheless, the Carpet Quadrilles may be danced either on or off a carpet with much pleasure—they are light and easy.

No. 6. *Nay, deem me not happy*—Poetry by W. M. Tolkien, Esq.—Music by Mr. Baker. We should have passed this over, as we have done a host of others, if it had not been that the first and second bar are plagiarized from the Irish Melody of “ The last Rose of Summer.” With the exception of this fact, there is nothing to distinguish the air from the thousand-and-one commonplaces we are continually doomed to endure ; and having seen some airs, we believe, by this same Mr. T. Baker, that were really original and clever, we are the less disposed to suffer the song now upon our table to pass without a deserved censure.

---



## LITERARY REPORT.

Under the title of the "Pictorial Bible," an undertaking has been commenced which has for its object to present the authorised version of the Old and New Testaments, with the accompanying illustration of many hundred wood-cuts, which are to represent the historical events, after the most celebrated pictures; the landscape scenes, from original drawings or authentic engravings; and the subjects of natural history, costume, and antiquities, from the best sources. The First Part, which we have taken occasion to inspect, is, on the whole, of good promise. If we have to suggest any point for amendment, it is that some of the subjects from celebrated painters, involving compositions of figures, have not received full justice from the wood engraver. Fine objects of art, resorted to for so high a purpose as that of furnishing accompaniments to the Scriptures, should be transferred in as perfect a style as the utmost skill of the engraver can accomplish. With due attention to this requisite, the "Pictorial Bible" may prove a real public acquisition.

"Las Cases' Narrative of the Life, Exile, and Conversations of the Emperor Napoleon," issued in shilling numbers, is on the eve of completion. In twenty parts, or four neat pocket volumes, with numerous illustrations, consisting of portraits, views, &c. these celebrated memoirs, originally published in eight 8vo. volumes, are thus presented to the public at a very trifling cost.

In the weekly issue of Colburn's *Modern Novelists*, "Brambletye House" has been completed in six numbers, with four engravings by Finden. Its successor in the same series is "Tremaine; or The Man of Refinement," by R. P. Ward, Esq., which is now in course of appearance, similarly printed and illustrated. To the merits of this work, the "Quarterly Review" and other high literary authorities, have done ample justice. We shall, therefore, merely observe, that it is well worthy a place in the present cheap and popular library of entertainment.

Preparing for publication, "Notes of a Ramble through France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Holland, and Belgium," with a Sketch of a Visit to the Scenes of the "Lady of the Lake," &c.

We are glad to see a new edition of Dr. Nuttall's excellent arrangement of "Juvenal," with the revised linear verbal translation, and Gifford's Poetical Version accompanying the text. To these advantages are added a Dissertation on the Life, Genius and Writings of the great Satirist; a Biographical Sketch of Gifford; a Treatise on Latin Versification; a number of illustrative Notes, and a copious Index. This edition of the Latin poet is worthy of all scholarly acceptance, and should be in the hands of the student, young or old.

The Author of *Prediction* has a Novel in a state of forwardness, to be entitled, "The Mascarenhas."

Mr. James Matheson, of Canton, has just completed a Work on the Present Position and Prospects of the British Trade with China.

A Summer in Spain, being the Narrative of a Tour made through that Country, in the course of last year, will be published in a few days.

A Work, comprising a History of Brazil, from the arrival of the Royal Family of Portugal, in 1808, until the Abdication of Don Pedro, in 1831, is preparing for early publication.

The Author of *Random Recollections* of the House of Commons has just completed a similar Work on the House of Lords, giving a Portraiture of the leading Members of all Parties, combined with a correct and useful description of the Business Forms of the House, its Usages, Regulations, Privileges, &c.

Admiral Napier's Account of the War in Portugal against Don Miguel will shortly be published.

Nearly ready, "Pericles and Aspasia," by Walter Savage Landor, Esq.

Just ready for publication, *Sketches of Germany and the Germans*, including a Tour in Parts of Poland, Hungary, &c. by an Englishman resident in Germany.

*Tales of the Woods and Fields*, by the Author of *Two Old Men's Tales*, will speedily make their appearance.

## NEW WORKS IN THE PRESS.

*Rhymes for the Romantic and the Chivalrous*, by D. W. D., with Engravings by Finden.

*The History of the Town and County of Poole*.

*A Scriptural Vindication of Church Establishments*, by the Rev. George Holden.

*A Compendium of the Rudiments of Theology*, containing a Digest of Bp. Butler's Analogy, an Epitome of Graves on the Pentateuch, and an Analysis of Bishop Penton on the Prophecies, by the Rev. T. Smith.

## LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Mr. Burke's *History of the British Landed Gentry*, Vol. III., embellished with a fine portrait of Mr. Coke of Holkham, and the Arms of the various Families, bound in cloth, 1*l.* 1*l.*s. 6*d.*

*Brambletye House*, by Horace Smith, Esq. complete in six numbers, price 1*s.* each, with portrait and three other plates, by the Finden's.

*Tales in Italian*, for young ladies and schools; being *Passatempi Morali*, ossia sceltà di *Novelle e Storie Piacevoli*; new edition, 5*s.*

*The Path of Life* faithfully exhibited and affectionately recommended to the Young on their going out into the world. By John Clunie, L.L.D.

*Flora Metropolitana*; or *Botanical Rambles within 30 miles of London*, price 4*s.* 6*d.* cloth.

*Lowenstein, King of the Forest*; a Tale, by Jane Roberts, Authoress of "Two Years at Sea;" 2 vols. post 8vo. 18*s.* boards.

*Narrative of a Residence in Koordistan*, &c.



by the late C. J. Rich, Esq., 2 vols. 8vo., 11. 10s. cloth.

A Description of the Part of Devonshire bordering on the Tamar and the Tavy; its Natural History, &c., by Mrs. Bray, 3 vols. post 8vo., 24s. bds.

The Youthful Imposter, a Novel, by G. W. M. Reynolds, Esq., 3 vols. 11. 1s.

Practical Treatise on Locomotive Engines upon Railways, by Chev. F. M. G. de Pambour, 8vo., 12s. cloth.

Milton's Poetical Works, 8vo., 10s.

The Portfolio—a collection of State Papers, illustrative of the History of our Times, Vol. I. 8vo. 10s.

The Civil War in Portugal, and the Siege of Oporto, by a British Officer of Hussars, post 8vo., 9s.

Songs of the Alhambra, &c., by Miss Smith, 18mo, 7s. 6d.

The Book of Flowers, 18mo., 10s. 6d.

Mrs. Hemans's Poetical Remains, &c., 8s. 6d.

Nomenclator Poeticus; or the Quantities of all the Proper Names that occur in the Latin Classic Poets ascertained, by L. Sharpe, 12mo., 6s. 6d. bds.

The most Striking Events of a Twelve-month's Campaign with Zumalacarregui in Spain, by C. F. Henningsen, 2 vols. post 8vo., 18s. bds.

## FINE ARTS.

### THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

The thirteenth Annual Exhibition of the Society of British Artists has been opened to the Public. It contains 897 works;—and if among them there are many of inferior merit, a large proportion of them bear testimony to the high state and progressive improvement of the Arts in England. We may indeed expect to meet in this collection a considerable number of productions of minor importance and value. The Society is avowedly the nurse of *young* art; its primary duty is to foster into greatness the talent that *promises* well. It is easy to point out several of its earlier members and contributors who have grown *strong* since their first productions were hung on these walls; some of them, we regret to find, have become absentees in their prosperity; but there are others who continue to uphold its claims as one of the most interesting, useful, and improving institutions of the kingdom. The energy and ability of the Secretary, Mr. Hofland, have this year been exerted with effect. The visitors may anticipate a rich treat—and leave it with entire satisfaction.

The great picture of the room is Mr. Linton's "Ancient Jerusalem during the approach of the miraculous darkness which attended the Crucifixion:" it is a work of the highest merit, displaying equal industry and genius; and cannot fail—although the attempt was a bold one—to sustain the reputation which the artist has so deservedly acquired.

Mr. Haydon is a large contributor. He exhibits two *comic* works, and two subjects from scripture. "Christ Raising the Widow's Son" is, at least, worthy of him. It is a noble picture—one of the very highest class of a school which unhappily meets but with insufficient patronage. Not that we consider the taste for such either lost or weakened; there is no one who looks upon this fine production who would not covet its possession; but the number of those who have the power to call it theirs is comparatively small. We venture to say, however, that, if it is still unsold, it will not long continue so.

The artist who has made the most astonishing progress is, undoubtedly, Mr. Hurlstone. He gave early promise of excellence, and he has realized it. His "Peasant Boys of the Abruzzi" may stand beside the best of Murillo's; and his "Peasant Girl of Frescati" is a picture of surpassing beauty. No. 256, "A Girl and Dog," will attract all eyes. It is a slight and sketchy work, but the master-hand is manifest.

Mr. Hofland exhibits several of his fine vigorous and essentially *English* landscapes; and a large water-colour drawing of high merit. His painting of "Ullswater" is, we think, unrivalled in the class to which it belongs; and two or three smaller works that grace the mantel-piece of the great room,



although they must be sought for among more prominent and glaring matters, will recompense the search of all who can really appreciate the graceful, the beautiful, and the true, in Art that copies Nature.

A clever picture by the brothers Foggo,—“Wat Tyler in 1381,” is pointed out in the catalogue by a bit of politics, which might as well have been omitted. It concerns the “achievement of emancipation,” and the “demand for liberty” having been continued from 1381 down to 1831 and 1835.

Mr. Clint, who recently ceased to be an Associate of the Royal Academy, in consequence of his having, as he thought, and as we think, been unfairly left without promotion for a long series of years, exhibits several fine works in this Gallery. The most striking and the most interesting is one of Falstaff describing his “men in buckram.” It is worthy of this admirable artist’s well-earned fame. The public has long appreciated his genius.

Mr. Stark contributes several admirably and most carefully painted landscapes; Mr. John Wilson is, as usual, an Associate of rare value; Mr. Creswick has sent two or three delicious gems; Mr. Vicars, some works of considerable merit; Mr. Pyne, several of the highest character; Mr. Chambers, some glorious examples of sea-suffering and danger; Mr. D. Roberts, some rich specimens of interiors of cathedrals and ruins; Mr. A. Clint, some clever pictures of coast scenery; Mr. Egerton, parts of a valuable store gathered in Mexico, from whence, we rejoice to hear, he has lately returned in good health, and with an abundance of rare sketches; Mr. Cooper has several fine portraits of cattle in landscapes; Mr. Barrett, Mr. Bentley, Mr. Priest, a very promising young artist, a son of John Wilson’s, Mr. Leigh, Mr. Childe, Mr. Allen, and Mr. O’Connor, are also among the more prominent and meritorious of the landscape painters. In the water-colour room, however, will be found some excellent drawings—Brandard, Hoffland, Mrs. Withers, Miss Adams, Miss Fanny Corboux, Mr. R. B. Davis, Mr. Shepherd, and Mr. John Hayter, who exhibits a delicious “design for a sketch-book,” are among the more conspicuous here. In landscapes, indeed, the collection is very rich.

Mr. R. B. Davis, as usual, takes the lead in the walk of art he has chosen. His hunting pieces, and his portraits of animals, are admirable.

Among the more successful painters of domestic life and character are Mr. Pidding, Mr. Clater, Mr. Farrier, and Mr. Shayer. Mr. Pidding has several works of considerable merit. No. 113, “Home-brewed,” is perhaps the most attractive. And No. 78, “Gossiping,” by T. Clater, is full of point and natural humour.

No. 42, “The Daughter,” and No. 54, “The Wife,” are from the pencil of E. Prentis. They are finely conceived, and deeply interesting; they, as usual with this excellent artist, tell melancholy tales of sickness or sorrow. But they are full of pathos; and will attract all whose sympathies it is the province of the painter to excite.

Mr. John Hayter, whose works we rejoice to meet here or anywhere, is not a large contributor. One of his sweetest productions is No. 528, “Helena”—Shakspeare’s Helena.—“It were all one that I should love a bright particular star, and think to wed it!” “His design for a Sketch-book” we have already noticed; and besides these he has only sent one drawing—a Sketch of Edie Ochiltree, in which he has caught, and happily embodied, the glorious imagining of Scott.

No. 155 is a pleasing fancy-portrait by Mr. T. M. Joy. With some striking faults it has considerable merit. There are also other works by this artist in the collection, that augur well for his future fame.

Mr. Parker exhibits three pictures. One of them, a smuggler, is absolutely starting from the canvass, with his pistol most alarmingly cocked. It was suggested by a bystander that it might be invaluable to the owner and occupier of some cottage ornée in an evil neighbourhood. If hung inside the door it would, without doubt, scare away marauders.

There are not many portraits in the collection. The best are those of Mr. Lonsdale, Mr. Clint, Mrs. Carpenter, and Mr. Chatfield.



A little picture entitled "*Revenge*," just at the entrance to the great room, attracted much attention, and soon found a purchaser. It is the production of Mr. A. W. Elmore, a young artist, we presume, for we have no knowledge of his name; and if he be young, we may prophesy that he is destined ere long to hold a very high station in his profession.

Our space is limited. We are compelled to leave unnoticed, at least for the present, many works of high merit. On the whole, the collection is one on which we may safely congratulate the artists and the country. We observe with exceeding gratification that several bear the welcome word "*sold*;" and on looking over a list of the purchasers we find the leading patrons are the merchants, and not the nobles of London. We believe that about sixty or seventy works have been disposed of; a circumstance at once gratifying, as a proof of the estimate in which art is held, and as proving the great utility of the Institution.

---

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

The works at the British Institution we have but little space to notice. It is scarcely necessary, however, so to do; for most of them are old friends and favourites of the public.

No. 53. "*Wreckers on the North Shore*;" No. 69. "*Fire of the House of Lords*," J. M. W. Turner, R.A. We are not of those who attempt to describe the indescribable, nor so presumptuous as to imagine that any words can convey an adequate notion of any work of Mr. Turner's. His miraculous conception and daring and master pencil have produced pictorial effects, of a nature to place him in a station unequalled and alone. The opposite elements are his tributaries, and in the "*Wreckers*" and the "*Fire of the House of Lords*," he has shown his power over them.

No. 1. "*The Fortress of the Alhambra*;" No. 93. "*Entrance to the North Transept, Cathedral of Burgos*;" No. 117, "*Tower of the Chapter-house, Cathedral of Burgos*;" and No. 232. "*Gates of St. Jean at Bourdeaux*," are pictures by D. Roberts. Anything more clear, transparent, and beautifully picturesque than the fortress of the Alhambra, we have not for a long time seen; it is a lovely scene, and painted in a style of harmony and repose that is absolutely soothing. The other works we have enumerated are also excellent; and we may be permitted to add, that each of them affords evidence of the strides Mr. Roberts has taken in his profession.

No. 10. "*Comical Dogs*;" No. 140. "*Odin*." Edward Landseer, R.A.—Mr. Landseer has not succeeded so well as is usual with him in the "*Comical Dogs*;" but in "*Odin*" he is himself again. "*Odin*," in the language of Shakspeare, is one

"bred out of the Spartan kind,  
So flew'd, so sanded; and his head was hung  
With ears that swept away the morning dew."

He is altogether a noble hound, and Mr. Landseer has painted him in a style to raise all our brute sympathies; the expression of the animal's countenance is sorrowful, sagacious, and intelligent. If there is any truth in Laxater, "*Odin*" must have been a dog of quality.

No. 61. "*King Henry the Eighth's first Interview with Anne Boleyn*." D. M'Clise, A.R.A. Admirers as we always have been of Mr. M'Clise, we have never failed impartially to express our opinion; and while we have been loud as the loudest in praise of his genius, we have not feared when we perceived him faulty to say so. This knowledge is the more pleasing, when it is evident that every fresh picture Mr. M'Clise paints affords less opportunity than its predecessor for indulging a critic's spleen. The present is the best of the clever works of Mr. M'Clise. The exquisitely graceful figure of Anne, and the simplicity of her air and manner, are as good as can be. Henry



looks like a royal swaggerer, whose love is condescension, and whose affability is not inbred but assumed; the accessories are in good taste, and the whole picture is of an imposing kind and richly painted. A certain posture in one figure, and the expression of face in another—both in a side group, remind us rather too much of former productions.

No. 24. "The Antiquaries' Cell;" No. 307. "Lobster pots;" No. 438. "View of the Isis, on High-bridge, Oxon;" and No. 440. "Undercliff Cave, Isle of Wight," are all by E. W. Cooke, and all so good, that we are at a loss which ought to be selected for especial praise. "The Antiquaries' Cell" is in a new style for this artist, and is richly painted. Clocks and pictures, armour and weapons, books and horns, are scattered about in "most admired disorder;" one thing only is perhaps deficient, a centre object to fix the attention. The remainder of those we have enumerated are distinguished by a deep feeling for nature, and a just appreciation of the picturesque.

No. 36. "Little Red Riding Hood and the Wolf," and No. 81. "A Venetian Mother," are by J. Inskipp. The former picture was exhibited last year at the Royal Academy, but from the unfortunate position it occupied did not attract the notice it deserved: we then spoke of its great beauty, and a fresh investigation confirms us in the correctness of our impression. The "Venetian Mother" is a small picture—the head of a woman, whose countenance is indicative of a quiet rapture that few could paint: there is a background to it of a most romantic character. It is altogether a work of fire and imagination, and painted with a freedom of manner that is quite refreshing.

No. 128. "Clifton, from the Ashton Meadows," (the cattle by T. S. Cooper), and No. 335. "A Mill at Stapleton, near Bristol," J. B. Pyne. These are pictures of great merit; nothing can surpass the picturesque loveliness of the view from Ashton Meadows: it has an air of repose and beauty quite delightful, and is painted with great care and attention.

No. 198. "Neapolitans going to Market," and No. 449. "A Roman Woman spinning, in the costume of Ferentino," are two very beautifully painted pictures by T. Ellerby.

No. 86. "The Proposal," and No. 88. "Don Quixote and his Niece." J. Franklin. Both these pictures are specimens of good conception, graceful composition, and bear upon them the decided marks of originality.

No. 19. "La Rose," in the style of ———. A. E. Chalon, R.A. The style of ——— is probably meant for the style of Watteau; if so, we think it a failure; although it has some of the grace, and all of the gaiety of that artist, it is not by any means a correct imitation. In saying this, we are probably paying the picture the greatest compliment; for, if a good imitation, it could claim little praise, but if it is after a peculiar style, infusing into certain figures gaiety and gracefulness, it becomes original. It may be sublime to be inspired with the glorious imaginings of Milton, for to be or would be to have a soul like his—his words were but the body which enclosed that soul. So with Watteau—catch his grace, and the mechanical touch of the pencil, or, what is of more importance, the method of composition may be infinitely different, and yet infinitely good. The artist who can paint "La Rose" need never imitate.

---

At a recent meeting of the Antiquarian Society, Mr. Diamond exhibited some specimens of early engraving in mezzotinto, by Prince Rupert and others. The Prince has generally been considered the discoverer of mezzotinto; and his earliest productions, of which there were three specimens, were in the year 1668. Mr. Diamond, however, has discovered one by Furstemburgh, in 1656, and two by the Count de Siegen, executed fifteen years earlier than Prince Rupert's first; one of them having engraved in the corner, "Siegen *Inventor fecit*, 1643."

---



## PUBLICATIONS.

Sunset. Painted by R. P. Bonington, engraved by C. G. Lewis.

A good example of the all-accomplished Artist, describing a group of happy children by the sea-shore. The original is in the collection of the Marquis of Westminster.

Lord Byron. Engraved by R. Graves, from a Painting by Phillips, R.A.

We may safely class this among the more successful productions of the English burin ; our space will not permit us to do justice to it in our present Number.

---

 THE DRAMA.

WE have, in the past month, witnessed a sort of semi-representation of two of Joanna Baillie's dramas, *Separation*, and *Henriquez*. The first was played at Covent Garden, the second at Drury Lane. Mr. Kemble and Miss Faucit, in the one instance, Mr. Vandenhoff and Miss Ellen Tree, in the other, contributed, perhaps, all that individual powers could do to work out the author's design. But with the characters thus acted, the effect in both cases terminated. Each play, with all its various qualities of human interest, was converted into a kind of monodrame. The action only kindled tragic emotion, when some vivid flash of passion lit up the dimness of the scene, or some low sweet whisper of nature spoke through the muttered sentiment of the show. Everybody seemed to feel the want of vital interest—to be conscious that his faculties were being stretched, in an endeavour to meet the actor half-way. Listlessness succeeded to this effort to be interested ; and a forced but still feeble applause at the close, expressed that the tragedies "were not adapted for representation." Now, to any one who has read these noble productions—in which so many powers of fine thought, deep knowledge, and moral speculation are combined—how farcical is this ! A country reader, with one of these dramas in his hand, will say, "How is it that I am thus moved by the story and its sentiment—that I feel the music of these rich and intellectual lines—that the characters are present to my mind's eye as bodily realities—that the spirit of the tragic vision shakes me in my chair ? And yet that all this truth should be turned to fiction in the theatre—that, in the leading parts at least, admirably represented, there should be a want of animation—that it should be, not human life, but a lifeless show ?" He is reduced, in his perplexity, to the old no-meaning explanation, that the drama is "only adapted for the closet." And to such absurdity we must come at last, unless we admit the unpopular truth, that the failure is attributable neither to the audience, nor to the actors, nor most certainly to the author—but simply to the *houses*. On the desert air of those huge theatres the sweetness of natural poetry is wasted. True, we can enjoy *Othello* and *Hamlet* there ; but why ?—because we have seen them over and over again, and read them until we know them by heart. Few amongst a numerous audience but are acquainted with all the windings of the plot, and the more palpable beauties of the text. We cannot even here see the actor's expression as we wish—our ears cannot catch his more delicate intonation ; but the play is familiar to us, and we enjoy it. But here is the difference ;—with a *new* play, the scope and purpose of which admit of no startling stage effects, there must be no dull blanks between the sunny places, or we lose our way—we must hear *all*, or we cannot understand. Some necessary exposition of character, some revelation of the plot, hangs upon a line ; that line, among hundreds of others, we miss—we are in a labyrinth that increases in confusion as we proceed—the catastrophe comes, we know not why. All that we can say is, that we have heard some fine passages of a play. Such dramas as these of Miss Baillie's, cannot be acted with effect in any theatre larger than the Haymarket.



## PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

## GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

There was read a communication, by Dr. Richardson, on a proposed route for another Arctic expedition. The author in the outset well observes, that the search after a North-west passage, though often relinquished when the want of success had depressed the public hope, has been as often resumed, after an interval, with fresh ardour; and as every one who has carefully and dispassionately examined the records of past voyages must be convinced that a water-communication between the two oceans does exist on the north coast of America, so it is no presumption to affirm that the search will not be finally relinquished until it is crowned with success. The lead which England has taken in this enterprise has furnished her with one of the brightest gems in her naval crown. It is to the reign of a naval king especially that the glory of completing the enterprises which have so far advanced should belong, and this can be most easily done while officers trained up to such services are still in the vigour of life. The countries surveyed by Sir John Franklin's and Captain Back's expeditions are rich in minerals; inexhaustible coal-fields skirt the Rocky Mountains through twelve degrees of latitude—beds of coal crop to the surface on various parts of the Arctic coast—veins of lead ore traverse the rocks of Coronation Gulf—whales abound off Cape Bathurst; and, in short, even a cursory perusal of Sir John Franklin's narrative will convince the reader that, in the above brief summary, the natural advantages of the country whose boundaries are to be explored have been greatly underrated. Dr. Richardson then proceeds to the main subject of his communication, viz., a detail of a plan for the execution of the project. A reference to the Admiralty circumpolar chart will show at once what has been effected by preceding expeditions, and what remains to be done. The breadth of the American continent, between the entrance to Hudson's Straits and Cape Prince of Wales, comprises, in round numbers, one hundred and three degrees of longitude, of which ten remain unknown, between Captain James Ross's farthest and Sir John Franklin's Point Turn-again; there are about six between the latter officer's most westerly point and Captain Beechey's greatest advance from Behring's Straits; and the unexplored space between the strait of James Ross and Back's Sea, being twenty-two miles, is rather more than one degree of longitude in that parallel. The extent of coast remaining unexplored is therefore small when compared with that which has been already delineated. In one season Sir Edward Parry sailed through thirty-one degrees of longitude due west from the entrance of Lancaster Sound; and on Sir John Franklin's second expedition the coast was laid down for thirty-six degrees on a more southerly parallel, within less than six weeks, by boat navigation. The author goes on to propose a survey of the coast to the westward of the Mackenzie, and, secondly, that to the eastward of Point Turn-again; both these can be effectually performed by an expedition, having its winter-quarters at the eastern end of Great Bear Lake. The party ought to consist of not more than two officers, and of sixteen marines, or sappers and miners, accustomed to the oar, and who have been brought up as joiners, sawyers, boat-builders, wheelwrights, or blacksmiths; men having these qualifications belong to the above-mentioned corps, and would at once volunteer for such a service. It would also be necessary to engage, for the inland navigation, bowmen and steersmen acquainted with the northern rivers, and two Canadian or Orkney fishermen; previous notice having been dispatched from England in March to the fur countries, to provide a certain supply of pemmican and other necessaries on the route, and to make arrangements with Indian hunters. The expedition should sail in the annual Hudson's Bay ship, which leaves the Thames in the beginning of June, being provided with two boats constructed of white cedar for lightness. It would reach York Factory in August, and, if early in that



month, will experience no great difficulty in arriving at the Athabuscow, or, under almost under any circumstances, at the Isle à la Crosse, before the rivers are closed. Dr. Richardson then enters into some minute details, and proposes that the stores should be brought up in one of the company's barges to the east end of Great Bear Lake, where the winter residence might be taken up until the return of the exploring party, which would be before the end of September. There would still be a sufficient period of open water to admit of the boats being sent up Druses river, and down a small stream which falls into the Coppermine, together with pemmican for next year's voyage—properly secured from wet in tin cases. The expedition should be on the banks of the Coppermine in June, so as to descend that river when it is swelled by the floods of melting snow; the rapids could be safely passed at that period, and the sea reached easily in a single day. The distance between the Coppermine river and Captain James Ross's farthest is not so great by one quarter as that between the Mackenzie and Coppermine, which was surveyed in one month. In this brief sketch of Dr. Richardson's paper we have only noticed the principal points to be attended to. No time, he adds, can be more auspicious than the present for this undertaking; and he expresses a trust that the learned Secretary of the Admiralty will exert his influence in procuring the adoption either of this plan, or of a more efficient one; and thus provide for the completion of an enterprise which, under his fostering care, has made greater progress in a few years than it had done for previous centuries.

Sir John Barrow, after expressing his approbation of Dr. Richardson's paper, stated that he had no doubt the Government would countenance and aid a well-matured plan, emanating from the Geographical Society, for carrying the contemplated object into effect. Sir John Franklin also warmly eulogized the plan recommended by Dr. Richardson, and, in the absence of younger or abler officers, proffered his services to conduct the expedition.

#### ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Michael Faraday, Esq., D.C.L., F.R.S., delivered a lecture on magnetism, being a property common to all metals. He commenced by stating that there were certain known qualities common to all the metals, although they were brought forth under different circumstances;—combustion and fusibility are common to all metallic bodies. This he illustrated by a series of experiments with the oxygen blow-pipe, and the explosion of potassium and sodium, by their abstracting the oxygen from the water into which they were thrown. He explained the generally-received theories of magnetism, and demonstrated them, as he proceeded, with the usual magnetic experiments; showing the distribution of the magnetic powers under the influence of heat at a temperature of 250, and temporary loss of all power in the metal at a red heat. To prove this, he inserted a magnet into an iron tube, by which it lost its power of attraction and repulsion, except within the tube. He then inserted it into a red-hot tube, and until the magnet acquired sufficient heat to deprive it of its powers. By the dispersion of the fluid equally through its surface, it attracted and repelled in the same manner as if intercepted by a sheet of paper. Nickel, as well as iron, is influenced by the magnet; but it loses its power of being attracted or repelled at a temperature much below iron: in boiling oil its powers cease. Soft iron becomes a magnet of great power under the influence of voltaic electricity, but retains none of the magnetic influence when the connexion ceases. Hardened steel acquires less power under the same treatment; but becomes a permanent magnet when the connexion is broken. Mr. Faraday inferred, from these circumstances, that all metals would become magnetic if placed in such situations that their powers could be developed. Extreme cold would make all of the 52 known metals susceptible of magnetic influence; but it must be at least 40 degrees below zero.



## ASIATIC SOCIETY.

At a recent meeting, a very interesting conversation took place, in which Mr. Urquhart, Secretary of Legation at Constantinople, Sir A Johnstone, and Sir Gore Ouseley took part, on the propriety of opening a literary intercourse with Turkey, as the key to a vast portion of the continent of Asia, by having the standard works in English literature translated into the Turkish language, and those of Turkey in return translated into our own. It was considered that, in addition to this Society, the Oriental Translation Fund would forward such an object; and that the first on which the trial should be made should be a work on the Arts and Sciences of this country, or one of our most popular Encyclopædias. The Chairman stated that, in a conversation with Namick Pacha on the subject, that illustrious individual entered warmly into these views; and further, that the Pasha of Egypt had sent over to this country competent persons for translating such English works as were considered desirable. Mr. Urquhart stated that the newspaper lately established in Turkey, under the authority of the Government, circulates 5000, although so few means exist of making its distribution general in that country. The remarkable influence of the press was shown, inasmuch as with this comparatively limited circulation, he had seen chieftains, whose names had been exposed, writhe severely under its influence. A palace had been appropriated for its publication, the printing-presses having been procured from England; whilst the journal was under the superintendence of M. Blaque, the former editor of the "Courrier de Smyrne."

## VARIETIES.

*The Navy Estimates.*—The navy estimates for the service of the year 1836-37 have just been published. Notwithstanding our naval establishment is to be increased, and 5000 additional seamen provided for, the amount is only 287,820*l.* above the vote for the financial year 1835-36, as will be seen by the following abstract:—

		Required for the Service of the Year 1836-37.				Last Vote for the Financial Year 1835-36.			
Naval Service	{ Effective . .	£2,721,601	. . .	. . .	. . .	£2,416,300	. . .	. . .	. . .
	{ Non-Effective .	1,562,597	. . .	. . .	. . .	1,561,423	. . .	. . .	. . .
Total for the Naval Service . .		4,284,198	. . .	. . .	. . .	3,977,723	. . .	. . .	. . .
For the Service of other Departments		249,345	. . .	. . .	. . .	268,000	. . .	. . .	. . .
Grand Total . . .		£4,533,543				£4,245,723			

*Arrest for Debt.*—From returns of affidavits of debts, it appears that, in two years and a half, 70,000 persons have been arrested in and about London, the law expenses of which amount to no less a sum than half a million.

Not fewer than 119 new Companies have been started in London during the last year. Of these, 41 are mining companies, 85 for the establishment of railways, and 43 miscellaneous. The nominal capital is,—mines, 2,894,000*l.*; railways, 34,040,000*l.*; miscellaneous, 19,811,000*l.* Total, 56,845,000*l.*

The Metropolitan Police, during the last year, took into custody 63,474 persons. The number of drunkards apprehended during the year was 21,794; of whom 7523, or rather more than one-third, were females.

*English Aid to Spain.*—The stores, &c. furnished by our Government to that of Spain consist of 220,200 muskets, 10,000 swords, 10,000 carbines,



3000 rifles, 3600 pistols, and 3,000,000 small-arm cartridges; 900,000lbs. of powder, in 27,783 chests and barrels; one 18-pounder iron gun, six 18-pounder carronades, 30 muskets, 40 pistols, 40 swords, ammunition, shot, &c., for the schooner *Isabella*; two 18-pounder iron guns, four 32-pounder carronades, 24 muskets, 24 pistols, 24 swords, ammunition, shot, &c., for the steam-ship *City of Edinburgh*; six 32-pounder iron guns, 80 muskets, 40 pistols, 100 swords, 40 pikes, with ammunition, shot, &c., for the steam-ship *Isabella II.* The stores, &c. furnished to the Auxiliary Legion are—15,000 muskets, 1200 carbines, 850 pistols, 1000 swords, 600 rifles, 5,280,000 small-arm cartridges, 16,720 cannon cartridges, 18 brass guns, 936 rockets, 10,892 fusees, 12,108 shot and shells, 54 carriages for guns and rockets, 28 waggons and carts, 392 sets of harness, 15 tents, with bedsteads, bedding, &c. The value of these articles is 386,777*l.*, no part of the payment of which has been received by the Ordnance department.—*Parliamentary Paper.*

*Factories.*—From Government tables, just printed, we observe that there are employed in the cotton factories of the United Kingdom 100,495 males, and 119,639 females—total, 220,134 persons; of whom 28,771 are from 8 to 13 years of age. In the wool factories there are 37,477 males, and 33,797 females—total, 71,274; of whom 13,323 are from 8 to 13. In the silk factories, 10,188 males, and 20,494 females—total, 30,682; of whom 9074 are from 8 to 13. In the flax factories, 10,395 males, and 22,888 females—total, 33,283; of whom 5288 are from 8 to 13. The total of the four manufactures is 355,373 persons; of whom 55,455 are children from 8 to 13 years of age.

*Timber Trade.*—The long anticipated Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons upon the timber duties has been put into circulation amongst the Members. Its contents are creating much interest, particularly Mr. Warburton's commentary upon the evidence given whilst he was chairman, and previous to the taking of his own. The following comparative summary of the increase and decrease of timber, deals, &c., ships, and their tonnage into the port of London, in the years 1834 and 1835, will be interesting. There was a comparative increase in the year 1835 of the imports of logs of teak to the amount of 1636; of fir pieces, to the amount of 20,274; oak ditto, 1,240; and elm 783; of wainscot logs, 638; and lath-wood, 239 fathoms. The comparative decrease in the number of timber-laden ships entered into the port of London was 105, and the same of tonnage, 23,388. In deals the decrease was 421,545, and deal-ends, 34,682. Battens, 161,873, and batten-ends, 5480. Oak plank, 2,222, and fire-wood, 562 fathoms.

Another official return has been published, bearing very materially upon the amount of the circulation of the country—viz., a return of the amount of notes circulated in England and Wales by private banks, joint-stock banks, and their branches, in the quarter ending on the 26th of December last. It appears from this statement, that the circulation of notes by these establishments has been increased in the last quarter to the extent of 713,791*l.* The present circulation of the private banks is stated at 8,334,863*l.*; in the previous quarter it was 7,912,587*l.* The circulation of the joint-stock banks, in the quarter ending on the 26th September last, was 2,503,036*l.*; but in the quarter ending on the 26th December it was 2,799,551*l.* Taking the increase of the circulation of the Bank of England, of the private banks, and the joint-stock banks, it appears that in the last quarter there has been altogether an augmentation in the circulation of the country of near one million sterling.



## FOREIGN VARIETIES.

By an official return laid before the Legislature of New York, it appears that the census of 1835 for the state showed a population of 2,174,517 persons: 1,102,658 males, 1,071,859 females, 82,319 male aliens, 6821 paupers, and 42,836 persons of colour. The population in 1830 was 1,918,608; so that the increase during the last five years was 255,909 persons.

During the year 1835 there were 10,134 persons arrested in the city of Berlin, without reckoning military men or foreigners. The population amounts to about 200,000. Therefore it appears that in the course of the year one in 20 of the inhabitants has passed a greater or less part of the time in prison. The women have been less refractory than the men, as there were only 2962 of them in confinement; but among these were some for the greatest crimes, and two were condemned to death for murder.

An idea may be formed of the number of travellers passing through Calais during the year 1835 by the following table:—The number of packets which entered the harbour amounted to 950, containing 15,019 passengers, 485 carriages, and 605 horses. The number of packets which left the port were 924, carrying 18,161 passengers, 368 carriages, and 66 horses. Adding to this from 6000 to 7000 passengers in sailing vessels, the total number of travellers passing through Calais in the course of the year amounts to 40,000.

*Quicksilver.*—A mine of liquid quicksilver has been found in the Haute Vienne. In the same spot a vein of gold was supposed to exist; but it was not rich enough to pay the working.

*A Flying Railway.*—A railway is being made on the New Orleans and Nashville road, (Mr. Renney, the very intelligent engineer of which is now in this country,) which is intended to bear a velocity of 60 miles per hour; and Mr. Stephenson has actually contracted to supply an engine which will perform this with a load of 200 tons!—*Mechanic's Magazine.*

The following is a correct account of the wine exported from Oporto during the last year:—

	Pipes.		Pipes.
Great Britain . . . . .	32,336	Russia . . . . .	366
Brazil . . . . .	720	France . . . . .	22
Hamburgh . . . . .	742	Genoa . . . . .	1
Holland . . . . .	136	Leghorn . . . . .	11
Sweden . . . . .	477	Bremen . . . . .	41
The United States of America	2768	Quebec . . . . .	34
Denmark . . . . .	182	Spain . . . . .	3
Newfoundland . . . . .	110	The Azores . . . . .	1
Jersey and Guernsey . . . . .	16	Portugal (home consumption) .	331
Total . . . . .			38,297.

*The Legion of Honour.*—The number of members of the Legion of Honour which, on the 1st of January, 1831, was 42,894, amounted, on the 1st of October, 1835, to 50,193; at which period the Order was composed of 96 grand crosses, 219 grand officers, 805 commanders, 4549 officers, and 44,524 knights. The number of the members who at that time received pensions was 250 to 20,000fr.; not granted according to rank, for five grand crosses, 23 grand officers, and 219 commanders, receive no more than 250fr. per annum each. The members admitted to be entitled to belong to the Order under the creation of the Emperor Napoleon and the Committee of Government, between March 20 and July 7, 1815, and confirmed by the royal ordonnance of November, 1831, amount to only 490.

A rich discovery was made at Pompeii, in January last, of a house situated in the street of Mercury. The exterior is not remarkable, though it has paintings of Narcissus Endymion; but the house contained four vases



of silver, and a great quantity of medals, among which were 29 pieces of gold of the first Roman Emperors. Two vases of silver, of five inches diameter, ornamented with relievos of Cupids and Centaurs, and emblems of Bacchus and Ceres, have also been found.

*Extraordinary Fish in the Indian Seas.*—Mr. Piddington has sent to the Asiatic Society of Bengal a notice of an extraordinary fish seen by him in the Indian seas, which corroborates the account given by Lieutenant Foley. He says, "In December, 1816, I commanded a small Spanish brig, and was lying at anchor in the bay of Mariveles, at the entrance in the bay of Manilla. One day, about noon, hearing a confusion upon deck, I ran up, and looking over the side, thought from what I saw that the vessel had parted, and was drifting over a bank of white sand or coral, with large black spots. I called out to let go another anchor, but my people, Manilla men, all said, 'No, Sir! it's only the chacon!' and upon running up the rigging I saw, indeed, that I had mistaken the motion of the spotted back of an enormous fish passing under the vessel for the vessel itself driving over a bank. My boatswain (*contramestre*), a Cadiz man, with great foolhardiness, jumped into the boat with four men, and actually succeeded in harpooning the fish, with the common dolphin harpoon, or grains, as they are usually called, to which he made fast the deep sea line; but they were towed at such a fearful rate out to sea that they were glad to cut from it immediately. From the view I had of the fish, and the time it took to pass slowly under the vessel, I should not suppose it less than 70 or 80 feet in length. Its breadth was very great in proportion, perhaps not less than 30 feet. The back was so spotted that, had it been at rest, it must have been taken for a coral shoal, the appearance of which is familiar to seamen. I did not distinguish the head or fins well, from being rather short-sighted, and there being some confusion on board." Mr. Piddington was induced to collect a variety of particulars respecting these monsters, which seem to leave no doubt of the existence of large fish of which no scientific description has yet been given.—*Asiatic Journal*.

---

## AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

*Anticipated Improvements in the state of the Agricultural Community—Advantageous working of the Poor Law Amendment Bill—Prospects as to the Price of Wheat—The Currency delusion—Backward state of Meadow Husbandry—The coming Crops—The Cattle Market.*

The loud cry of distress appears to have sunk into a tone of the calmest patience, while the work of inquiry is going on in the two Houses of Parliament. But there are mightier and more effective engines of redress in action for the relief of Agriculture, or we are much mistaken, than the researches of two Committees will prove. For while they are employed in the speculative and theoretical objects, examining interested witnesses, brought up to sustain certain favourite points of the Members who are the instrumental directors of the whole, practical consequences of far greater efficacy are visible in the transactions of the Country. The first of these is, employment. Labour is the producer of wealth; and all that we have seen of the difference between prosperous and adverse times, is the result of the active and vigorous industry, or the idle condition of the people. The Manufactories have been for some time past in the most complete state of engagement—owing partly to the anticipation of the new system of commerce recently adopted, and now about to come into operation in the States of Germany, and which must of course be previously provided against the contingencies of this scheme, intended to be prohibitory of the Manufactures of England; but still more this alacrity in business is owing to the general



prosperity which is the result of peace, and the labours of a world directed to production rather than destruction, and most of all to the power of reciprocal purchase which Agriculture affords to commerce by cheap subsistence, and which commerce returns by a larger demand, and gradually by augmented price. Thus the domestic interchange of commodities is rapidly increasing between the producing classes to their mutual benefit and happiness. But these are not all. It is not to be denied that the first effects of the Poor Law Amendment Bill have far exceeded even the hopes of its promoters. There never was a time so favourable; it was indeed impossible to expect circumstances so favourable as those which have attended its introduction, and which are those we have just enumerated—cheap subsistence and active employment. We do not mean to detract from the merits of the scheme, by placing these adventitious benefits prominently forward, but they are at least as operative as the principle, and the details of the measure itself. For they have removed the main difficulty, by enabling the authorities to dispose much more easily of the hitherto surplus and idle portion of pauperism than could under former circumstances have been accomplished. Cheap subsistence, in itself, diminishes *pro tanto* the amount of relief. Cheap subsistence generates reduction of wages, and leaves the farmer more money to be expended in labour. These, and the transfer of redundant population to the manufacturing districts, together with the encouragement to emigrate which the reports from the labourers, who are located in the Canadas, are continually sending home; all these things remove almost all the difficulty, involved in the naked introduction of the principle of enforcement, implied in the alternative of “work, or go to the workhouse.” In truth, it has scarcely been necessary to do more than to hold out the terror of the penalty. In addition to these advantages, parishes have learned to exert more vigilant inquiry, and to conduct their own affairs in a more sensible manner, urged by two inducements. The one is, confidence in the power given to their offices, and the consciousness of support from the Commissioners. The other is, the certainty that if they manage ill, the matter will be taken out of their hands. Thus the new law has come into play; not only without impediment, but with an external aid that could not have been computed upon, and which has in fact removed all the real difficulty. From what we see of the numbers of persons for trial at Sessions and Assizes, the law will be found to have one of the consequences we feared—an increase of crime. This, also, has been diminished incalculably by the adventitious circumstances enumerated. But how do these things, it may be asked, bear upon the prosperity of Agriculture? In two ways—by reduction of poor-rate, and what is far more beneficial, by the substitution of employment and wages for alms. The produce of the land, which is the wealth of the farmer, will be increased, while the effectual demand for, and consumption of, his production, will be augmented by the distribution of the wealth thus circulated, and which will be expended in calling into activity and life, other labour, and other productions. We see it all around us. But though from these causes the price of Wheat may be expected to rally a little (the price of other articles of agricultural produce forms no part of the subject of complaint), we would discourage all belief that the price of subsistence can ever be kept up to anything like the times of high prices—we do not mean of 1802, or 1812, but to a rate varying beyond 40s. and 50s. per quarter. It is far likelier to be lower than higher. For example, during the month of February to the first week in March, the price of Wheat rose in Mark Lane as much as seven shillings per quarter above the closing prices of last year, taking the extremes. But why? Because the supply was short, owing to weather and other contingencies.

The Central Society immediately came to a conclusion that the rise proceeded from a larger issue of Bank paper, it being ascertained that the joint-stock banks had issued a million more than usual during the last quarter—*post hoc, ergo propter hoc*—says the Committee. But, unluckily, they



coupled iron with their demonstration. Now it requires no magic to know that the enormous demand for that commodity, and for which the existing orders, it is affirmed, will keep the forgers of England at full work for two years to come, is, in fact, the cause of the rise of its price. This puts in a clear light the absurdity of attributing the effects to such a cause as the currency, which has no more to do with the rise of corn than with the fall of rain. With respect to the rise in wheat, it rests upon the contrary—a deficiency in the supply. In the metropolitan market alone, which reflects with an approach to accuracy the transactions of the provincial corn-marts, the supply in February from the adjacent districts, was 21,000 quarters less than in December, and 4000 less than in the preceding month of January. The issue of paper is in truth a consequence, not a cause. The real transactions of commerce are increased, and therefore demand, and will infallibly command also, a larger circulating medium. The Central Committee, however, are not the only philosophers who have mistaken an effect for a cause.

But what are the later appearances of the trade in corn? A gradual recession of prices to about the extent of a third, to half the previous advance. And why? It is thus accounted for. The extreme depression of price led to some speculation in wheat, though to no very large amount, and even this was probably originated and nurtured by the reports of the greater consumption of this grain in feeding cattle and other ways, magnified in their progress and operating upon opinion. But the warmth soon abated, and buyers hold back now, it is alleged, to ascertain what is the state of the crop, and what the probable amount of the next harvest will be. These, we consider, to be mere fallacies. The general feeling is confirmed by good information, as well as by experience, that the stock in hand is sufficient for the consumption. It has been so for the past three years. There has been nothing so unusually severe in the winter that the coming crop is to be feared; and if it were so, the half million of quarters of foreign wheat in the English warehouses, is at hand to eke out the supply should any such occasion arise. But both the flour and wheat trade during the middle of March, in the language of the market, “ruled dull;” the supplies were larger not only in wheat, but barley also. During the last week the supplies fell short, and wheat rose about 2s.

The drop of lambs is represented to be not so prolific as last year, the numbers of the twins being reduced. The average number is, in ordinary years, perhaps four pairs of twins to the score ewes. In some large flocks with which we are acquainted, it has not reached two to the score; but though nearly over, there are some yet to fall. Taking into consideration the cold and wet which have prevailed, the loss by death has been slight. The failure of the turnip crop now begins to be very severely felt, for we observe that where rye has been sown for spring feed, the ewes and lambs have been turned on before the plant has attained any adequate growth; whereas, could the use of it have been postponed for a fortnight—particularly should this high temperature continue (March 22)—the profit could have been doubled. It is probable that the rains will have the effect of producing a far larger quantity of meadow-grass than we have enjoyed for the last four or five years. They have the effect of winter-watering—a practice duly appreciated in those districts where water meadows are understood. There is scarcely any part of husbandry so backward as meadow culture, particularly in the eastern parts of the kingdom, which are admitted to be superior in most other respects. There are not, we verily believe, a dozen good water-meadows in the whole eastern district; yet from the propinquity of the ocean, and the consequent backwardness of the springs, in no other would they be so valuable.

The sowing of peas and beans is over, and upon the light lands amongst those who like to be forward, and who generally find their account in the practice, some of the barley is in, but the wet has delayed it in most districts.



The peck of March dust will hardly be purchaseable even by a king's ransom this year, though the last few days of exquisitely fine weather promise a most beneficial change, and the vegetation already feels the renovating influence. We have often seen such rapid exhalation, especially from brisk winds, that we may yet be agreeably disappointed in this particular. Nothing can exceed the weather for barley sowing *now*.

At the fairs throughout the country, the demand for sheep and cattle has been brisk, and the prices good; horses not so much. Perhaps they already feel the influence of steam and rail-road conveyance, abating the general demand.

Prices of grain in the market of March 21:—English wheat from 39s. to 56s.; barley from 27s. to 36s.; oats from 22s. to 26s. Imperial averages on March 11:—Wheat 45s., barley 29s. 4d., oats 21s. 5d.

## RURAL ECONOMY.

*Scottish Agriculture.*—The Highland Society of Scotland is carried on with a spirit, notwithstanding the depression of prices, which we should be glad to see imitated by their brethren in the south. We have now before us the announcement of the premiums offered by the Society for the ensuing year, and it will be seen by the list subjoined how well they are adapted for promoting the best interests of agriculture; their object being not merely to bring to market the fattest meat or the best formed animal, but to make known improved methods of husbandry, and to show how the largest amount of agricultural produce may be obtained at the smallest proportionate outlay. Nor are the objects of this Society confined to the surface of the soil; the sciences of geology and mineralogy are brought into practical application, and their bearings on the productiveness of the surface made the subjects of investigation; whilst entomology is called in aid to discover and counteract the ravages of the insect tribes; and those arts which have any reference to the products of the soil are also laid under contribution. The first portion of the premiums is as follows:—

£50 (in money or plate) for the best Geological Survey of not less than 200 square miles of any distance in Scotland not already surveyed, accompanied by coloured sections of the different strata, and showing the relation between the nature and fertility of the soil and the different rock formations, both in reference to agriculture and the growth of timber; with specimens of rocks and minerals, analyses of mineral waters, &c.

£30 for the best Geological and Mineralogical Report upon any Coal District not already reported.

£30 for the best Essay on the construction of Threshing Machines, showing the comparative advantages of wind, water, steam, or horses, for the moving power.

£10 for the best Essay on the causes of the greater liability of farm and draught horses to diseases of the bowels than posting or other fast horses, with the best means of prevention and cure.

£20 for the best account of experiments showing the comparative advantages of raw and prepared food for horses; and £20 for a like account as to other live stock, both showing the quantities and cost of the feed consumed.

£10 for the best account of the comparative advantages of feeding cattle in close houses or in open sheds with yards called *hemmels*.

£10 for the best Essay on pruning Forest Trees.

£10 for a description of the most improved method of breaking and *scutching* Flax.

£10 for an account of the best mode of making Hay in all weathers, "the method which prevails in Scotland being generally acknowledged to be injurious to its nutritive properties."



£10 for an account of the most economical mode of making Drain Tiles, which the report says there is reason to believe are made in Huntingdonshire for 14s. per thousand.

£10 for the best Essay on Tile Draining.

£20 for an Essay on the breeding and management of Sheep, with a view to the improvement of the Fleece.

The Silver Medal to the person who shall have reared and fattened the largest quantity of Poultry of the Dorking breed.

The Silver Medal for an account of the best experiments on the conversion of indigenous vegetable fibre (such as pea-straw, potato-haulm, and spent bark) into Paper.

£20 for the best account of Insects injurious to vegetation, and the modes of preventing their ravages.

The Gold Medal for the best Essay on the mode of making reservoirs of Water for agricultural purposes.

The Gold Medal for the best Essay on the points in Cattle indicating disposition to fatten early; and a like reward for experiments showing the comparative readiness of the West Highland breed to fatten when the length from the hough to the hoof is short or long, it being represented as the result of observation that the former is preferable.

£10 for the best mode of preserving Potatoes.

£10 for the best mode of Irrigation.

£10 for the best modes of eradicating Ferns from pastures.

Silver Medal for the best mode of Dairy management.

Gold Medal for the best account of improvements in Foreign Agriculture suitable to this country.

Medal for the best report of the state of husbandry in any district of Scotland, showing improvements which have been made, and suggesting such as may be adopted.

## USEFUL ARTS.

*Important to Bakers.*—A mechanical kneading-trough has lately been invented by a baker of the name of M. Fontaine, at Paris, for which he has obtained a patent from the French government. The chief advantages derived from this new invention are, that from 30 to 800 pounds of dough can be kneaded in the small space of time of fifteen minutes, with the labour of only one man, and that without the least fatigue. It also causes the dough to be much better kneaded, consequently the bread is much better made than by the process usually adopted. This invention is the fruit of long experience.

*Important to Whitesmiths, &c.*—It is perhaps not generally known amongst mechanics that the salt called prussiate of potash, which may be had of all the chemists, is now much used in case-hardening. The process is easy, and saves a great length of time. The method is to powder the salt, and sprinkle it upon the iron when in a state of redness: it will be found to run like oil, and when plunged into cold water, will be found to be as hard or even harder than iron case-hardened in the usual way.

Paste made by putting acetate or sugar of lead into it, instead of the old way of mixing it with alum, keeps it from moulding, clear, and quite moist for months together. We have heard that Mr. Hodgson, of Hartburn, communicated this mode of making paste to a bookbinder in Cursitor-street, London, in 1819; and that he has found from long experience that it is by far the most useful way he has ever heard of.

A discovery has recently been made by Charles Goodyear, of New York, by which India rubber, after having been dissolved, can, by a cheap process,



be restored to its original whiteness, and the pure gum formed into a fabric to be used instead of cloth, leather, or parchment.

Burden's patent horse-shoe, of which fifty are made in a minute, are now for sale in most of the hardware stores.

*Distillation of Salt-water.*—P. Nicole, of Dieppe, is stated to have succeeded in procuring fresh water from the distillation of sea-water, by simply passing the steam of the latter through a stratum of coarsely-powdered charcoal, in its way to the condenser or worm-tub.

## NEW PATENTS.

John Filmore Kingston, for a new rotary engine.

William Bulnois, the younger, for an improved combination or arrangement of springs for carriages.

Stephen Reed, for a method or invention of two improved hooks, and an improved bow for corves, baskets, buckets, and other vessels which are conveyed, either loaded or empty, from one level to another, by being suspended and let down or drawn up, more especially for such corves, baskets, buckets, and other vessels as are used for the purpose of letting down their contents to a lower level, or of raising the same to a higher elevation, in mines, pits, wells, shafts, quarries, collieries, warehouses, factories, buildings, dock-yards; also in and about ships, boats, and vessels, and the tackling thereof, and other works; and, in general, in all works and cases where cranes, common hooks, and bows are now used.

John Baring, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for combing or brushing and separating wool. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad.

Frederick Edward Harvey, for certain improvements in the process and machinery for manufacturing metallic tubes, and also in the process or machinery for forging or rolling metal for other purposes.

Edmund Ashworth and James Greenough, for certain improvements in the machinery used in preparing and spinning cotton, silk, wool, and other fibrous material.

Henry Adcock, for certain improvements in the loading and unloading of ships, brigs, schooners, and other vessels, especially applicable to the unloading of those vessels called colliers, which usually discharge their cargoes in that part of the River Thames called the Pool, near London.

Alexander Massie, Robert Morton, William Ranwell, and Ebenezer Ranwell, for certain improvements in the construction of paddles or paddle-wheels for propelling of vessels, which improvements are also applicable to the construction of water-wheels for mills.

Samuel Fenton, for an improvement or improvements in the construction of locks and

latches for doors, gates, and other useful purposes.

Frederick Herbert Maberly, for improved machinery for raking, scraping, and sweeping roads or streets.

John Howard Kyan, for a new mode of preserving certain vegetable substances from decay. To extend only to his Majesty's colonies and plantations abroad.

Andrew Smith, for certain improvements in engines for exerting power for driving machinery, and for raising and lowering heavy bodies.

Charles Schafhautl, for an improved steam-generator.

Joshua Procter Westhead, for an improved method of cutting caoutchouc, or India-rubber, leather, hides, and similar substances, so as to render them applicable to various useful purposes.

Michael Hodge Simpson, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for heckling or combing and preparing hemp, flax, tow, and other vegetable fibrous substances, and also waste silk. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad.

Joseph Lidel, for certain improvements in piano-fortes. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad.

William Bucknall, for improvements in machinery for propelling vessels, and for water-wheels.

Frederick Chaplin, for an improvement in tanning hides and skins of certain descriptions.

Henry Martinson Robinson, for improvements in certain descriptions of lamps.

John Barsham, for improvements in the manufacture of oxalic acids and salacetecella.

François Peyre, jun., for certain improvements in the means of economizing fuel in ships' hearths, or cooking apparatus, and of obtaining distilled water from sea-water, which improvements apply to generating steam.—Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad.

Clinton Gray Gilroy, for certain improvements in machinery for weaving plain and figured fabrics.



## BANKRUPTS,

FROM FEBRUARY 23, TO MARCH 25, 1836, INCLUSIVE.

Feb. 23.—H. W. HALL, Air-street, Piccadilly, scrivener. N. CATLIN, Blackman-street, Southwark, horse-dealer. R. DARCH, Great Guildford-street, Union-street, Southwark, iron-founder. R. HAYES, Regent-street, bookseller. B. PALMER, Duke-street, St. James's, tailor. A. PEAT, Muscovy-court, Tower-hill, wine-merchant. J. D. WEBB, Fleet-street, lamp-dealer. W. WEEKS, Southampton, wine-merchant. J. LEWIS, Llanlawddog, Carmarthenshire, cattle-dealer. J. J. BUTTLE, Paston, Norfolk, corn-merchant. D. HAZLEHURST, Sheffield, and H. BASEN, sen., Derby, colliers.

Feb. 26.—W. TACHELL and S. CLARKE, Great East-cheap, hemp dealers. R. HAYS, Regent-street, bookseller. J. COLTMAN, Wellclose-square, wine-merchant. J. SYMMONS, Haverfordwest, draper. J. SCHOLEFIELD and W. SCHOLEFIELD, Mirfield, Yorkshire, corn millers. J. GOUDIE, Liverpool, merchant.

March 1.—J. A. JAMESON, Bermondsey-wall, Bermondsey, ropemaker. H. BUDD, Skinner-street, Snow-hill, tobacconist. J. COCHRANE, Waterloo-place, bookseller. J. MOTTERSHEAD, Liverpool, shipwright. H. RIGMAIDEN, Liverpool, wine-merchant. J. BRIDDON, Liverpool, corn-merchant. W. WARD, Masborough, Yorkshire, publican. E. DAVIES, Salford, Lancashire, victualler. T. WALSH, Bath, linen-draper. T. FLOYD, Birmingham, victualler. A. and J. PLANK, Canterbury, wool-staplers. B. SPALDING, Woodbride, Suffolk, linen-draper. S. LUSCOMBE, jun., Broadhempston, Devonshire, butcher.

March 4.—J. DARBY, Gravel-lane, Surrey, carpenter. T. JONES, Shrewsbury, draper. J. LAUGHTON, Lisson-grove, linen-draper. F. MOORE, sen., Albany-road, Camberwell. W. De CAUX, Newington-causeway, Surrey, boot-maker. A. HOOPER, Bath, hatter. A. M. CAMPLIN, Bathwick, Somersetshire, lodging-house-keeper. E. WEAVER, Bristol, wine merchant. R. TURNER, Ollerton, Nottinghamshire, butcher. T. CONSTANTINE, Manchester, joiner.

March 8.—J. BOUCHIER, Lamb's Conduit-str., Foundling Hospital, oilman. H. BELLINGHAM, Assembly-row, Mile-end-road, surgeon. J. BUSHNELL, North-row, Park-lane, livery-stable-keeper. S. and J. MUNDAY, Bradford, Wiltshire, clothiers. C. W. KELK, Glamford Briggs, Lincolnshire, seed-merchant. J. SHAW, Heanor, Derbyshire, plumber. J. FAULDER, Birmingham, sack-dealer. W. HILDROW, Darlington, Durham, grocer. J. IRELAND, Manchester, builder. H. LOCK, Hamlet of Bracondale, Norwich, millwright. W. FERRY and J. BOOTH, Gateshead, Durham, glass-manufacturers. J. HADLEY, Birmingham, button-manufacturer. W. THORN, Shaftesbury, ironmonger. C. NEEDHAM, jun. and E. PEARCE, Salford, cloth-manufacturers.

March 11.—W. BULL, Wilstead-street, Somers Town, corn-dealer. D. MORGAN, Rhosmaen, Llandilorfaur, Carmarthen, tanner. H. FRASER, Bucklersbury, London, bill-broker. F. GLASS, Cateaton-street, London, Blackwell Hall factor. W. PROSSER, Bordesley, Warwickshire, builder. C. HUCKBODY, Portland, Lincolnshire, coal-merchant. J. M'MASTER, Manchester, draper. W. J. BRERETON, Brinton, Norfolk, banker. B. MACKENNAL, Truro, Cornwall, common brewer. C. NEALE, Richmond, Surrey, chemist.

March 15.—S. JACOBS, Manchester, merchant. A. WESTLEY, Assembly-place, Kennington, livery-stable-keeper. R. J. AYRES, Chiswell-str., Finsbury, butcher. D. WRIGHT, St. Katharine's, ship-agent. T. KIPLING, Tunbridge, Kent, corn-dealer. W. WILLIAMS and T. HILL, Bow Churchyard, linen factors. H. TINDAL, Hastings, Sussex, brewer. J. WORRALL, Ratcliff-highway, eating-house-keeper. J. CHAPMAN, Blackfriars-road, dealer in glass and earthenware. J. LOWE, Union-street, Southwark, hat-manufacturer. T. HERKEA, Bouverie-street, Fleet-street, furrier. T. DAVIS, Lisson-grove North, grocer. T. FREER, Birmingham, drysalter. S. SMITH and J. SMITH, Nottingham, brick-makers. S. THOMPSON, Darlington, Durham, clock-maker.

March 18.—J. HEASMAN, Union-street, Southwark, oilman. J. HOSKINS, Cannon-street, wine-merchant. T. UPTON, Birmingham, hatter. H. MAKEPEACE, jun., Bristol, coachmaker. W. MACKINTOSH, Liverpool, victualler. H. NORFOLK, Manchester, brewer. B. BOLWELL, Bradford, Wiltshire, Bath and Bristol common carrier. W. GILLIAM, Hillam, Yorkshire, butcher.

March 22.—A. GARCIA, Oxford-street, fruiterer. J. M'CREDDIE, Lower Grove-street, draper. J. KELLY, Cambridge, draper. J. SCULLY, Gun-alley, Bermondsey-street, oil and colourman. E. WOOD, Tunstall, Staffordshire, builder. D. EVANS, Oswestry, Shropshire, saddler. G. HODGKINSON, Derby, mercer. W. ROBINSON, Fcwston, Yorkshire. S. BAKER, Birmingham, wine-merchant.

March 25.—A. J. DA CUNHA, Warnford-court, merchant. H. GOOD, Beer-lane, Great Tower street, wine-merchant. G. FOWLER, Grosvenor-place, Commercial-road, rope-maker. W. CLARINGBOLD, Tonbridge Wells, Kent. M. A. POWIS, Leonard-place, Kensington, boarding-house-keeper. J. BROADHEAD, Muslin Hall, Wooldale, Yorkshire, clothier. J. CLARK, and G. WOOD, Prestwich, Lancashire, dyers. J. M'LINTOCK, Barnsley, Yorkshire, linen-manufacturer. W. SUTTON, Bilston, Staffordshire, hat-manufacturer. J. WATERHOUSE, Bolton-le-Moors, Lancashire, timber-merchant.



## COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

The accounts from the manufacturing districts continue to be of the most favourable character generally; notwithstanding a slight, temporary relaxation in the strong current of activity by which the Cotton trade is progressing. This is one of the wholesome restraints growing out of the highly prosperous state of that branch of industry; the high price of the raw material and of yarns occasioned by it, make our cautious German customers pause a little, lest a re-action in prices should overtake them with a heavy stock on hand. An occasional slight check of this nature is in the main beneficial, as tending to prevent those ruinous fluctuations which would result from a long unbroken chain of prosperity. In the Silk trade some apprehension is felt by the less speculative portion of the merchants at the rapid rise which has recently taken place, and which seems to threaten some of the evil consequences of a re-action, from which the Cotton trade is probably escaping. Meanwhile, in Manchester and its vicinity, which is now the great theatre of operations in both these materials, the erection of new mills is proceeding with the greatest activity. The Woollen trade is very steady and the Market lively without any extraordinary advance in prices. Some additional demand for the China Market has been occasioned by a fire, which broke out in Canton in the latter part of November and which destroyed British property, chiefly woollen goods, to the amount of 300,000 dollars.

In the Colonial Markets business has been chiefly limited to transactions in West India Sugars, in which there has been some animation of late. There is a fair show of the better qualities for domestic consumption; but the strong grey sorts are much in demand by the Refiners and are scarce; the following prices are obtained:—for good grey Granada, 62s.; Demerara, 62s. to 63s.; good yellow, 64s.; fair but weak Antiguas and St. Vincents, 64s. 6d. to 65s. In Mauritian Sugars there has been considerable business, principally for the use of the Refiners; by public sale the prices lately realized have been for low brown to fine yellow, 55s. 6d. to 66s. The transactions in East India and Foreign Sugars have of late been to a very limited extent; good middling to fine white Bengal lately offered by public sale met with purchasers for a small por-

tion at 37s. 6d., but the bulk was taken in at 36s. 6d. to 38s.; for good strong yellow Havannah 35s. could be readily obtained. The Refined Market is firm, and there is a considerable demand for exportation; 83s. per cwt. is offered for Lumps to pass the standard and is refused.

The stock of British Plantation Sugar towards the end of the month was 11,100 hhds. and trs., and that of the corresponding date in the last year was 18,400, showing a decrease of 7,300 hhds. and trs.; the stock of Mauritius was 62,700 bags, against 80,700 in 1835, showing a diminution by 28,000 bags. The Gazette average was 2l. 0s. 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ d.; last year at the same date it was 1l. 9s. 8d. per cwt.

In Coffee there is very little doing in either British Plantation, East India or Foreign; in the former, sales cannot be effected but at reduced prices, in the two latter there is more firmness in the quotations.

There has been until very lately a high degree of activity in the Cotton Market, more particularly in Liverpool; from the cause assigned above, it has recently received a slight check.

There has been much business done of late in Rum for home consumption; and but little is now left in the hands of consignees; Jamaica, 26 above proof has brought 3s. 6d. per gallon; 26 to 35, 3s. 6d. to 3s. 8d.; fine quality, 4s.; Demerara, 6 to 9 above proof, 2s. 3d. to 2s. 4d.; 26 to 35, 3s. 2d. to 3s. 4d.

In the Corn Market, every description of Grain of home growth is in considerable demand, at increased prices for Wheat and Barley, and with no disposition to relax in Oats, Beans and Peas. Bonded Grain it at present utterly neglected.

The present existence and prospective permanence of perfect tranquillity at home and abroad, prevents all speculative transactions in the English Funds, and thus maintains them at an almost unvarying quotation. Consols have not altered in price so much as  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. during the past month, and do not now differ more than  $\frac{1}{8}$  from the quotation at the beginning of it. Some little improvement has taken place in Bank Stock, in consequence of the satisfactory statement made by the Governor at the Meeting of Proprietors on the 17th; from which it appeared that not only did the profits of the half-year afford the



usual dividend of 4 per cent., but that besides writing off a sum of 15,000*l.* as bad debt, on account of Marsh and Co.'s estate, there would be an addition of 25,000*l.* made to the "rest" or reserve fund.

In the Foreign Funds business has been limited almost exclusively to speculations in Spanish and Portuguese Securities; the former of these have been very heavy for some time past, owing, in the first place, to a feeling of disappointment at the little progress made by the Queen's troops, reinforced, as they have been, by the British auxiliaries, and more recently to an apprehension lest the May dividends should not be forthcoming. Spanish Active Stock has been done below 43; recently, however, confidence appears to be returning slowly, and it has regained about 2 per cent. of what it had lost. A like feeling of alarm at the insecure position of the Finance Minister of Lisbon, and of doubt as to the soundness of his plans for the maintenance of public credit, reduced Portuguese Bonds from nearly 83 to 78; these also have subsequently improved, and have lately been negotiated at upwards of 80. Dutch Stock, which of late has rarely undergone any material fluctuation, suffered a sudden depreciation of full 2 per cent. in the 5 per cent. Bonds, from a suspicion that measures were in contemplation for reducing the rate of interest; and this continues to keep them depressed, as compared with the  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Bonds.

The redundancy of capital in this country, and consequent low rate of interest, continues to furnish encouragement to Railway speculations of the most visionary character, as well as to those which are of evident public utility, and present, at the same time, a fair chance of remunerating returns. There is, however, one consolatory distinction between these schemes and those which occupied and abused public attention a few years past; whatever may be their object or their fate, the outlay in the initiation and progress of them is merely a transfer of capital within the country,

and does not involve its transmission to foreign states, with the risk of receiving very inadequate, if any, returns for it.

The closing prices of National Securities and Joint-Stock Shares on the 26th ult., are subjoined:—

#### ENGLISH FUNDS.

Bank Stock, shut—Three per cent. Reduced, shut—Three per cent. Consols,  $91\frac{5}{8}\frac{3}{4}$ —Three and a Half per cent. Reduced, shut—Three and a Half per cent. New,  $99\frac{7}{8}$  100—Long Annuities, 1860, shut—India Stock, shut—India Bonds, 6 8—Exchequer Bills, 21 3—Ditto Small, 21 3—Bank Stock for Account, 219 20—India Ditto, 258 9—Consols Ditto,  $91\frac{3}{4}\frac{7}{8}$ .

#### SHARES.

Brazilian, Imperial, 23 5—Ditto d'El Rey,  $4\frac{1}{2}\frac{5}{2}$ —Canada,  $36\frac{1}{2}\frac{7}{2}$ —Colombian, 13 14—Real Del Monte, 20 1—United Mexican,  $3\frac{1}{4}\frac{3}{4}$ —Birmingham and Derby Railway, 11 12 pm—Birmingham and Gloucester ditto, 9 10 pm—Britol and Exeter ditto,  $5\frac{1}{2}\frac{6}{2}$  pm—Cheltenham and Great Western ditto,  $5\frac{1}{2}\frac{1}{4}$  pm—Commercial Blackwall ditto,  $\frac{3}{4}\frac{1}{4}$  pm—Great Western ditto, 18 19 pm—Hull and Selby ditto,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  pm—Leeds and Manchester ditto, 16 17 pm—London and Brighton, Stevenson's, 15 16 pm—Rennie's ditto,  $1\frac{1}{2}\frac{3}{4}$  pm—London and Blackwall ditto,  $1\frac{1}{4}\frac{1}{2}$  pm—London and Birmingham ditto, 68 70 pm—London and Greenwich ditto, 9 10 pm—London and Southampton ditto, 9 10 pm—London Grand Junction ditto,  $2\frac{3}{4}\frac{3}{2}$  pm—South Eastern ditto,  $6\frac{1}{2}$ .

#### FOREIGN FUNDS.

Belgian, 5 per cent. 103  $\frac{1}{2}$ —Brazilian, 1824, 5 per cent.  $88\frac{1}{2}\frac{9}{2}$ —Chilian, 6 per cent.  $46\frac{1}{2}\frac{7}{2}$ —Colombian, 1824, 6 per cent.  $31\frac{1}{2}\frac{2}{2}$ —Danish, 3 per cent.  $767\frac{1}{4}\frac{3}{4}$ —Dutch,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.  $56\frac{1}{4}$ —Ditto, 5 per cent.  $103\frac{1}{2}\frac{3}{4}$ —Mexican, 6 per cent.  $35\frac{1}{2}$ —Peruvian, 6 per cent.  $23\frac{1}{2}\frac{4}{2}$ —Portuguese Regency, 5 per cent.  $79\frac{3}{4}\frac{80}{4}$ —Ditto 1835, 3 per cent.  $50\frac{1}{4}\frac{2}{4}$ —Russian 0*l.* sterling, 5 per cent.  $108\frac{1}{2}\frac{9}{2}$ —Spanish Active Bonds, 1834,  $44\frac{3}{4}\frac{5}{2}$ —Ditto, Deferred ditto,  $21\frac{1}{2}$ —Ditto, Passive ditto,  $14\frac{3}{8}\frac{5}{8}$ .

## MONTHLY DIGEST.

### GREAT BRITAIN.

#### IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.—HOUSE OF LORDS.

Feb. 23.—Lord Wharncliffe rose to bring forward his motion for a return of certain papers referring to the appointment of magistrates under the new corporation act. For his own part he was free to confess that, when the above bill passed, the time had come when the old boroughs ought to be reformed;



he contended, however, that the new measure had not reformed abuses, but merely changed them. The same principle of exclusion was kept up. He should refer to the proceedings of the Town Councils under the new constituency, in order to show their Lordships how the new bill operated. The noble Lord then referred to certain returns in support of his statements, where in nine cases out of ten no reform had taken place, but that abuses in another shape still continued. He quite agreed with all the doctrines that had been laid down by the noble and learned Lord on the Woolsack the other day. It was the business of those whom he advised not to take the opinion merely of the Lord-Lieutenant, nor of any individuals, or any set of individuals, but to endeavour to find out who were the most competent men, and who were most likely to do justice. He would now take those towns of great magnitude in which there was a contested election. In Leeds the magistracy was contested, and he would just read an extract from the last report of the commissioners upon their inquiry into the corporation of Leeds:—"The great respectability of the present members of the corporation, and their impartial conduct, is universally admired." Why was such a course adopted with respect to Leeds? They had made an individual a member of the corporation, who was also the editor of a newspaper. He asked, could the people of Leeds, under such circumstances, feel satisfied that the persons nominated by the Town Council were all of one particular line of politics—of one class in the state? He might be told that the office of a magistrate was not one of emolument, and in counties not one of influence, but in towns it was one of considerable importance, and particularly so in a town where there was a contested election, and where party spirit ran high. Every man wished to be distinguished from his fellows, but not marked out because of their political opinions. It was said to be the object of the Reform Bill to do away with all invidious distinctions, but he could not understand how that was reconcilable with the fact of the government setting aside all who differed with them in opinion. In Liverpool great dissatisfaction existed with the old Corporation, but it had been removed by the new. The noble Lord went at considerable length into details to show that much political partiality had been exhibited in the nominations to the magistracy, and concluded by moving for returns of the persons appointed.—Lord Melbourne combated the arguments, and attempted to refute the statements, of the noble Lord who preceded him. He acceded to the motion, except as to some minute particulars, which it was not in his power to furnish.—The Duke of Wellington, with his accustomed clearness and force, described the conduct of government in managing the working of the Municipal Reform Bill. He deprecated Lord John Russell's declaration as to the principle upon which his Lordship appointed municipal magistrates, in defiance of the principle of the bill.—The Lord Chancellor said a few words, and Lord Wharncliffe replied, when the motion, as slightly altered, was agreed to.

Feb. 26.—The Duke of Cumberland informed the House that, in consequence of a resolution passed by the Commons, he had recommended the Orangemen of Ireland to dissolve their Institutions.

Feb. 29.—On the motion of Lord Duncannon, the report of the Committee on the plans for building new Houses of Parliament was referred to a select committee.

March 3.—Lord Teynham called the attention of their Lordships to an alleged breach of privilege on the part of the Morning Post newspaper. The conversation, however, terminated without the proposition of any measure by his Lordship.

March 7.—The Marquess of Londonderry made his promised motion for a copy of the proceedings relative to Orange Lodges. After some strong animadversions on the system of favouritism adopted by the Government in Ireland, he concluded by moving for a copy of the proceedings before the Secret Committee appointed to inquire into Orange Lodges.—Lord Melbourne



agreed to the production of the papers, and after defending the conduct of the Irish Government, and denying on his own part, as well as on the part of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, any wish to fix a stigma upon the character of Orangemen, he concluded by expressing a hope that the present debate would terminate the painful and distressing subject to which their attention had been directed.—The Duke of Cumberland rose to explain the part which he had taken since he had accepted the invitation to become Grand Master of the Society. Through the whole of his conduct it would appear that he had neither done nor said any thing of which he ought to be ashamed. The principle of Orangeism was—"Fear God and honour the King." He had taken no step that was not consistent with that principle. After all that had occurred he never would flinch from the support of the Protestant interest.—The Earl of Roden, Lord Wynford, and the Earl of Winchilsea, made similar explanations.

March 9.—The Marquess of Londonderry complained that the papers supplied, in consequence of his late motion on the affairs of Spain, were defective.—Lord Melbourne said that Lord Palmerston had sent to Mr. Villiers at Madrid for the missing documents.

March 11.—The Duke of Cumberland moved, in the absence of a noble Lord, for an annual return of the stamps issued to country bankers from the year 1819 to 1835 inclusive. Ordered.—The bill for the improvement of the administration of justice in the West Indies was read a second time, and ordered to be printed.

March 14.—The Marquess of Londonderry, on postponing his motion respecting the conduct of Government in regard to the twenty-seven Spanish prisoners captured in the *Isabella Anna*, alluded to one of the papers connected with the subject which was stated to have been lost. He complained that the conduct of the Government was most remiss as to the question.—Lord Melbourne regretted the difficulty of satisfying the Noble Marquess, who was neither pleased at the losing nor at the finding of the letter which was now before the House. No additional information had been since obtained; but he protested against such an inference being drawn from that fact as that his Majesty's Ambassador at Madrid had not done everything in his power to forward the wishes of the Government on the subject.—After a few words from the Duke of Wellington, the Noble Marquess withdrew his notice of motion.

March 15.—The Bishop of Exeter submitted a motion, of which the object was the appointment of a Committee to inquire what had been the progress of the new system of education in Ireland; whether the funds appropriated to its support had been judiciously administered; and whether the past success of the plan justified a further perseverance in it.—Lord Melbourne said he was opposed to the appointment of a Committee; but stated that he was not disposed to sanction the large grant to the new schools recommended by the second report of the Education Commissioners. After a long discussion, in which several Noble Lords took part, the Bishop of Exeter withdrew his motion.

March 17.—The Marquess of Lansdowne brought up the report of the Committee on the rebuilding of the Houses of Parliament, and gave notice that he would, on a future day, move an address to his Majesty, praying that an estimate of the expense of Mr. Barry's plan should be laid before the House.

March 18.—The Earl of Aberdeen brought forward the subject of the war in Spain. His Lordship, after condemning the unnecessary acts of cruelty that had lately taken place, moved that there be laid on the table copies or extracts of the correspondence with his Majesty's Minister at Madrid, showing the endeavours the Government had made to put an end to the sanguinary atrocities now going on in Spain, and of the remonstrances



which had been made to her Catholic Majesty for that purpose.—Lord Melbourne agreed to the production of the correspondence.

---

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Feb. 22.—Lord G. Lennox moved the second reading of the London and Brighton Railway Bill, and said that should press it, as delay would enable rival parties to overtake them, while no harm could be done by its adoption, as the Committee could not sit on it till ten days had expired.—Lord Sandon moved that the second reading be deferred for a week, to afford time for the proposed Committee on Railways generally to make its report as to the best mode of proceeding. After a long discussion, the House divided, when the postponement of the Bill was carried by 271 to 75.

Feb. 23.—Mr. Tulk moved the second reading of Mr. Buckingham's Compensation Bill, which on a division was negatived by 125 to 81.—Mr. Hume brought forward his motion for an Address to the Crown to remove all Magistrates, &c. who remained members of Orange Lodges, or of any other political lodge, club, or society, bound together by oaths or signs. He supported his motion in a speech of great length, urging that the course ought to be extended to the civil, that was adopted regarding the military, service.—Lord J. Russell moved an amendment, to the effect that an address be presented to his Majesty, to be pleased to adopt such measures as might be deemed advisable for the suppression of all Orange societies, and all other political societies using secret signs and symbols, and having associated branches.—Colonel Perceval proposed that "Orange societies" should be omitted, and that the motion should apply to political societies generally.—Lord J. Russell said that he could not consent to omit the particular words. He hoped the House would consider that he had been sufficiently conciliatory.—Sir R. Peel supported the amendment, hoping the words would be rejected; he supported it, because he was against all secret political societies.—The discussion, which lasted to a late hour, terminated in the adoption of Lord J. Russell's amendment.

Feb. 25.—Lord J. Russell presented the following answer of his Majesty to the Address respecting Orange lodges:—"I willingly accede to the prayer of my faithful Commons, that I will be pleased to take such measures as may seem to me to be advisable for the effectual discouragement of Orange lodges, and generally of all political societies, excluding all persons of a different religious faith, using secret signs and symbols, and acting by means of associated branches. It is my firm determination to discourage all such societies in my dominions; and I rely with confidence on the fidelity of my loyal subjects to support me in this determination."—Lord F. Egerton presented a petition from paper manufacturers on the subject of the paper duties, praying that they might be equalized, and the laws thereon revised.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer stated, that the subject was one of great importance. It was now under the consideration of Government; and when he brought forward the financial statement for the year, he would explain the views of Government. Till then he hoped that all Members would suspend any motions they might contemplate on the subject.

Feb. 26.—Mr. Maclean brought the conduct of government in regard to Spanish affairs before the House. He argued that the British interference in behalf of the Queen was unjustifiable, and prejudicial to the interests of the country. He concluded by moving for copies of certain papers.—Lord Palmerston laid the papers on the table.—Mr. Ward challenged the gentlemen opposite to bring forward some motion that would be resisted, and lead to a division, instead of delivering speeches, imputing neglect of British interests to Ministers, and then moving for papers merely, which they knew would not be refused.—Col. Thompson eulogized the gallantry of the British auxiliary forces, and expressed his earnest wish that the ferocious despot against whom they were fighting, might meet with the felon's death he de-



served.—Lord Mahon said, that if the Queen of Spain was supported by the great majority of Spaniards, there would be no need of foreign aid to prop up her throne. If not so supported, what right had we to send British bayonets to her assistance?—Lord Palmerston went into a long defence of the policy he had pursued; and reminded the opposition that they uttered precisely the same predictions as to the termination of the Portuguese civil war, which they now put forth with regard to the struggle in Spain.

Feb. 29.—Mr. O'Loughlen moved the second reading of the Municipal Corporations (Ireland) Bill.—Sir R. Peel proposed a plan which would place in the hands of the Ministers of the Crown the patronage of municipal offices, and the guardianship of the property of corporations, and the nomination to the offices of sheriffs and magistrates. The management of corporate estates the Right Hon. Baronet proposes to commit to Commissioners, to be appointed by the Crown, whose duty is to be of the same nature as that now discharged by the Commissioners appointed under the act of the 9th Geo. IV. He announced, that when the former motion should have been made, he would move that it be an instruction to the Committee to consider his plan as well as that embraced by the Bill.—The Bill was read a second time.

March 1.—Sir S. Canning adverted to the statement that had appeared in the public journals, of an armed force of Austrians, Prussians, and Russians having entered Cracow, and asked whether the Government had received intelligence of such a fact; and, if so, whether any proceedings had been adopted thereupon?—Lord Palmerston stated, that the Government had not received any official information of such a proceeding. They would not fail to direct immediate attention to the subject; but it could not be expected that he should then say what course the Government would pursue in the event of the intelligence turning out to be correct.

March 2.—Lord G. Somerset gave notice, on behalf of Lord F. Egerton, that he should move as an instruction to the Committee on the Municipal Corporations (Ireland) Bill, that the Committee be empowered to make provision for the abolition of such Corporations, and for such an arrangement as may be necessary, on their abolition, for securing the impartial administration of justice, and the peace and good government of cities and towns in Ireland.

March 3.—In reply to Sir R. Peel, Lord J. Russell stated, that a Bill on the subject of church rates in England would be brought in after the Easter recess.—Mr. P. Scrope obtained leave to bring in a Bill for the levy of poor-rate and highway rate in all the parishes in England and Wales, upon a uniform system of valuation and assessment.—Sir R. Musgrave obtained leave to bring in a Bill to improve the system of Grand Jury presentments in Ireland.—Mr. O'Brien obtained leave to bring in a Bill for the relief of the destitute poor of Ireland.

March 4.—Mr. Wallace presented three petitions from Carlow, complaining of the oppression of landlords in the Conservative interest; the statements were replied to at some length by Col. Bruen.—The House then went into a Committee of Supply on the Navy Estimates.

March 7.—The Order of the Day having been moved by Lord J. Russell for the House going into Committee on the Irish Municipal Corporations Bill, Lord Francis Egerton proceeded to submit the amendment of which he had given notice, and which embodied the suggestions of Sir Robert Peel on the second reading of the Bill.—Lord Morpeth spoke strongly against the proposition of the Noble Lord, and contended that it would be an insult to Ireland to refuse her a measure of the same nature with those which were granted to England and Scotland.—Mr. Serjeant Jackson and Sir H. Hardinge supported the instruction to the Committee, contending that the Bill, in its present form, would be injurious to the tranquillity of Ireland.—Mr. Serjeant Woulfe and Lord Howick supported the Bill, and maintained that it was a just consequence of the Emancipation Bill. After considerable discussion the debate was adjourned.



March 8.—The debate upon the Irish Municipal Corporations Bill was resumed.—Mr. W. S. O'Brien spoke at some length against the resolution of Lord F. Egerton.—Mr. Plunkett addressed the House in its support.—Mr. W. V. Stuart, Mr. Ord, Mr. M. J. O'Connell, Mr. Barron, Mr. Clay, and Mr. O'Connell, spoke against Lord F. Egerton's motion; and Mr. G. Knight, Mr. E. Tennant, and Sir J. Graham, in its favour.—Lord Stanley replied to Mr. O'Connell with his usual eloquence, and challenged the hon. and learned gentleman to produce his credentials as plenipotentiary on the present occasion.—Lord J. Russell resisted the motion, contending that to adopt it would be to express distrust of Ireland. The debate ended with an eloquent and powerful speech by Sir Robert Peel, who showed the danger of the course proposed by Ministers. As he saw nothing in granting the Bill but what was calculated to increase the influence of Mr. O'Connell, now far too great in Ireland, he preferred taking his stand here, instead of waiting till his power was increased by the means that would be placed in his party's hands by the carrying of the Bill. As to the arguments with which the Government had supported the Bill, they were of the most contradictory character.—For Lord F. Egerton's motion, 243; against it, 307; majority 64.

March 10.—Mr. Divett moved for a Committee of the whole House on the Act which imposed an additional duty of fifty per cent. on retail spirit licenses.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer opposed the motion, which led to a long debate, and ended in its postponement, after a division.

March 11.—Mr. R. Colborne brought up the report of the Carlow Committee: we present an extract:—"It appears that Mr. O'Connell addressed a letter, dated 1st of June, 1835, in which the agreement for Mr. Raphael's return for the county of Carlow for 2000*l.* was concluded. The Committee cannot help observing that the whole tone and tenour of this letter were calculated to excite much suspicion and grave animadversion; but they must add, that, upon a very careful investigation, it appeared that previous conferences and communications had taken place between Mr. Raphael, Mr. Vigors, and other persons connected with the county of Carlow, and that Mr. O'Connell was acting on this occasion at the express direction of Mr. Raphael, and was only the medium between Mr. Raphael and Mr. Vigors, and the political club at Carlow. It appears that the money was placed to Mr. O'Connell's general account at his banker's in London: it was, however, advanced the moment it was called for to Mr. Vigors; and though some of it was paid in bills, the discount was allowed. The amount, therefore, was available whenever wanted; and no charge of pecuniary interest can be attached to Mr. O'Connell."—Mr. Colborne then said, "I beg leave to make one short observation—namely, that this is the unanimous opinion of the Committee; and let me add, Sir, that this unanimity is not attended with any sacrifice of principle, or any compromise of opinion, but that it is the result of a full and fair deliberation upon the subject."—The question for the printing was moved and carried.

March 14.—The Attorney-General, in answer to inquiry, stated that the Bill regarding the abolition of imprisonment for debt would be forthwith introduced in the House of Lords. He considered that such an arrangement would be the more likely to secure its success.—Lord John Russell, in answer to Mr. Wakley, stated that his Majesty's free pardon had been granted to the Dorchester labourers.—The House then went into Committee on the Municipal Corporations (Ireland) Bill, the clauses of which were discussed at great length.

March 15.—Lord Palmerston, in answer to an inquiry as to the progress made in the negotiation regarding the recognition of the South American States by Spain, stated that interruption had taken place in consequence of the dissolution of the Cortes; but that he had every reason to believe it was now again proceeding, and that the result would be satisfactory.—Sir R.



Peel asked whether there was any truth in the statement that the mother of Cabrera, an officer in the service of Don Carlos, had been shot?—Lord Palmerston said he feared that there was too much truth in the statement, although he had not received any official confirmation of it.—The House having resolved into Committee on the Stamp Acts, the Chancellor of the Exchequer proceeded to detail his plan for consolidating the several Stamp Acts. The Right Hon. Gentleman entered into numerous calculations to show the unequal pressure in the cases of conveyances and bonds. What he proposed to do to remedy the evil was, to provide that there should be one uniform scale of one per cent., whatever might be the amount. He then called attention to probates and administrations, and intimated his intention of proposing that the executors should not be called upon to pay more than the duty upon the net amount of property. The next head was the stamp duty upon bills of exchange, which he proposed to reduce to a very small sum. He said he thought it right to state now what he should propose in April regarding newspapers. At present the duty was 4*d.* on each paper, with a discount of 20 per cent.; he should propose to reduce it to 1*d.* A postage in lieu of duty was nearly impracticable, and certainly would be of unequal operation; he therefore adhered to the penny duty. The same was to extend to Ireland. The only increase of duty proposed by his Bill would be on *shares in Companies* when *first* issued: the Bill would propose a small duty, as some check on gambling speculations; at present duty was payable only on the transfer of shares. The resolution for leave to bring in a Bill led to an extended discussion, and was eventually agreed to.

March 17.—After several divisions on the Macclesfield Small Debts Bill, its third reading and passing was resisted on the ground that it contained a clause empowering Commissioners to commit debtors who came before them for seven days' imprisonment.

March 18.—Lord Stanley moved that the Macclesfield Small Debts Bill do now pass. After a long discussion, the House divided, when there appeared, for the motion, 203; against it, 56; majority, 147.

---

## THE COLONIES.

### CANADA.

By the official returns of imports and exports into Quebec and Montreal last year, it appears that the colony is in a most flourishing condition. The imports into Montreal alone in the last year amounted, according to the official valuation, to 1,166,294*l.* 3*s.* 8*d.*, showing an increase over the importations of 1834 of not less than 504,590*l.* 4*s.* 1*d.* Of the total value of imports in the last year, 1,110,167*l.* were from Great Britain. Of British manufactures, paying 2½ per cent. duty and free, the imports amounted to 968,310*l.* 6*s.* 1*d.*, while the value of all the foreign goods imported scarcely amounts to 30,000*l.*, the remainder of the imports being made up of other articles paying specific duties. An important feature in this account is the rapidly increasing consumption of our manufactures in the colony, and in the inter-colonial trade.

### WEST INDIES.

The West India Administration of Justice Bill divides each of the islands into distinct districts, and erects a superior Court in each of those districts, holding regular circuits, it being requisite that the Chief Justices of those superior Courts, and the resident Puisne Justices during circuit, should be either English or Irish barristers, or advocates in Scotland. It also secures the adequate amount of legal knowledge for the new administration of justice in the colonies. A steam-ship is recommended in order to facilitate the circuits of the Chief Justices through the islands. The Courts are to be held annually, and two terms are to be annually kept in each island.



## CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

Cape of Good Hope papers received to the 9th of January contain advices from Graham's Town to the end of December, at which time all remained quiet, and the machinery of government in the new provinces was working better than might have been expected. In Lower Albany the inhabitants were acquiring their usual confidence, and the Caffres in small parties frequently passed the Fish River.

## FOREIGN STATES.

## AMERICA.

President Jackson has accepted the mediation of the English Government in the dispute of America with France. The danger of war is therefore at an end.

## SPAIN.

The elections throughout the kingdom closed on the 20th ult. The members for the capital are—MM. Mendizabel, Cantera, Olozago, Calderon, De la Marca, and Martel. The people of Grenada have rejected M. de la Rosa. The Liberals have obtained a complete triumph in the elections.

The British Legion in and about Vittoria are represented in advices just received as still suffering much from typhus fever: the fatality from that disease has rendered them very inefficient to cope with the Carlists, who are daily and successfully harassing them. Evans's force in a condition to take the field is mentioned to be not more than 3,500 men: the 1st, 5th, and 7th regiments have been broken up to make good others where vacancies have occurred by death. A great want of medical officers is complained of.

The *Diario*, of Saragossa, contains an atrocious order, signed by the Commander-in-Chief of Catalonia, Augustus Nogueras, directing the mother of Cabrera, a rebel chief, to be shot in retaliation! and her three sisters to be arrested, as also the nearest relatives of the rebel chiefs and officers, "to prevent," as the order goes on, "these *barbarians* from continuing in their system of atrocities, by interesting them in the fate of those who are dear to them."

BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED  
PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

## MADAME BUONAPARTE.

Madame Marie Lætitia Buonaparte died at Rome. She was born on the 24th of August, 1750, at Ajaccio, of the Ramalini family, and had lived at Rome ever since 1814. From the time of her fall at the Villa Borghese, she had lost the use of her limbs, and half reclined, night and day, upon a couch; her eye-sight had failed her for several years past; she took very little share in the passing events of the world, and admitted to her society only a small number of intimate friends. A lady constantly watched by her side, and M. Robaglia, her secretary, once an officer in the Old Guard, used to read the journals to the august invalid, to speak to her of France, and to make her live again in the times gone by. Her appearance gave a painful impression to the few visitors who were admitted to her palace; her frame had become so attenuated, that life seemed almost extinct; and yet, at the name of France, of the Emperor, of her children, the octogenarian lady revived, there seemed to be thrones still around her, there was still a powerful voice on her lips, and the lightning of Napoleon's look in her eyes. Ever since the fall of the Emperor, the mother, whose children had mounted so many thrones, had received no other news from her family than those of mourning. The last blow that struck her was the death of the Princess de Montfort, to whom



she was particularly attached. Few women have had so many favours of fortune heaped upon them, and few have had to drink more deeply the dregs of the cup of misfortune. On the 27th of January she fell into a cold stupor that alarmed her devoted friends. Cardinal Fesch, her brother, was summoned; a slight amelioration took place after two or three days; the sacraments were, however, administered; her malady returned with redoubled violence on the 1st of February, and on the 2nd she expired, retaining her faculties to the last, and sinking to rest calmly and peaceably. She, the woman who had produced Napoleon, died in solitude and in exile, but at the foot of the Capitol.

#### THE BISHOP OF DURHAM.

The Right Reverend William Van Mildert, D.D., Count Palatine and Custos Rotulorum of the Principality of Durham, was the son of a merchant, of Dutch extraction, and born in London about the year 1765. After receiving his education at Merchant Tailors' School, he was removed to Queen's College, Oxford, where, in 1787, he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and in 1790 that of Master of Arts. Soon after he had been ordained he became rector of St. Mary-le-Bow, in which capacity he was sued for non-residence, but claimed exemption from the penalty because there was no parsonage-house in the rectory. A verdict was however obtained against him, from the consequences of which, as many other divines were in a similar predicament, he was relieved by an Act of Parliament. In the year 1804 he delivered the Boylean Lectures; which, about two years afterwards, he published under the title of "*The Progress of Infidelity.*" The orthodoxy and learning which he displayed in this production procured him the preachingship at Lincoln's Inn, a sure stepping-stone to a bishopric, with a living in Surrey, and the Regius Professorship at Oxford. In 1813 he accumulated the degrees of B.D. and D.D., and about the same time obtained a Canonry of Christchurch. In the following year he preached the Bampton Lectures, which he published in 1815 under the title of "*An Inquiry into the General Principles of Scripture Interpretation.*" In 1820 he was promoted to the Deanery of St. Paul's, and at the same time to the See of Llandaff, from which, in 1826, he was translated to that of Durham, the most desirable, because much the richest of the twenty-six. In his public capacity he was estimated as a profound scholar, a good preacher, and though considered a most orthodox divine, he gave his support to Catholic emancipation when brought forward by the Wellington Cabinet. He was greatly esteemed in private life for his amiable manners. Besides the works already enumerated, Dr. Van Mildert published "*A Sermon on the Assassination of Spencer Perceval,*" "*A Charge to the Clergy of Llandaff,*" and "*The Substance of a Speech, delivered in 1825, on the removal of the Disabilities of the Roman Catholics.*"

#### VICOMTE LAINE.

France has to deplore the loss of one of her most illustrious citizens in the person of Viscount Lainé, who died at Paris on the 17th December. This eminent statesman was the first President of the Chamber of Deputies, and held the Portfeuille of Minister of the Interior under Louis XVIII. M. Lainé was a native of Bordeaux, where, at an early age, he was called to the bar. The first appearance of the revolution was hailed by M. Lainé with all the enthusiasm of his character, and he welcomed the doctrines of its first apostles as ushering in the dawn of social and political regeneration for his native country. There are many who may remember well the generous burst of enthusiasm with which men of all parties in England witnessed and welcomed the first great movement of the French people, and the high hopes and anticipations which were cherished in favour of the virtuous men by whom the sacred fire of liberty was kindled on the altars of France, and the deep distress with which we saw bloodshed and fanaticism usurp the functions of rational reform. In 1808,



M. Lainé represented the district of the Gironde in the Legislative Council. In that assembly of mutes, where to the orators of the Government alone was permitted the privilege of speech, M. Lainé distinguished himself by his boldness and energy in demanding the appointment of a committee for the purpose of establishing the injustice of the system of confiscations which the Government sought to introduce into the Penal Code. This attempt proved abortive, but Napoleon, who knew how to appreciate political honesty as well as military daring, bestowed on M. Lainé the decoration of the Legion of Honour. When at a later period the despotism of Napoleon had become intolerable, we must all remember the patriotic and fearless remonstrance by which M. Lainé endeavoured to awaken the Emperor to a sense of the danger and impolicy of his headlong and unprincipled career. The Czar-like address of Napoleon to the members of the Commission, and his adjournment of the Legislative Council, are sufficiently known. The Restoration summoned M. Lainé from retirement, and he was appointed Prefect of Bordeaux. When Louis XVIII. transformed the Legislative Council into the Chamber of Deputies, M. Lainé was summoned to preside over its deliberations, and occupied that distinguished situation during the short session that preceded the 28th March. He endeavoured, though in vain, to rally round the Government the more temperate members of the Liberal party, who had been unaccountably repulsed by the Court. On the 16th March, on that celebrated occasion when the Comte d'Artois went through the farce of embracing the Charter, M. Lainé addressed those around him in terms which our brother reformers would do well to ponder. "Let men of all parties on this auspicious day forget their mutual resentments, and remember only that we are Frenchmen: at a later period we may settle our differences; to-day let us unite and combine our energies against the common enemy." The flight and the return of the Bourbons followed in quick succession, and M. Lainé again occupied the chair of President.

In 1817, when M. Clausel proposed to discontinue the allowances granted to the Spanish refugees, M. Lainé replied to him in a strain of generous indignation—"It is not the first time that similar allowances appear in the budgets of our kings. In a very memorable one, presented in 1788, we find that sums of money were devoted to two classes of refugees, one of which does not appear to have had especial claims on the sympathies of a monarchical government. Kings have been justly compared to fathers, who, though occasionally compelled to shut the paternal hall against a thoughtless son, are nevertheless not displeased to see the fugitive received under the hospitable roof of the stranger, there to await the day of repentance and of pardon." After his elevation to the peerage, M. Lainé retired in a great measure from public life, and devoted his time almost entirely to the elegant pursuits of literature. Two events alone appear to have roused him from this repose, which was so congenial to his feelings, viz., the Spanish war and the revolution of July. On the 9th of February, 1823, he moved an amendment to the address in favour of continuing at peace with Spain. The amendment, though powerfully supported by the *Côté Gauche*, eventually failed. Previous to the accession to office of the deplorable Ministry of Prince Polignac, two successive overtures were made to M. Lainé by Charles X., with the hope that he might be induced to take upon himself the duty of forming an administration. But it is not wonderful that the arduous task was declined by M. Lainé, who endeavoured in vain to dissuade his royal master from madly entering on the retrograde system which eventually hurled him from the throne. At the trial of the unfortunate Polignac and his associates, M. Lainé led the moderate section of the Chamber, and following up and taking advantage of the favourable effect produced by the imperishable eloquence of Martignac, he succeeded in rescuing the ex-ministers from death, and saved the law and the honour of the country. This was M. Lainé's last appearance in public.



## MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

*Married.*]—Anthony Cleasby, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, and Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, to Lucy Susan, youngest daughter of the late Walter Fawkes, Esq., of Farnley Hall, Yorkshire.

The Rev. Thomas England, M.A., to Caroline Ann, youngest daughter of Richard Mugeridge, Esq., of Walworth.

Robert Foster Delap, Esq., of Monasterboin, county of Louth, to the Hon. Anna Elizabeth Skeffington Foster, second daughter of Viscount Ferrard and the late Viscountess Massereene.

Captain C. Rochfort Scott, to Ellen Sophia, daughter of the late Rev. Henry Southouse.

Henry Charles Chilton, Esq., to Fanny Harrison, youngest daughter of Paul Malin, Esq., of Sydenham.

Frederick Fielde, Esq., to Eliza Gildart, eldest daughter of A. Campbell, of the Copse, Jamaica.

*Died.*]—At West Retford Hall, Notts, Peter Dickenson, Esq.

At Somers-place, Major James Rose, of the late Royal Invalids, in the 90th year of his age.

On board his Majesty's ship Malabar, Capt. Vine, R.N.

In Welbeck-street, James Charles Philip Bouwens, Esq.

At Belmont, Charles Edward, fourth son of Lord Harris.

At Bombay, Major A. Seymour, of the Hon. Company's 20th regiment of Native Cavalry.

At Canterbury, Major J. Brace, aged 85.

At Pinner Grove, Lady Milman, relict of the late Sir F. Milman, Bart., aged 81.

E. Beaumont, Esq., late Assistant Receiver-General of his Majesty's Customs, London, aged 69.

At his house in Naples, Sir William Gell, Knt., in his 59th year.

At Clifton, aged 76, Lieut.-Gen. Colin Macaulay.

At Broadgate, near Barnstaple, the Rev. Charles Davie, Rector of Heanton Punchardon, and Prebendary of the Cathedral of Exeter, in his 71st year.

Lieut.-Col. Daniel Hutchins Bellasis, fourth son of the late Major-Gen. John Bellasis, Commander of the Forces in the East Indies.

In Edinburgh, Sir James Home, Bart., of Blackadder.

In Swallow-street, W. C. Graham, Esq., of the Admiralty, second son of Sir R. Graham, Bart., of Putney.

## PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES

## IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

## LONDON.

AN Association of London Merchants connected with India and China has just been formed, for the purpose of protecting the interests of those engaged in commerce with those places. This Association, taken in connexion with those formed at Glasgow, Liverpool, and other places, is expected to place the trade with China on that solid footing which will tend to facilitate increasing intercourse with the Chinese, and at the same time produce the most beneficial results to the merchants and manufacturers of the kingdom. A reduction of the duty on East India sugar is one of the subjects to be brought under discussion.

The election for Chairman of the Middlesex Sessions was concluded on the 25th March. For Serjeant Adams, 53; for Serjeant Andrews, 38; majority, 15. Serjeant Adams was then introduced to the Court, and returned thanks.

## HAMPSHIRE.

The Royal Naval College, formerly the

Naval Academy, an establishment which has existed at Portsmouth Dock-yard from the year 1729, is to be broken up in June next, the Admiralty having refused to admit any more young gentlemen as students, and all at present in the course of their studies will be apportioned to the different ships in commission.

## MIDDLESEX.

In consequence of the memorials presented to the Lords of the Treasury respecting the large quantity of foreign gold coin recently discovered at Stanmore, their Lordships directed the Coroner to summon a jury, to ascertain in whom the right to the said property was vested—whether in the Crown, the lord of the manor, the rector (in whose glebe it was found), or the parties who discovered it. After a lengthened investigation, the jury found that the property, as “treasure trove,” belonged to the Crown; but that the portion found by the coachman and gardener of the rector, who swore that they saw several pieces of the coin sticking out of the



bank of a ditch, of right belonged to them, as finders thereof. The money is conjectured to have been deposited in the field by a foreigner about eighteen years ago; and the value of what has been already found is supposed to be nearly 4000*l*.

#### OXFORDSHIRE.

*Dr. Hampden.*—The members of the Convocation assembled on the 22nd of March; there was an immense number present from all parts of the kingdom. The meeting was detained more than an hour and a half, while the Proctors were discussing whether they should put their veto on the meeting; at length the Vice-Chancellor moved a resolution to the effect, that “Dr. Hampden should be relieved from the power of appointing the Select Preachers to the University,” and Dr. Vaughan Thomas spoke at great length against Dr. Hampden’s writings, and protested strongly against the power of the Proctors to put a veto on the proceedings. The resolution was then put “*placet aut non placet*,” when an immense majority appeared for it, but before the members could come to a vote the Proctors dissolved the meeting. A number of members afterwards adjourned to Brazen Nose College, placed Lord Kenyon in the chair, and passed some strong resolutions, among which was a vote of thanks by the non-resident to the resident members for the firm stand they had made, and another for a fresh requisition to the Vice-Chancellor for another Convocation in about a fortnight, by which time the present Proctors will be out of office.

#### WILTSHIRE.

*The Woollen Trade in Wills.*—The manufacturers of Trowbridge, Bradford, and Melksham are, at present, more full of work than at any former period; and report states, that the proprietors of the large manufactory at Staverton have recently received more extensive orders than they could possibly complete at home for a period of two years.

#### SCOTLAND.

*The Lady Jane Whale Ship.*—Upon the arrival of this vessel at Stromness, the only person on board in the least fit

for work was the captain, a strong man belonging to Stromness, who behaved to the crew, in this deplorable state, with the utmost kindness, sharing everything with them that he took himself. On their arrival, the men were so far gone, that three died in being carried in blankets from the ship to the shore—they were obliged to come home under reefed topsails, not being able to set more, and the captain had to stand at the wheel for the last five days, being occasionally relieved by the ablest seamen, who were obliged to sit in chairs while steering. She has only one fish—saw nothing of the William Torr, the only ship now missing.—*Inverness Cour.*

#### IRELAND.

*Carrageen Moss.*—The marine plant of this name, which abounds along our coast, has long been used by the English confectioners in the making of jellies, and is also sometimes converted into isinglass. A new and most important use of it has been discovered—namely, that of *sizing* in the manufacture of cottons and muslins. A gentleman in Manchester writes to this city that he will be willing to purchase 30 or even 60 tons of the plant, for the above use, if the supply can be procured. It is probable that the new demand for this article will, in course of time, afford healthy and profitable employment to young people along the coast, and compensate, in some measure, for the decline in the manufacture of kelp.—*Derry Journal.*

There has not been for many years so much activity prevailing as at present in the manufacturing districts. Many manufacturers have now more orders on hand than they can execute. There are now orders in this country for between 200,000 and 300,000 tons of iron for rail-roads; and the iron-manufacture has not for a long time been in so prosperous a state. Since the first of September last wrought iron has increased 3*l*. per ton. The mining districts in the north of England are also in a thriving state. Lead, which for many years bore a ruinously low price, is now highly remunerative, and in great demand.



# INDEX

TO THE

FIRST PART OF 1836.

- Abdy, Mrs., "The Burial of the Heir," by, 163; "The Dream of the Poetess," by, 343; "The Poet and his Patron," by, 486
- Absence of Mind, anecdotes of, 26
- Adelphi Theatre, performances at the, 110
- Agnes de Mansfeldt, noticed, 58
- Agricultural Association, the Central, hoax on, 251; petition of the, 252; resolutions of, 390
- Agricultural Report, 119, 251, 386, 525
- Agriculture, proceedings in Parliament respecting, 386; Committee on, 388; proceedings of the Highland Society regarding, 528
- Algerine, anecdote of an, 7; translation of a Poem by one, 14
- Algerines, literature of the, 12; their profligacy, 140; burial ceremonies of the, 141; their epitaphs, 142; specimens of their music, 146
- Algiers, government of, 9; dispensation of justice at, 10; antiquities of, 138
- Alibi, the, an Assize Story, 174
- America, accounts from, 128; Liberty and Slavery in, 321, 456; oppression in, 463
- Anagram, curious, on the name of Mathews, 77
- Ariosto to his Mistress, by L. E. L., 441
- Artists, British, Exhibition of the Society of, 515
- Artists' and Amateurs' Conversazione, meeting of the, 109
- Arts, Fine, 109, 244, 378, 515
- , Useful, 124, 256, 392, 529
- Asiatic Society, proceedings of the, 522
- Atheistic Controversy, notice of the Lectures on the, 375
- Baillie, Joanna, representation of her Tragedies, 519
- Bankrupts, 126, 258, 393, 531
- Barbadoes, intelligence from, 261
- Barbarians of the North, Last Words touching the, 164
- Barclay and Perkins' Brewery, 114
- Barometer, Submarine Register, description of the, 124
- Ben Brace, by Capt. Chamier, noticed, 507
- Biffin, Miss, particulars respecting, 25
- Bills, private, during the past Session, 116
- Biographical Particulars of Celebrated Persons lately Deceased:—James Hogg, 130; Vice-Admiral Eyles, 131; Captain Collingwood, 132; Colonel Robert Hall, 265; Sir Colquhoun Grant, 267; Sir John Sinclair, 268; Sir John Kennaway, *ib.*; Lord Stowell, 404; Admiral Sir Thomas Pakenham, G. C. B., *ib.*; Madame Buonaparte, 540; The Bishop of Durham, 541; Vicomte Lainé, *ib.*
- Birds, an introduction to the study of, noticed, 101
- Bona, description of, 410; occupation of, by the French, 411
- Boswell's Life of Johnson, noticed, 374
- Bougia, description of, 279
- Bowles, the Rev. W. L., "St. John in Patmos," by, reviewed, 233
- Bray, Mrs., her "Borders of the Tamar and the Tavy," noticed, 507
- British Institution, exhibition of the, 517
- Browning, Mr. Robert, review of his "Paracelsus," 289
- Bulwer, E. L., Esq., his "Pilgrims of the Rhine," 376
- , H., Esq., his "France and the French" reviewed, 213
- Buonaparte, Madame, her death, 540
- Campbell, Thomas, Esq., his "Letters from the South," 1, 137, 273, 409; "A Thought suggested by the New Year," by, 150
- Canada, accounts from, 539
- Cape of Good Hope, intelligence from the, 540
- Captive, the, 317
- Carol, a new year's, 78
- Channing, Dr., his works, noticed, 241
- Character, description and explanation of an universal, remarks on, 508
- Chester, H., Esq., "Lay of the Lady Ellen," by, noticed, 104
- Chimpanzee, a letter from the, 447
- Cock's "Practical Anatomy of the Head, &c." noticed, 376
- Collingwood, Capt., some account of, 132
- Colonel Dominant and Mr. Truckle, a sketch from the life, 86
- Colonies, intelligence from the, 128, 261, 402, 539
- Commentary, Monthly, 93
- Commercial and Money Market Report, 127, 259, 394, 532
- Conversation, the elements of; or Talking made Easy, No. I., 17; No. II., 185
- Coral Fishery, account of the, 417
- Corn, Averages, French, 250
- Foreign, consumption of, 116; comparison of French and English, 391
- Cornwall, discovery of an ancient church in, 133



- Cotton, exported' from the United States, in 1834, 250
- Covent Garden Theatre, performances at, 110, 246, 519
- Cowper, Southey's Life and Works of, noticed, 370
- Critical Notices of New Publications:—  
Visit to Alexandria, &c., by Edward Hogg, M.D., 97; Pencillings by the Way, 98; German Dictionary, 99; London and Londoners, 101; An introduction to the study of Birds, *ib.*; Land and Sea Tales, 102; Malvagna, *ib.*; Parochial Examinations relative to the Destitute Classes in Ireland, 103; The Bijou Almanac, *ib.*; Picture of Dublin, *ib.*; Various Poems, &c., 104; The English Boy at the Cape, *ib.*; St. John in Patmos, 233; Granby, 234; Memoirs of M. Matthias D'Amour, 235; The Self-Condemed, 236; Life of General Washington, 237; Records of a London Clergyman, 238; Japhet in search of a Father, The Pirate and the Three Cutters, and Frank Mildmay, *ib.*; Paris and the Parisians, 239; What is Phrenology? 240; Oceanic Sketches, *ib.*; The Works of Dr. Channing, 241; History of the English Language and Literature, *ib.*; The Martyr of Verulam, *ib.*; The Heavens, the Earth, the Air, the Sea, 369; Japhet in search of a Father, *ib.*; Life and Works of Cowper, 370; The Cruise of the Midge, 371; Evenings abroad, *ib.*; Cyclopaedia of Anatomy and Physiology, 372; The Provost of Bruges, *ib.*; Styles' Poems, 373; Edith of Glamis, *ib.*; The Tin Trumpet, *ib.*; Boswell's Life of Johnson, 374; Historical Conversations for Young Persons, 375; Lectures on the Atheistic Controversy, *ib.*; The Pilgrims of the Rhine, 376; Exercises for Ladies, 376; Practical Anatomy of the Head, Neck, and Chest, *ib.*; An Epitome of Niebuhr's History of Rome, 505; Hazlitt's Essays on the principles of Human Action, 506; The Borders of the Tamar and the Tavy, 507; Ben Brace, *ib.*; Impressions of America, 508; Description and explanation of a Universal Character, *ib.*; A Collection of English Sonnets, *ib.*; Select Prose Works of Milton, 509; Divine Establishment, *ib.*; Reliques of Father Prout, 510; the Edinburgh Journal of Natural History, 511; Political Economy of Rail-roads, *ib.*; Piscatorial Reminiscences, 512; The Comic Alphabet, *ib.*
- Cruikshank's Comic Alphabet, noticed, 512
- Cruise of the Midge, the, reviewed, 371
- D'Amour, M. Matthias, memoirs of, 235
- Davis' Straits Fishery, result of the, 115; return of the Whalers from the, 134
- Deaths, 133, 269, 405, 543
- Despreaux, M., his discoveries in the Canary Islands, 117
- Devonshire, state of Agriculture in, 134
- Divine Establishment, Mr. Harris' Sermon on the, 509
- Draining, Elkington's mode of, 255
- Drama, The, 110, 245, 379, 519
- Dramatic Poetry, 'evidences of a new genius for, No. I, 289
- Drury Lane Theatre, performances at, 110, 519
- Dublin, Picture of, noticed, 103
- Dubourg, Mr., the first violin concerto player, 363
- Dundee, shipping of, 407
- Durham, the late Bishop of, particulars respecting, 541
- Eagle, the old, 32
- Edith of Glamis, critical notice of, 373
- Elliott, Ebenezer, (author of the "Corn Law Rhymes,") "Sabbath Morning," by, 16; "Taste," by, *ib.*; the Third Volume of his Poetry reviewed, 90; "Songs," by, 151
- English Boy at the Cape, the, noticed, 104
- Entertainment, Algerine, description of an, 4
- Eubœa, discovery of coal in, 116
- Evenings abroad, noticed, 572
- Experience, by L. E. L., 467
- Eyles, Vice-Admiral, biographical particulars respecting, 131
- Fine Arts, 109, 244, 378, 515
- Fish, an extraordinary one, 525
- Foreign States, 128, 262, 403, 540
- Foreign Varieties, 116, 249, 384, 524
- France, colonial trade in, 118; accounts from, 264; product of indirect taxes in, for 1835, 385
- Geographical Society, proceedings of the, 520
- Gilbert Gurney, by T. Hook, Esq., remarks on, 53
- Granby, by T. H. Lister, Esq., noticed, 234
- Grant, Sir Colquhoun, particulars respecting, 267
- Grattan, T. C. Esq., "The Alibi, an Assize Story," by, 174
- Grave of the Patriot Warrior, the, 362
- Greece, accounts from, 265
- Hall, Colonel Robert, biographical particulars respecting, 265
- , Mrs. S. C., "The Old Eagle," by, 32; "Illustrations of Irish Pride, Part I.," by, 352; "Part II., Harry O'Reardon," by, 480
- Hampden, Dr., convocation at Oxford respecting, 544
- Hazlitt, review of his essays on the principles of human action, 506
- Hilton, Mr., vase presented to, by the students of the Royal Academy, 109
- History of the English Language and Literature, noticed, 241
- Hofland, Mrs., lines "To the Memory of James White, Esq.," by, 232



- Hogg, James, (the Ettrick Shepherd) particulars relative to, 130, 194, 335, 443; his introduction to Sir Walter Scott, 200; first appearance of, as an author, 201; his wife, 339; Professor Wilson's intimacy with, 340  
 —, William, letters of, respecting his brother, the Ettrick Shepherd, 443  
 Hogg's Visit to Alexandria, noticed, 97  
 Hook, Theodore, Esq., his "Precepts and Practice;" "The Widow's Dog," by, 60; "The Man and his Master," by, 153  
 Hop Duties, 115  
 Hours, the, 203  
 Illustrations of Irish Pride, by Mrs. S. C. Hall, 352, 480  
 Incledon, similes of, 368  
 Indians, the Mobile, degraded state of, 457  
 Jews, epitaphs of the, 143  
 Journals, popular, suspension of, 96  
 Justice, specimen of, in Middlesex, 94  
 Kennaway, Sir John, biographical account of, 269  
 Ladies, exercises for, noticed, 376  
 Lainé, Vicomte, biographical account of, 541  
 Land and Sea Tales, by the Old Sailor, 102  
 Landon, Miss, "The Dream in the Temple of Serapis," by, 30; "Mildred Pemberton," by, 309; "An Old Lady of the Last Century," by, 421; "Ariosto to his Mistress," by, 441; "Experience," by, 467  
 Larks in Vacation, by N. P. Willis, Esq., 468  
 Law, the romance of, 425, 431; fiction of, 429; curiosities of, 431, 438  
 Legion of Honour, members of the, 524  
 Letters from the South, by Thomas Campbell, Esq., 1, 137, 273, 409  
 Lewis, M. G., Esq., "The Captive," by, 317  
 Liberty and Slavery in America, 321, 456  
 Literary Report, 108, 243, 377, 514  
 Little Pedlington, account of a residence in, 217  
 Liverpool, Custom-house duties at, 406  
 London, shipping trading to, 248; export of coin and bullion from, 249; consumption of food in, 270; antiquities of, *ib.*; business of the Post-office of, 384  
 London and Londoners, noticed, 101  
 — University, proceedings of the proprietors of the, 112  
 Malvagna, noticed, 102  
 Mandril, or blue-faced baboon, the, 116  
 Manufactures, state of, 544  
 Mariamne, a fragment of a story, 501  
 Marie Marnet, 348  
 Markham, Mrs., her "Historical Conversations for Young Persons," noticed, 375  
 Marriages, 133, 269, 405, 543  
 Marryat, Capt., his "Japhet in Search of a Father," "The Pirate and the Three Cutters," and "Frank Mildmay," noticed, 238; review of his "Japhet in Search of a Father," 369  
 Martial in London, 184, 334, 493  
 Mathews, curious anagram on his name, 77; anecdote of, and Count Boroulaski, a well-known dramatist, 363; his kindness to Winter, 368  
 Mezzotinto, discovery of the art of engraving in, 518  
 Mildred Pemberton, by L. E. L., 309  
 Milton, select prose works of, noticed, 509  
 Mineral, new, discovered, 117  
 Monthly Commentary, 93  
 — Digest, 128, 260, 395, 533  
 Monument, colossal, to the Emperor Alexander, 117  
 Moore, Dugald, "The Hour of Retribution," by, noticed, 104  
 Morrison, John, his tragedy of "Ella," 104  
 Mortality, bills of, 247, 383  
 Mudie, Robert, his work, "The Heavens, the Earth, the Sea, the Air," 369  
 Music, Algerine, specimens of, 146  
 Musical Notices, 104, 242, 513  
 Natural History, the Edinburgh Journal of, noticed, 511  
 Navy Estimates, 522  
 Netherlands, trade of the, 384  
 New Orleans, account of, 324; insalubrity of, 460; tyranny in, 462  
 New York, conflagration at, 264  
 Nichol, Robert, Poems and Lyrics by, 104  
 North Carolina, gold mines of, 117  
 Novels of the month, the, reviewed, 51  
 Obituary, 130, 265, 404, 540  
 Oceanic Sketches, noticed, 240  
 Old Lady of the Last Century, an, 421  
 Olympic Theatre, performances at the, 110; some account of the, 364  
 One in a Thousand, remarks on, 56  
 Outlaw, the, by Mrs. S. C. Hall, noticed, 54  
 Pakenham, Admiral Sir Thomas, biographical account of, 404  
 Pantomimes, the, 111  
 Parliament, opening of, 395; proceedings in, 398, 533  
 Parochial Examinations relative to the Destitute Classes in Ireland, noticed, 103, 135  
 Patents, new, 256, 530  
 Pattern for a Silk Gown, a, 423  
 Peel, Sir Robert, liberality of, 93  
 Pendulum, discovery respecting the, 256  
 Piscatorial Reminiscences, &c. noticed, 512  
 Poetry:—Sabbath Morning, by the Author of "Corn-Law Rhymes," 16; Taste, by the same, *ib.*; the Dream in the Temple of Serapis, by L. E. L., 30; A New Year's Carol, 78; A Thought suggested by the New Year, by T. Campbell, Esq., 150; Songs, by the Author of "Corn-Law Rhymes," 151; The Burial of the Heir, by Mrs. Abdy, 163; The Hours, 203; Lines to the Memory of James White, Esq., by Mrs. Hoffland, 232; The Dream of the Poetess, by Mrs. Abdy, 343;



- The Victor's Bridal, by Charles Swain, 350 ; The Grave of the Patriot Warrior, 362 ; A Pattern for a Silk Gown, 423 ; Ariosto to his Mistress, by L. E. L., 441 ; The Venus of Canova, 445 ; Experience, by L. E. L., 467 ; The Poet and his Patron, by Mrs. Abdy, 486 ; The Prayer, 500  
 Poetry, Dramatic, Evidences of a New Genius for, No. I., 289  
 Polkelly Castle, discovery of ancient reliques at, 272  
 Poole, John, Esq., "Colonel Dominant and Mr. Truckle," by, 86 ; his "Residence in Little Pedlington," 217 ; "Sir Hurry Skurry, a Character," by, 344 ; "Squire Dribble," by, 494  
 Poor-Law Amendment Act, advantageous working of the, 525  
 Portugal, state of affairs in, 129, 265  
 Post-horse Duties, 249  
 Postmen and their grievances, 95  
 Potatoe, on the degeneracy of the, 123  
 Power, Mr., his Impressions of America, noticed, 508  
 Prayer, the, 500  
 Precepts and Practice, by Theodore Hook, Esq., "The Widow's Dog," 60 ; "The Man and his Master," 153  
 Prout, Father, notice of the Reliques of, 510  
 Provincial Occurrences, 133, 270, 406, 543  
 Provost of Bruges, the, noticed, 372  
 Punishments, military, inquiry into, 136  
  
 Ragg, Mr., his "Martyr of Verulam," noticed, 241  
 Rail-roads, Political Economy of, noticed, 511  
 Records of a London Clergyman, noticed, 238  
  
 ——— Stage Veteran, 363  
 Revenge of the Signor Basil, the, 40, 204  
 Revenue, increase in the, 260  
 Rienzi, by E. L. Bulwer, Esq., noticed, 51  
 Ritchie, L., his "Last Words touching the Barbarians of the North," 164  
 Romance of Law, the, 425  
 Royal Institution, proceedings of the, 521  
 Rural Economy, 122, 255, 391, 528  
  
 Sabbath Morning, by the author of "Corn-Law Rhymes," 16  
 St. Petersburg, population, &c. of, 117  
 Schwenck's German Dictionary, noticed, 99  
 Scotland, cotton trade of, 407  
 Scott, Sir Walter, reviewed by himself, 79  
 Self-Condemed, the, noticed, 236  
 Serapis, the Dream in the Temple of, 30  
 Shakspeare, knowledge of, among actors, 366  
 Sheriffs for 1836, 408  
 Sinclair, Sir John, particulars respecting, 268  
  
 Sir Hurry Skurry, by the author of "Paul Pry," 344  
 Societies, proceedings of, 112, 246, 380, 521  
 Somersetshire Agricultural Society, transactions of the, 271  
 Sonnets, English, a collection of, noticed, 508  
 Spain, trade with, 116 ; accounts from, 129, 540 ; English aid to, 522  
 'Squire Dribble, by the Author of "Paul Pry," 494  
 Stage Veteran, records of a, 363  
 Stanmore, discovery of gold coin at, 543  
 Steam boiler explosions, prevention of, 125  
 Stowel, Lord, biographical particulars of, 404  
 Styles' Poems, noticed, 373  
 Suett and Wewitzer's Hoax, 365  
 Swain, Charles, "The Victor's Bridal," by, 350  
 Swan River, accounts from, 128  
  
 Taste, 16  
 Taxes on Necessaries *versus* Taxes on Knowledge, 487  
 Theatres, spirit licenses to, 363 ; destruction of, 367  
 Timber trade, report of the committee on the, 523  
 Tin Trumpet, the, noticed, 373  
 Todd's Cyclopaedia of Anatomy and Physiology, noticed, 372  
 Troitsa, Pilgrims to, 172  
 Trollope, Mrs., her "Paris and the Parisians," noticed, 239  
 Twiss's Epitome of Niebuhr's History of Rome, reviewed, 505  
  
 United States, the President's Message to the Congress of the, 262 ; accounts from the, 403  
 Useful Arts, 124, 256, 392, 529  
  
 Van Diemen's Land, accounts from, 128  
 Varieties, British, 114, 247, 383, 523  
 ———, Foreign, 116, 249, 384, 524  
 Vase, the Waterloo, description of, 114  
 Venus of Canova, the, 455  
  
 Wales, Banking Company of, 406  
 Washington, General, Life of, noticed, 237  
 West Indies, state of affairs in the, 539  
 What is Phrenology ? 240  
 Willis, N. P., Esq., "The Revenge of the Signor Basil," by, 40, 204 ; his "Pencilings by the Way," reviewed, 98 ; "Larks in Vacation," by, 468  
 Wolfe, General, monument to, 114  
 Wortley, Lady E. S., her "Travelling Sketches in Rhyme," noticed, 104  
  
 Yankee Evidence, 364

END OF THE FIRST PART OF 1836.



